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THE

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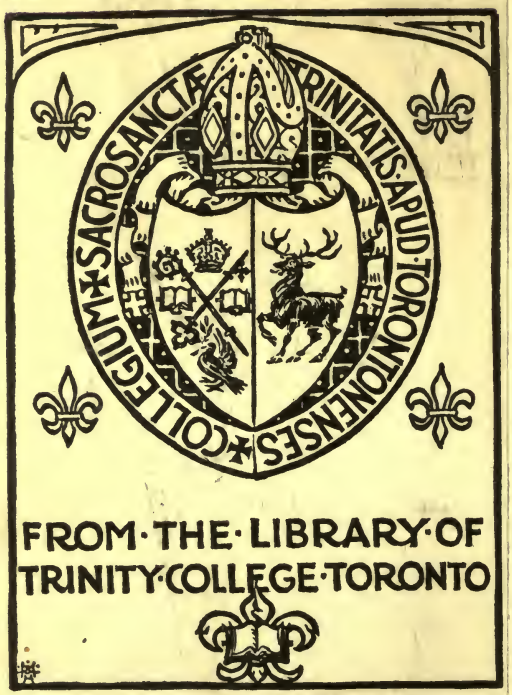

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THE

Lives

OF

DR. EDWARD POCOCK,

THE CELEBRATED ORIENTALIST,

BY DR. TWELLS;

OF

DR. ZACHARY PEARCE,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

AND OF

DR. THOMAS NEWTON,

BISHOP OF BRISTOL,

BY THEMSELVES;

AND OF THE

REV. PHILIP SKELTON,

BY MR. BURDY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;

By R. and R. Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1816.

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THE

LIFE

OF

DR. THOMAS NEWTON,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

TO HIS

LIFE.

DISABLED as the Bishop was by ill health from performing his duty in the pulpit, and even from attending the service of the church, he was yet very unwilling to live and die altogether useless to the world. Several of the last years of his life were therefore employed chiefly in revising and correcting and preparing his works for the press. They are intitled Dissertations, because many of them were first written as such, and were never preached, nor intended to be preached. Others were originally sermons, but have received additions and alterations; for things may be said in a Dissertation, which cannot with equal propriety be delivered from the pulpit.

Sensible of the disadvantages which posthumous

works usually lie under from the carelesness and mistakes of other editors, he judged it most advisable for himself to commit his writings to the press, and to make himself alone answerable for them. He was grieved to see the works of his friend Bishop Pearce, since his death, not published in an uniform manner, but some in quarto, and some in octavo, and in the quarto some things omitted which had been printed before, and should have been inserted to make up the second a just volume, as particularly his two letters to Dr. Middleton; and throughout the whole not that care taken in correcting the press which should have been, and which such valuable remains deserved.

But though for this and other reasons he caused his works to be printed, yet he had no thoughts of publishing them in his life-time, being more desirous to do good than to be a witness of the praise or censure that might attend them. In thus printing his works he compared himself to a man erecting his own monument in his life-time; and whether this monument is of brass or marble or of mouldring stone, the public must judge and determin. Whatever may be his success, it was his sincere intention in all his discourses, theological, nistorical, or moral, to benefit and instruct himself and others, to press and enforce some moral duties, to explain and illustrate certain passages of scripture, to search into the reasonableness of the

divine

divine dispensations from the creation to the consummation of all things, and thereby

> —assert eternal providence,
> And justify the ways of God to men.

It was a matter of surprise and grief to him, and what he frequently lamented, that several of his friends and contemporaries, who were excellently qualified in point of learning and knowlege to write well upon any subject, should yet choose to bury their talents in a napkin, and to leave no memorial behind them. He had his fears and apprehensions, that the contrary would be objected to him, and that he might be charged with writing too much. But yet there is surely some kind of merit in taking pains for the instruction and entertainment of others, whether the success is answerable or not. As no good is owing, so no thanks are due to supine indolence. Concealed knowlege is like a lamp burning in a sepulchre. "Let your light shine before men," is a good rule in litterature as well as in morality.

One of the last things of his writing was his account of his own life. Not that ever he thought his life of such importance and consequence as to deserve an account to be given of it to the public; but as he had opportunities of being privy to some interesting transactions, and possessed several curious and entertaining anecdotes of Lord Bath and

others of his friends and acquaintance, he knew no better method of relating and bringing them together than by weaving them into a narrative of his own life, making the one as it were the vehicle of the other, and writing the life principally for the sake of the anecdotes. In the general opinion it savors something of vanity for a man to write the story of his own life, though several grave authors have done the same. But that rock he has avoided as carefully as he could, and has suppressed more particulars concerning himself than he has related. In many parts he is not mentioned at all. In the parts where he is mentioned, it is in order to bring forward other persons and other things. In all relating to himself there is still some reference to the use and information of others. He appears only as a gentleman-usher to introduce better company, or like the chorus in the ancient tragedies, a spectator more than an actor, and he would have been *muta persona*, but for the sake of doing justice to some characters. Truth and friendship prompted him much more than vanity or self-love. It sometimes happens that an old man's *chit chat* is very agreeable. This may truly come under that denomination; it was amusing even in sickness to the writer, and it may be perhaps in an idle hour not unentertaining to the reader.

In short, as all his writings were well intended, he could not but wish that they might be well received.

ceived. If they succeeded, he desired to render unto God the glory, who had given strength in weakness. If they failed, he yet hoped that no great harm was done, and that he might be forgiven and forgotten.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE OF DR. THOMAS NEWTON,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS.

———Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui. MARTIAL.

THOMAS NEWTON was born at Lichfield on the 21st of December 1703 O. S., or on the 1st of January 1704 N. S. He was named Thomas, being born on St. Thomas's day, before the stile was altered. His father John Newton was a considerable brandy and cider-merchant; and dealt largely in the counties of Stafford, Warwick, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, and the western parts of Yorkshire. He was remarkable for punctuality and exactness in all his dealings; and having by his industry and integrity acquired what he thought a competent fortune, left off all trade and business

business several years before he died. He had a good sound understanding, with some tincture of reading, was a conversable agreeable old man, lived and acted under a just sense of religion as well as of virtue, constantly attended the daily service of the Church, and died at the age of eighty-three, much regretted and lamented by all his friends and acquaintance. Such was his father; his mother, the daughter of Mr. Rhodes, a clergyman, died young of a consumption, when this her only child was about a year old, who from her inherited a tender constitution.

He received the first part of his education in the Free School of Lichfield, which at that time flourished greatly under the direction of Mr. Hunter, and at all times has sent forth several persons of note and eminence from Bishop Smalrige and Mr. Wollaston, author of the Religion of Nature delineated, down to Dr. Johnson and the English Roscius Mr. Garrick. It was observed one day in company, What an honor it was to Westminster School, that the three heads of the law, the Lord Chancellor Northington, the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, and Sir Thomas Clarke Master of the Rolls, should all have been educated there! To which a reply was made, that it was still more extraordinary, that out of the twelve Judges at that time five of them should have come from Lichfield School, the Lord Chief Justice Willes, the Lord

Chief Baron Parker, Mr. Justice Noel, Mr. Justice afterwards Lord Chief Justice Wilmot, and Sir Richard Lloyd, Baron of the Exchequer.

When he was of an age to be sent out into the world, and not before, his father married a second wife, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Trebeck of Worcester, and sister to Dr. Trebeck the first rector of St. George Hanover-square: and it was by the advice of Dr. Trebeck, and by the encouragement of Bishop Smalrige, that the son was removed from Lichfield to Westminster School; as Bishop Smalrige himself had been, and also Mr. Justice Wilmot. He was sent to Westminster after the Whitsun Holidays in 1717, when he was between thirteen and fourteen years old. He was placed at the lower end of the fourth form, and the year following became a King's Scholar, being admitted into the College by the nomination of Bishop Smalrige. Westminster School never was in higher estimation than at that time under the auspices of Dr. Freind and Dr. Nicoll, nor ever contained a greater number of scholars, there being really not fewer than five hundred, and several of quality. There was something august and awful too in the Westminster elections, to see three such great men presiding, Bishop Atterbury as Dean of Westminster, Bishop Smalrige as Dean of Christ Church, and Dr. Bentley as Master of Trinity College: and "as iron sharpeneth iron," so these three by their

wit

wit and learning and liberal conversation whetted and sharpened one another.

Not long after his admission into Westminster College, he lost his friend and patron Bishop Smalrige, who died of an apoplexy at Christ Church on the 27th of September 1719. This was truly a worthy prelate, an excellent scholar, a sound divine, an eloquent preacher, a good writer both in Latin and in English, of great gravity and dignity in his whole deportment, and at the same time of as great complacency and sweetness of manners, a character at once both amiable and venerable. *Nemo illum amabilem, qui non simul venerabilem, diceret.* Sen. Epist. cxv. He was so noted for his good temper, that succeeding Dr. Atterbury in the deanries of Carlisle and Christ Church, he was said to carry the bucket wherewith to extinguish the fires which the other had kindled. But notwithstanding his merits he never attained to any very great or lucrative preferments. He had Bristol the poorest bishopric in the kingdom, and Christ Church the most expensive deanery, foreigners and persons of quality, who visit the university of Oxford, being usually recommended to the Dean of Christ Church. He was also the Preacher at the new chapel in the Broad-Way, Westminster, which at that time was frequented by one of the best and politest congregations in town, several families of fashion and distinction

tinction living then in those parts. He was besides appointed Lord Almoner by Queen Anne, but was removed by the Ministers of George I. on account of party; though surely no man ever exercised greater candor and moderation than he did towards all parties and persons, and is particularly commended for it by Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Addison in the Tatler, the latter of whom likewise makes very honorable mention of him in a letter to Dr. Swift, dated from Bristol October 1, 1718. "The greatest pleasure I have met with for some "months, is in the conversation of my old friend "Dr. Smalrige, who, since the death of the excel-"lent man you mention, is to me the most candid "and agreeable of all bishops: I would say, "clergymen, were not deans comprehended under "that title. We have often talked of you; and "when I assure you he has an exquisite taste of "writing, I need not tell you how he talks on such "a subject." The authors of the Biographia Britannica from the pretended information of a gentleman well known to the family say, that the Bishop left a widow and two children, a son and a daughter, the son named Henry. But the truth is, he left a widow and three children, a son named Philip and two daughters, both sensible clever women. Considering the nature of the Bishop's preferments, his hospitable manner of living, and his extensive charities, he cannot be

supposed

supposed to have made sufficient provision for his widow and family; but it was happy for him and for them too, that some time before his death he grew much into the favor of Caroline Princess of Wales, who generously procured a pension of 300*l.* a year for the widow, and a prebend of Worcester for the son. The son was also presented to the living of Christleton near Chester by Sir Roger Mostyn, and had the chancellorship of Worcester conferred upon him by Bishop Hough, out of regard to his father's memory. A subscription too was opened, and nobly promoted for the publication of sixty of the Bishop's sermons; some of which, it must be confessed, are unequal to the rest, having never been designed for the press, but others are truly excellent, and worthy of him or of any author. The widow very properly took this opportunity of addressing the dedication to the Princess of Wales with an humble acknowlegment of the many and great obligations which she and her family had received from her Royal Highness.

The year 1719 proved fatal to Mr. Addison as well as to Bishop Smalrige. The Bishop was buried at Christ Church, where a monument was erected to him by his widow with a handsome inscription, drawn up most probably by Dr. Freind, the Head Master of Westminster School, and also his brother in law, the Bishop and he having

married

married two sisters. Dr. Freind was at that time the celebrated writer of Latin epitaphs; which yet Mr. Pope, who was as great a composer of epitaphs in English verse, and could not well bear a rival in any way, thought too prolix and too flattering, if Dr. Freind be really intended, as he was generally supposed to be intended in that epigram.

> Friend, for your epitaphs I'm griev'd,
> Where still so much is said,
> One half will never be believ'd,
> The other never read.

Mr. Addison was interred in Westminster-abbey, and the King's Scholars in their surplices with their white tapers in their hands attended the funeral, and the service was observed to be performed with more than common energy and solemnity by Bishop Atterbury. The friendship between Bishop Smalrige and Mr. Addison commenced at Lichfield, where Mr. Addison's father was Dean, and increased at Oxford, where the one was a student of Christ Church, and the other a fellow of Magdalen College: and they were somewhat alike in heir dispositions and tempers, so that party disputes, which were then carried on with great vehemence and animosity on both sides, did not much divide them. They were both excellent Latin poets, and bore distinguished parts in the

Musæ

Musæ Anglicanæ; but I know not whether the Auctio Davisiana of the former be not superior to any of the productions of the latter. Mr. Whiston in the memoirs of his life would fain represent Bishop Smalrige as an Arian and a friend to him and Dr. Clarke. He was indeed a friend to all mankind, and conversed with those two learned men in the spirit of meekness, and was for moderating the violent proceedings of the Convocation against them: but Whiston was always too sanguine and opinionative, whatever he took into his head he firmly believed, and because he wished the Bishop to be as himself, he fondly concluded him to be such an one. However the report so far prevailed, that the Bishop thought proper to disclaim it, and to assert his constant belief of the Trinity, in a letter addressed but a few days before his death to Sir Jonathan Trelawny Bishop of Winchester, and by him attested and made public.

From Bishop Smalrige the discourse naturally applies to his friend Bishop Atterbury. The person here treated of was captain of Westminster School, when their chief governor, the Dean, in August 1722, not many days after performing the last office at the magnificent funeral of the great Duke of Marlborough, was taken into custody, and carried before a committee of the Privy Council. Where being under examination he made

made use of those words of our Saviour, "If I "tell you, ye will not believe; and if I also ask "you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go;" and he was committed a prisoner to the tower for treasonable practices. There is too much reason to fear that the Bishop had been dabbling in this kind of politics, but a full and clear detection of the conspiracy was never obtained. The ministry had got some scent of his intrigues, but could not follow him through all his turnings and windings, nor with all their sagacity could trace him directly to his cover. They had little better evidence than hearsays, conjectures, and inuendoes; and could procure no sufficient legal proof to convict him by trial at law. Recourse was had therefore to a bill of pains and penalties, to deprive him of all his preferments, and to banish him the kingdom; which after long debate was carried by a considerable majority in both houses. In this debate the Duke of Wharton exerted himself greatly, summed up the evidence in a masterly manner, and made one of the best and ablest speeches against the bill, which he caused to be printed, and entered a larger and more particular protest, dissentient for the same reasons as other Lords, and for other reasons additional. Hereby he verified in some measure what his father the old Marquis had in his anger predicted of him, that he would always take wrong courses, would

learn his politics of Atterbury, and be ruined. His brethren the Bishops were almost all unanimous against him. The only one who spoke in his behalf and protested, was Gastrell Bishop of Chester, who yet had been at variance with him. Willis Bishop of Salisbury made a long and labored speech on the other side, which he published soon after, and was rewarded by the bishoprick of Winchester, as Bishop Hoadly was by succeeding to Salisbury. Lord Bathurst wondring at this unanimity said, that he could not possibly account for it, unless some persons were possessed with the notion of the wild Indians, that when they had killed a man, they were not only intitled to his spoils, but inherited likewise his abilities. Bishop Hoadly was no speaker in the house, but he took another course. He had all along pursued Atterbury with unrelenting animosity, had first attacked his sermon at the funeral of Mr. Bennet, then his sermon upon charity, afterwards set forth an answer in English to his Latin sermon before the Clergy, and still continued the pursuit, and stuck in his skirts to the last, by writing in a weekly journal a refutation of his speech, and a vindication of the judgment passed upon him: so that a gentleman of wit and learning alluding to Bishop Hoadly's lameness, applied that saying in Horace,

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.

The

The power of Parlament in such matters is indeed not to be questioned; it may be as unlimited and omnipotent as you please: but yet bills of attainder and of pains and penalties are not to be employed upon slight occasions, but only in cases of great and urgent necessity for the preservation of the king and kingdom. Whether this was an occasion worthy of such an extraordinary exertion of power, many doubted at that time, and many perhaps will doubt always: for the danger was then all over, the conspiracy, whatever it was, had above a year before been so far discovered, as to put the Ministry upon their guard, and to give them time to prevent the ill effects of it; and nothing strengthens the hands of government more than a plot discovered and defeated. It was said that a detestable and horrid conspiracy was formed for raising an insurrection and rebellion in the kingdom, for seizing the tower and the city of London, and for laying violent hands upon the persons of the King and the Prince of Wales. But how was all this to have been effected? It did not appear, that there were any meetings or combinations of numbers of men for this purpose: no sums of money were collected, no stands of arms provided, no officers appointed, no soldiers raised and mustered, not even a single man in arms. So that some have suspected that there was more truth than there should have

been in * that confession of the villain Neynoe, that he knew nothing of the plot, but he knew of two other plots, one of his own to get money from Mr. Walpole, and the other of Mr. Walpole against the protesting Lords, and particularly against the Bishop of Rochester the chief of them, to pull down the pride of that haughty prelate. But though it did not appear that the Bishop had any concern and connection with Layer and Layer's plot, yet there was a greater intimacy between him and Kelly than either of them would acknowledge; for the young gentleman, who lived at that time in the Bishop's house as his son's tutor and companion, has often said that Kelly used to come to him frequently, commonly once in a week, on a Thursday evening, and to stay shut up with him alone from seven o'clock till nine. The Earl of Sunderland too, who was strongly suspected to have been of the same way of thinking but died before the discovery, though he had no manner of acquaintance with the Bishop, or rather was at enmity with him in former times, yet in his latter days made him long and frequent visits, as even the King's Scholars observed, who walking and playing much in Dean's Yard had yet curiosity enough to re-

* See the Speeches of Sir Constantine Phipps and Duke Wharton.

mark

mark who and what passed. Some of his negociations also with the Pretender's agents, after his going abroad, have been published in the year 1768, with a fac-simile or exemplification of his hand-writing, which whoever knew, he cannot well entertain any doubt of their authenticity. At his trial he had produced Mr. Pope as an evidence in his favor, to speak to his manner of life and conversation: and when he took his last leave of him, he told him, he would allow him to say his sentence was just, if ever he found he had any concerns with the Pretender's family in his exile. But notwithstanding this, as * Bishop Warburton informs us, Mr. Pope was convinced, before the Bishop's death, that during his banishment he was in the intrigues of the Pretender. It was most excellent advice which Mr. Pope gave him in some of his parting letters, that he should not envy the world his studies; that it might be, Providence had appointed him to some great and useful work, and called him to it this severe way; that now he was cut off from a little society and made a citizen of the world at large, he should bend his talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind; that he should think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon; that he should remember, the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their

* See Pope's Letters.

death;

death; that he should despise all little views, all mean retrospects, and should (as he could) make the world look after him, not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. And it is much to be lamented, that this advice was no better followed, that such talents and faculties were no better employed, and that he was still dealing in politics, instead of writing some work of genius and learning, of which he was very capable. He wrote only two or three little pieces, his Essay on the character of Iapis in Virgil, his vindication of Dr. Aldrich, Dr. Smalrige, and himself from the charge of interpolating Lord Clarendon's history, and little or nothing besides but a few criticisms on some French authors. For though he would never venture to talk or converse in French, yet as Mons. Rollin and Thiriot, to whom Voltaire addressed his Letters on the English Nation, have assured us, he was as able a critic in the language as any Frenchman. After the Westminster election in 1723 was over, some of the King's Scholars thought it a proper piece of respect to wait upon their late Dean in the tower, as every body had then free admittance to see and to take leave of him: and among other things which he said to them, he applied to himself those lines of Milton, as he did likewise in a letter to Mr. Pope;

> The world is all before me, where to choose
> My place of rest, and Providence my guide.

During

During the time that Newton was in Westminster College, there were perhaps more young men, who made a distinguished figure afterwards in the world, than at any other period either before or since. There were particularly Walter Titley, a very ingenious man, at first secretary to the embassy at Turin, afterwards for many years His Majesty's Envoy at the court of Denmark. During the time that he was King's Scholar, he lived in the house with Bishop Atterbury as tutor to his son, and his taste and learning were much improved by the Bishop's conversation. His plan of life, as laid down by himself, was to prosecute his studies at Cambridge till he should be thirty, from thirty to sixty to be employed in public business, at sixty to retire and return to college, for which purpose he would keep his fellowship. This plan he nearly pursued, he kept his fellowship, he resigned his public employment, but instead of returning to College, where in great measure there was a new society, and few or none were left of his own age and standing, he remained at Copenhagen, where by his long residence he was in a manner naturalized, and there lived and died greatly respected and lamented by all ranks of people. Besides Titley, whom there will not be occasion to mention again, there was also Thomas Clarke, afterwards Sir Thomas Clarke and Master of the Rolls: Andrew Stone, afterwards Under

Secretary

Secretary of State, and Sub-governor to the king when Prince of Wales, and Treasurer to the Queen; William Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield, the greatest character of the age; James Johnson, afterwards Bishop of Worcester; George Stone, the late Primate of Ireland; and Richard Robinson, the present Primate. One more should not be forgotten, less fortunate indeed than the preceding, but not less deserving, Peirson Lloyd, who was Usher and Second Master of Westminster School for the space of forty-seven years; in both stations acquitted himself with fidelity and honor, and to universal satisfaction; was beloved, esteemed, and commended by all the noblemen and gentlemen who had been under him or had sons under him. But yet not one of them ever made a point of promoting him, though others of less merit had livings and prebends given them; and in all probability he might have labored on at that oar till his death, if the late Earl of Egremont, who was then Secretary of State, had not, upon the representation of the Bishop of Bristol, compassionated his case, contributed something handsome himself, and procured a pension for him, which was to have been redeemed by some dignity in the church. He would certainly have had good preferment if Lord Egremont had lived; but that Lord dying he obtained nothing more from the Crown than an augmentation of His

Majesty's

Majesty's bounty to 500*l.* a year paid without deduction. This was no more than he had merited by his long and faithful services to the public; but it would be more for the credit and honor of Ministers, to bestow the King's preferments on the most deserving men rather than burden the civil list with pensions.

It was said before that the Lord Chancellor Northington was educated at Westminster; he was of the School, when Lloyd and Newton were in the College. It happened that he and his Lady were married by Mr. Newton at the Chapel in South Audley Street, at which time they were a very handsome couple. Several years afterwards Mr. Newton went one day into Lincoln's Inn hall, while the court was sitting, to speak with Mr. Murray upon some business, Mr. Henley being next to him and reading a brief. When he had dispatched his business, and was coming away; what, said Murray to Henley, have you forgotten your old friend Newton, or have you never forgiven the great injury that he did you? Upon which he started as out of a dream, and was wonderfully gracious to his old school-fellow, acknowleging that he owed all his happiness in life to him. And indeed he had good reason to be happy in his wife and family. While he continued at the bar, he went the western circuit, and being of lively parts and a warm temper, he was

like

like some other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary incident of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time; and when the Court had adjourned, and the lawyers were all together at the White Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley had entered into the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. "Friend Henley," said he, "I cannot call "thee, for thou hast used me most scurrilously? "thou mightest think perhaps that a quaker "might be insulted with impunity, but I am a "man of spirit, and am come to demand, and "will have satisfaction. Here are two swords, "here are two pistols, choose thy weapons, or "fight me at fisty cuffs, if thou hadst rather; but "fight me thou shalt before we leave this room, "or beg my pardon." Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, that it was nothing more than the usual language at the bar, that what was said in court should not be questioned out of court; lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their clients perhaps beyond the truth, but such speeches died

in

in speaking; he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he had really forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it; upon his word and honor he never meant to give him the least offence, but if undesignedly he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction. Well, said Mr. Reeve, as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too; if thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room. Mr. Henley with some difficulty, and after some delay submitted to this condition, and thus this fray ended. No farther notice was taken on either side, till after some years the Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was come or coming into the port of Bristol with a couple of pipes of Madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged of Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and the duty, and to cause the vessels to be put into a waggon, and to be sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him. All was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's with several of the nobility and gentry. After dinner the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend

friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them with great good humour and pleasantry, and to the no little diversion of the company.

Six years Newton continued at Westminster School, five years of which he passed in College, having stayed one year to be Captain, as Andrew Stone had done the year before him, and Johnson did the year after him. He always thought the mode of education in College, and the taste which prevailed there, as far superior to that of the School, as that of the School to any Country School; and well it might be, when there were so many ingenious spirits to provoke one another to emulation. If Bishop Smalrige had been living at the election in May 1723, his townsman would undoubtedly have been elected to Christ Church in Oxford; and perhaps it would have been better for him if it had so happened, as the most considerable of his school fellows went thither who might have been of service to him in future life. But he preferred going to Cambridge, thinking the studies there rather more manly, and knowing the fellowships of Trinity College to be much more valuable than the studentships of Christ's Church; and accordingly made interest to Dr. Bentley to be by him elected first to Cambridge. The Doctor was not displeased, but wondered at the strangeness of this application, the Westminster Scholars,

if

if ever they applied to him, applying more usually that he would not, than that he would elect them to Cambridge. For they supposed him to have no friendly disposition towards them ever since his famous dispute with the Christ Church men concerning the Epistles of Phalaris; and he had sometimes been heard to say that the School had produced only one good scholar, old Prideaux; but after his son had married a niece of Dr. Freind, and he had lived and conversed more among them, he conceived a better opinion of them, and declared that Freind had more good learning in him than he had ever imagined. The truth is, there were faults on both sides. They were apt to be pert and saucy to him, and he was rough and supercilious to them. They often sided with the party in College which was against the Master, and no wonder he preferred his Wakefield lads as often as he had opportunity: but yet there are instances of his choosing out of three or four Westminster Scholars two or three Fellows; and he seldom or never set aside the Senior Westminster, unless he had been guilty of some great misdemeanor. He was indeed an arbitrary Master, attended little to the duties of his station, very rarely was seen in the Chapel, and set no good example but that of hard study. In his latter days he loved his bottle of old Port, and used to say that Claret would be Port if it could. However he must be allowed

allowed to have been a most excellent Scholar, a most acute and able Critic, and had withall a great deal of wit and pleasantry. His edition of the Paradise Lost may be said to be his most puny child, and his edition of the Greek Testament (to the regret of the learned world) proved an abortion. His name was as much celebrated abroad as at home through his Latin writings, and his editions and remarks upon various authors. It was said that a design was formed for bring over Le Clerc from Holland, and for constituting him the Royal Librarian, which place was then possessed by Dr. Bentley, who for this reason was supposed to publish his edition of the fragments of Menander and Philemon, which Le Clerc had published before, in order to expose the futility of Le Clerc's criticisms, and thereby to disconcert the scheme for his intended promotion. His edition of Terence engaged him in a controversy with Dr. Hare another editor of Terence, which was the more extraordinary, as they had been good friends before, and drew a severe reflection upon them from Sir Isaac Newton, that two such Divines instead of minding the duties of their function should be squabbling about an old play-book. His English writings are not so numerous as his Latin; his Sermonsat Boyle's Lectures, being the first that were preached upon that foundation; his Dissertations on the Epistles of Themistocles, Socrates,

Euripides, and Æsop's Fables, annexed to Wotton's Reflections upon ancient and modern learning; his Remarks upon Collins's discourse of free-thinking, for which he received the thanks of the Clergy; and his chief work, his Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris with his answer to the objections of Mr. Boyle, afterwards Earl of Orrery. This work passed under the name of Mr. Boyle, but it was generally known that he was assisted in it by Atterbury who had been his tutor, and by other learned and ingenious men of Christ Church; insomuch that Swift in his Battle of the Books says, that Boyle's suit of armour was given him by all the gods. The wits of that time generally gave the preference to Mr. Boyle, as Swift did in the said Battle of the Books; for Dr. Bentley's Dissertation having been first published at the end of Wotton's Reflections upon learning, Swift represents Boyle with his lance, thrusting them thro' both together, and spitting them like a couple of woodcocks. Dr. Garth likewise has these memorable lines in his Dispensary,

> So diamonds take a lustre from their foyle,
> And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.

But all men of letters are now agreed, that Dr. Bentley has greatly the advantage in point of argument as well as learning. It is a controversy very well worth reading for the uncommon erudition displayed

played therein; and the genteel satire and irony on one side, and the rough wit and humour on the other render it very entertaining. Some of these English pieces are become scarce; and out of justice to the memory of such a man, his Son, or his Nephew, or some of his family and friends, should collect them together, and cause them to be printed in an uniform handsome manner.

One of Dr. Bentley's most formidable enemies was Dr. Middleton, as appears from several parts of his works, and particularly from his remarks upon Dr. Bentley's projected edition of the New Testament, which remarks are supposed to have been one principal obstacle to the publication of that work. But length of time having overcome all prejudices, it is much wished, that the person who possesses the M.S. would oblige the learned world by setting forth so curious a performance. By the death of Dr. King there was a vacancy of the Mastership of the Charter House, a place which some considerable persons at different periods have desired to fill. Bishop Benson and Dr. Jortin used to say, that there was a certain time in their lives, when of all preferments they wished for it the most. And now the competitors to succeed Dr. King were Dr. Middleton and Mr. Mann. When Dr. Middleton applied to Sir Robert Walpole for his vote and interest, Sir Robert honestly told him, that talking with Bishop Sherlock he found the

Bishops

Bishops were generally against his being chosen Master. Mr. Mann had been tutor to the Marquis of Blandford, and when the Marquis was disposed to be dissipated and idle, he would say to him, that he should apply more to his books and to learning, or he would never make a figure in the world like the Duke of Marlborough. The boy replied, that he was already a better scholar, and knew more of Greek and Latin than the Duke ever did, and why then should he not make as good a figure? The Duke of Marlborough was said to be rather illiterate, and to spell very ill, though in other respects he was one of the most illustrious characters, as great a statesman as a general, excelled equally in the cabinet and in the field, and never fought a battle, but he won it, nor besieged a town, but he took it. It was through the interest of that family, that Mr. Mann gained the ascendent over Dr. Middleton, and when he waited upon the Governors at their respective houses to return his thanks, he said very needlesly and impertinently to Archbishop Potter, "I suppose your Grace knows that you have made "choice of an Arian." The Archbishop was startled, but soon recollecting himself made answer, "An Arian perhaps may be better than a "Deist." Dr. Middleton, it is to be hoped, was not a Deist, for late in life he accepted a small living in Surry, and of course took the usual oaths,

 and

and made the regular subscriptions. It is not easy to say what his religious principles were, they seem to have been various at various times. He was certainly a very unfair controvertist, and his quotations cannot be depended upon without particular examination. He was sometimes guilty of literary forgery by additions or omissions as best suited his purpose. His first connections were among the High Church party as they were called, but he plainly appeared to have been warped and drawn aside to heterodoxy by pique and resentment for not being preferred according to his merits and expectations. He was much hurt and provoked at this disappointment: and thinking Bishop Sherlock to be the primary cause of it, he wreaked his malice in his ill-natured and ill-timed animadversions upon the Bishop's discourses on prophecy, pretending that he had never seen them before, though they had been published several years, and had gone through several editions. Nor did he afterwards spare the Archbishop and his chaplains, but took every opportunity of making Lambeth House the subject of his wit and satire. It is also well known that he wrote a treatise of the inutility and inefficacy of prayer, which was communicated to Lord Bolingbroke, who much approved it, and advised the publication of it. Mrs. Middleton, however, never thought proper to publish it in her life-time: and the Bishop has heard,

that

that Dr. Heberden, a particular friend of Dr. Middleton, and to whom his widow left all his papers, has since committed it to the flames. An act worthy so good a man, and the fittest end of such a work.

At the same time that Newton was elected first to Cambridge, Murray was elected first to Oxford, who during the time of his being at school gave early proofs of his uncommon abilities, not so much in his poetry, as in his other exercises, and particularly in his declamations, which were sure tokens and prognostics of that eloquence, which grew up to such maturity and perfection at the Bar and in both Houses of Parlament. As the former had made Cambridge his choice, he constantly resided there eight months at least in every year, till he had taken his Bachelor of Arts degree. During the long vacation he was with his father and friends at Lichfield, and likewise after he had taken his degree; till he returned to Cambridge to speak the speech on the 29th of May, in order to his being chosen Fellow in the October following. In his speech he took occasion to mention some of the most eminent Masters of the college, *Pearsonum, Barrovium, Bentleium, homines non tam sibi quam reipublicæ litterariæ natos, Musarum cultores et Musis semper colendos.* A compliment to the Master was not unacceptable, at a time when there was a strong party in opposition to him. At Cam-

bridge his chief friends and companions were Clarke and Lloyd before mentioned; Hawkins Browne, who was his countryman and schoolfellow both at Lichfield and Westminster, an extraordinary genius, well known afterwards in the literary world; Hugh Robinson of Appleby, who was elected from Westminster the year before him, a sound good scholar, preferred by the late Lord Lonsdale in his own country, but deserving of better preferment; and Philip Byerley, who was of the same election, had a good estate at Goldesborough in Yorkshire, and was a very pretty gentleman, but retiring into the country, and indulging there in the lower pleasures, did not make the figure that he might otherwise have done. It was customary in those days, I know not whether it is in these, for the scholars and students to make an entertainment at their own expense for the reception of their schoolfellows elected to the university. At the meeting upon Newton's and those of his year coming to Cambridge, Hawkins Browne was so pleasant and in such high spirits, that one said unto him, Hawkins, you are mad. He replied instantly out of Horace,

——————recepto
Dulce mihi furere est amico.

At Lichfield there was better society than in most country places, and at that time there were so many

many remarkably pretty women, that Hawkins Browne used to call it the Paphos of England. His chief friends and companions there were Charles Howard, who was a Proctor of the court, a most facetious and pleasant companion, of fine natural parts, and if he had received the advantages of a liberal education, and had practised at the Commons, would have been at the head of his profession; Theophilus Lowe, who was also a native of the place, and a Fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge, afterwards became a tutor in Lord Townshend's family, and was made a Canon of Windsor, a man of strong understanding improved by reading, a most ready and excellent writer of letters, happy in a perpetual flow of spirits, of an amiable benevolent generous temper, and without any fault but that of being too warm and positive in politics; and John Green, who was likewise a Fellow of St. John's College, and at that time was an assistant to Mr. Hunter in his school, afterwards was chaplain to Charles Duke of Somerset, then Regius Professor of Divinity, then Dean of Lincoln, and at last the worthy Bishop of that see, which he filled with more ability and dignity than any of his predecessors since Bishop Gibson. These were his principal companions, for he was always desirous of a few select friends rather than of a large and numerous acquaintance. These

were

were friendships which lasted through life, and could be separated only by death.

Soon after he was chosen fellow of Trinity College, he came to settle in London. As it had been his inclination from a child, and he was always designed for holy orders, he had sufficient time to prepare himself, and composed about twenty sermons, which by the advice of a good old clergyman he took care to write in a large legible character, that he might never have occasion to copy them; and having some stock in hand, he was not under the necessity of making sermons in a hurry, but might proceed more at his leisure, and employ more time and consideration. In all his compositions at school at the university and every where his method was, to finish the whole before he wrote down any part of it; and to some of his friends he repeated several of his sermons word for word, before he had committed a tittle to writing; so that he saved abundance of paper without blotting or interlining, and could easily have preached without notes if he had pleased. His title for orders was his fellowship; and he was o dained Deacon on December 21, 1729, when he was twenty-six years old, and Priest in the February following, by that great and worthy Prelate Bishop Gibson. At his first setting out in the world, he for a little time officiated as Curate at

St.

St. George's Church Hanover Square, and continued for several years assistant preacher to Dr. Trebeck, whose ill health disabled him from performing his duty. His first preferment was that of Reader and Afternoon Preacher at Grosvenor Chapel in South Audley Street. By these means he became well known in the parish, and was soon taken into Lord Carpenter's family to be tutor to his son, who was afterwards created Earl of Tyrconnel, and who, though he was not a very bright, yet was (what is much better) a very good man. His sister, who had a better capacity, was also very beautiful, and had more and better and greater offers than perhaps any young woman ever had: but she preferred the Earl of Egremont, who was her constant lover, and had more than once offered his services: and Dr. Newton had the honor of concluding the match between them with Lord Bolingbroke, and afterwards of joining their hands in marriage. In this family he lived several years very much at his ease, and in the friendship and intimacy of Lord and Lady Carpenter, with not so much as an unkind word, nor even a cool look ever intervening: and living at no kind of expense he was tempted to gratify and indulge his taste in the purchase of books, prints, and pictures, and made the beginnings of a collection which was continually receiving considerable additions and improvements.

Here

Here he stuck some time without any promotion. He might have preached the turns of several of the Prebendaries at Westminster Abbey. His old master Dr. Freind came himself to request it of him, and him he could not well refuse. He did the like service also for his other master Dr. Nicol. At that time too he had the honor of conversing a good deal with Bishop Chandler, who had been an old acquaintance of his father's from the time of his being Chaplain to Bishop Lloyd and Canon of Lichfield; and he was therefore the kinder and more gracious to the son, inviting and encouraging his coming to him. Lord Carpenter and the Bishop of Durham living both in Grosvenor Square, it was but a little step from one house to the other; and he waited often upon the Bishop and sat with him an hour or two in the evening, and often dined with him on a Sunday, the Bishop dining on that day at an earlier hour, which was very convenient for his afternoon duty. He found the Bishop easy and communicative in all his conversation, and consulted him sometimes upon matters of learning, and received his instructions. One day he asked him his opinion of the demoniacs in the Gospel. The Bishop did not return a direct answer, but reached down Bishop Smallbroke's book against Woolston, and read here and there what he had said upon the subject. When he came to that part which has

been

been ludicrously called *the splitting of the devil*, he burst out a laughing, and said "This book was put "into Bishop Gibson's and my hands, before it "went to the press, and we would fain have per-"suaded the author to leave out this part, we "begged and entreated him, but to no purpose; "all the world could not have prevailed with him." Though the Bishop continued Bishop of Durham about twenty years, yet in all that time he bestowed no preferment upon this young man, of whose company he seemed so desirous, that when he stayed away any time, he sent for him and would kindly reprove him. He did indeed recommend him in strong terms to Sir Joseph Jekyll to be preacher at the Rolls, but could not succeed; and once he made him an offer of a living of no great value in the bishopric of Durham, but at the same time rather dissuaded him from accepting it, telling him with a compliment that he would be more likely to make his fortune by remaining in London. Beside the Bishop himself there were some other agreeable persons in his family, especially his two Chaplains, Dr. Knatchbull and Dr. Stillingfleet; the former of whom was of a weak delicate constitution of body, but of a pleasing elegant turn of mind. Some young ladies, relations of the family, went one day into his apartment, and not finding him there they laid a great folio book between his sheets,

which

which he did not discover till he stept into bed, and the next morning he sent them the following billet,

> Pray tell me you who deal in quaint conceits,
> How a book bound can be a book in sheets?

In the year 1738 Mr. Newton became first acquainted with Dr. Pearce, afterwards Bishop of Rochester. He did not know that Dr. Pearce had so much as heard of his name, when the Doctor who was then Vicar of St. Martin's sent a message to him, desiring that he would give him a Sermon on such a Sunday at the Chapel in Spring Garden. After hearing him he invited him to his house, and without sollicitation or recommendation, freely, of his own accord, and in the most handsome manner offered to appoint him morning-preacher at the said Chapel; which appointment was the more agreeable to Mr. Southwell the proprietor of the Chapel, as they had been schoolfellows at Westminster. The afternoon-preacher was Dr. Thomas Church, Vicar of Battersea, and Prebendary of St. Paul's, well known for his controversial writings. Mr. Southwell had built the chapel for the convenience of his tenants in Spring Garden, and he very generously gave all the profits arising from the rents of the pews to be divided in certain proportions between the officiating ministers; as his

worthy

worthy son, Lord Clifford, did likewise. At that time there was a full and a polite congregation, consisting principally of a few noble families from Whitehall, and of those of the Lords of the Admiralty, and other good families in the neighbourhood, so that the whole profits to the ministers were not inconsiderable. This piece of preferment was the more agreeable too, as it was the beginning of an useful and valuable connection with a very learned and a very worthy good man. For such indeed was Dr. Pearce, whose custom it was on a Sunday evening, after the duty of the day, to have an early supper, at which some of the Clergy of his parish and a few others were usually present; and the conversation was such as became the day, and became the company, upon matters of religion and learning, wherein Dr. Pearce was excellently qualified to take the lead. They supped at eight, and parted at ten. Mr. Newton often made one of the company; and many of his Sundays passed agreeably enough, the burden and fatigue of the day were lightened, his mind feasted as well as his body refreshed, by dining at the Bishop of Durham's, and supping with Dr. Pearce. His connection too with Dr. Pearce, which began in this manner, was afterwards greatly improved, not only by visiting him frequently, but also by meeting him often and dining with him at Lord Bath's.

Another

Another acquaintance of his deserves to be particularly mentioned, as proving of the greatest consequence to him. Mrs. Anne Deanes Devenish, of a very good family in Dorsetshire, was first married to Mr. Rowe the poet, by whom she was left in not abounding circumstances, was afterwards married to Colonel Deanes, by whom also she was left a widow, and upon the family estate which was a good one coming to her by the death of a near relation, she resumed the family name of Devenish. She was a clever sensible agreeable woman, had seen a great deal of the world, had kept much good company, and was distinguished by a happy mixture of elegance and ease in every thing she said or did. She was honored with the particular regard and friendship of the Prince and Princess of Wales, was often with them in their privacies and retirements; and as the Prince was then instructing his children to repeat fine moral speeches out of plays, and particularly out of Mr. Rowe's which are the most chaste and moral, he desired her to have a more correct edition printed of Mr. Rowe's works, and recommended Mr. Mallet to her for that service. She rather chose to employ a friend of her own, and engaged Mr. Newton to undertake it, who supervised and corrected the press, and wrote the dedication in her name to the Prince of Wales. By these means his name came first to be known

to

to the Prince and Princess of Wales: and Mrs. Devenish like a true friend took every opportunity of commending him to them, and leaving a good impression of his character, which long after was of great service to him, and may be said to be the groundwork of his best preferment. Nor was this the only obligation which he owed to this lady; for she first introduced him to the acquaintance of Lord Bath, as well as to the knowledge of the Prince and Princess of Wales; and these two introductions he ever esteemed as two of the most fortunate circumstances, the most happy incidents in all his life.

Before Mr. Newton had the honor of being known at all to Mr. Pulteney, he had the highest veneration for his character, and remembered his being with his friend and schoolfellow, the first Lord Chetwynd, at Ingestree in Staffordshire, where he lay a long time most dangerously ill of a violent pleuretic fever; and he could never forget the consternation all the country were in for his danger, and the concern and anxiety they expressed for his health and recovery. That illness cost him about 750 guineas in physicians, and his cure was effected at last by some small beer. Dr. Hope, Dr. Swynfen, and other physicians from Stafford, Lichfield, and Derby were called in, and had about 250 guineas of the money. Dr. Friend came down post from London with Mrs.

Mrs. Pulteney, and received 300 guineas for his journey. Dr. Broxholme came from Oxford, and received 200 guineas. When these physicians, who were his particular friends, arrived, they found the case quite desperate, and gave him entirely over. They said every thing had been done, that could be done. They prescribed some few medicines but without the least effect. He was still alive, and was heard to mutter in a low voice, small beer, small beer. They said, Give him small beer or any thing. Accordingly a great silver cup was brought, which contained two quarts of small beer. They ordered an orange to be squeezed into it, and gave it him. He drank the whole at a draught, and called for another. Another was given him, and soon after drinking that, he fell into a most profound sleep and a most profuse sweat for near twenty-four hours. In him the saying was verified, *If he sleep, he shall do well.* From that time he recovered marvelously, insomuch that in a very few days, the physicians took their leave, saying that now he had no want of any thing, but of a horse for his doctor, and of an ass for his apothecary. The joy for his recovery was diffused all over the country, for he was then in the heighth of his popularity. How unworthily he came to be deprived of it will appear in the sequel.

When

When the strongest and best concerted opposition that ever was had prevailed against Sir Robert Walpole, and Mr. Pulteney was created Earl of Bath, Mr. Newton was appointed his first chaplain: and as a particular account was then written of the principal transactions at that important period, the curious reader may perhaps be pleased to have the sum and substance of it laid before him.

"At the beginning of the new parliament in "1741, when it appeared by the choice of a "chairman for the committee of elections, and by "the Westminster election and some other points "carried against the Court, that Sir Robert Wal-"pole could no longer maintain his power in the "House of Commons, the Duke of Newcastle "requested of Mr. Pulteney to give him and the "Lord Chancellor Hardwicke the meeting pri-"vately one evening at Mr. Stone's house at "Whitehall. Though he had all due respect for "those two great persons, yet he prudently de-"clined to give them a private meeting, as in "that critical situation of affairs it might give ad-"vantage to his enemies, and occasion jealousy "in his friends: but he was willing to receive "them publicly at his own house, and only de-"sired that as they were two, one other might be "joined with him, naming Lord Carteret, to "which they readily consented. Accordingly

"they

" they met at Mr. Pulteney's house that even-
" ing; and His Grace began by saying that they
" came deputed from His Majesty, that His Ma-
" jesty was sensible Sir Robert Walpole could
" not any longer carry on the business of the
" House, and therefore His Majesty was willing
" to throw all his affairs into Mr. Pulteney's
" hands; but upon this express condition, that
" Sir Robert Walpole should not be prosecuted;
" for the King could not consistently with his
" honor give him up to the people. Mr. Pulteney
" replied, that if *that* condition was to be made
" the foundation of the treaty, the treaty must be
" at an end before it had begun; for that was a
" condition that he never would comply with: but
" even supposing it was his inclination, yet it
" might never be in his power to fulfil such an
" engagement, for the heads of the parties were
" somewhat like the heads of snakes which were
" urged on by the tail. He therefore neither
" could, nor ever would accept of such a condi-
" tion. For his part he would be no *screen;* but
" if His Majesty pleased to have any farther treaty
" or discourse with him, he was very ready to pay
" his duty at St. James's, though he had not been
" there for so many years; but he would not come
" privately, but publicly and openly at noon-day,
" to prevent all jealousy and suspicion. And so
" they broke up, and the meeting ended with-
" out

" out effect. Before they parted, some Cham-
" pagne was called for, and the Duke of New-
" castle drank 'Here's to a happier meeting.'
" Mr. Pulteney immediately replied out of Shake-
" spear's Julius Cesar,

> If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why, then this parting was well made.

" A day or two passed, and nothing farther
" was transacted; but then another meeting was
" desired at the same place of the same company,
" and they met accordingly. The noble Duke
" said that he was now commissioned by His
" Majesty to give up every thing into the hono-
" rable Gentleman's hands, and without the con-
" dition that was mentioned before: but only
" His Majesty begged and entreated of him, if
" any prosecution should be commenced against
" Sir Robert Walpole, though he might not choose
" to oppose it, yet that he would not inflame it;
" the thing was not insisted upon, but was left to
" his generosity and good nature. He made an-
" swer that he was by no means *a man of blood;*
" what might be done, or might be proper to be
" done, he could not undertake to say; he must
" take the opinion and advice of his friends; but
" he thought that some parliamentary censure at
" least ought to be inflicted for so many years of
" mal-administration. The noble Duke said far-

" ther by authority from His Majesty, that he
" hoped the honorable Gentleman would not be
" for distressing the government, or making too
" many alterations now in the midst of a session
" of parlament, but that he and his friends would
" be content for the present with the removal of
" Sir Robert Walpole and a few others. The
" honorable Gentleman was so far from ever in-
" tending to distress His Majesty's government,
" that he had always the most dutiful thoughts
" and affections towards him; and he was sensi-
" ble enough that to make all the changes now in
" the midst of the session would put too great a
" stop to the public business, and throw every
" thing into confusion. For upon new changes
" there must of course be new writs and new
" elections: and if the parlament should be ad-
" journed till all the members could be rechosen,
" the business of the nation could not go on, nor
" the necessary supplies be raised in due time;
" and if the parlament should not be adjourned,
" then those who should be *turned out* would dur-
" ing the vacancies be too strong for those who
" should *come in*, and might undo all that was
" doing, and set every thing afloat again, so that
" there would be little less than a civil war in the
" parlament and in the nation. His moderation
" therefore was as great and conspicuous as his
" prudence. He did not insist upon a total

" change of every person belonging to the court;
" he acknowledged that he had no particular ob-
" jection (for instance) to the noble Duke or the
" Lord Chancellor: but he said that there must
" be an alteration of men as well as of measures;
" and for the present he insisted only upon the
" main forts of government being delivered into
" their hands as their security for the rest, that
" is upon a majority in the Cabinet Council,
" upon a Secretary of State for Scotland, upon a
" board of Treasury and of Admiralty, and upon
" turning out some other persons who were most
" obnoxious. Some of these points were contro-
" verted; but Mr. Pulteney insisting absolutely
" upon them, they were at last yielded to him.
" It was not without some reluctance that his
" Grace assented; and he said that he supposed
" the honorable Gentleman would choose to be
" himself at the head of the Treasury: it was
" His Majesty's earnest and repeated desire that
" he would be so. No, said the honorable Gen-
" tleman; as the disposition of places is put into
" my hands, I will accept of none myself; I have
" often declared against accepting any place, and
" will be constant to myself; and named Lord
" Carteret for to be at the head of the Treasury,
" who bowed, and was very thankful to him for
" the honor he had done him, and readily ac-
" cepted it. He named likewise Mr. Sandys to

" be Chancellor of the Exchequer under the
" Lord Carteret, and Sir John Rushout, and Mr.
" Gybbon, and Mr. Waller for the other commis-
" sioners. A new board of Admiralty was also
" named, and Sir John Hind Cotton was one of
" them. The Marquis of Tweedale was likewise
" appointed Secretary of State for Scotland. These
" and some other matters were agreed and ad-
" justed at this meeeting; and before they parted,
" the honorable Gentleman declared, that he was
" under such engagements with the Duke of Ar-
" gyle, that he must acquaint him with all that
" had passed, and neither should he oblige him
" to secrecy, but leave him at liberty to tell Lord
" Chesterfield, or Lord Cobham, or any of his
" friends, as he saw proper or not. The Duke of
" Newcastle with some unwillingness consented to
" it; and so this meeting ended with better ef-
" fect than the former.

" But during this time Lord Cobham and se-
" veral others were forming a party among them-
" selves. For they were offended at Lord Car-
" teret's being called to these meetings, whom
" they by no means loved or esteemed; they re-
" sented and took it ill that he should be so much
" more considered and trusted than any of them.
" And this *unseasonable* and I may say *unreason-*
" *able* jealousy arose to such a heighth, that when
" Mr. Pulteney came to talk with his friends, and
" particularly

" particularly to Mr. Waller of what he designed
" for him, Mr. Waller hesitated whether he should
" accept it, and was doubtful and scrupulous of
" coming in, unless the party were to come in one
" and all together. Mr. Pulteney demonstrated
" the impracticability of such a scheme at pre-
" sent, showed him that they should have power
" enough in their hands to secure all the rest in
" future, conjured him not to begin a schism and
" division among themselves, entreated him not
" to give their enemies such an advantage over
" them: for though they were too strong for the
" Court party now they were united, yet the
" Court party would be too strong for them if
" they should be divided. Sir John Hind Cotton
" likewise raised some difficulties, which there is
" no need particularly to mention. And thus
" divisions were growing up apace among those,
" whose greatest strength consisted in their union.
" The same party likewise got about the Prince,
" and infused their notions into him, insomuch
" that his Royal Highness desired Mr. Pulteney
" to meet several Lords in order to consider and
" discourse upon the matter in his presence.
" There were to be the Duke of Argyle, the Earl
" of Chesterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Gower,
" Lord Bathurst, and some others. It was unequal
" for one alone to engage so many great men,
" but however he was secure of the goodness of
" his

" his cause, and only desired that the Earl of
" Scarborough might also be present. They made
" their objections severally, and he answered one
" and answered another. The main of what they
" urged was, that there ought to be a total change
" of administration, that the alterations intended
" were not sufficient, that too many of Sir Robert
" Walpole's friends would be left about the King,
" and things would still continue under his in-
" fluence; he would direct and manage all be-
" hind the curtain. The honorable Gentleman
" argued, that he could see no reason for these
" fears and apprehensions. He could not answer
" indeed but Sir Robert Walpole might continue
" a greater personal favorite with the King than
" any of them or than all of them together: but
" it could not be in Sir Robert Walpole's power
" to hurt them, if they kept united among them-
" selves; nothing could hurt them but their own
" divisions. They had nothing else to fear; for
" they should have the staff in their own hands,
" and by the changes which were now to be made
" they should have power enough to make any
" other changes which they might think proper at
" the end of the session. For he had stipulated
" for his Grace, and Lord Cobham, and Lord
" Gower, the Marquis of Tweedale, Earl of
" Winchelsea, Lord Carteret and himself to be of
" the Cabinet Council (Lord Chesterfield was
" omitted

" omitted for particular reasons) and they seven
" would make so very great a majority, that they
" should have the direction of every thing there.
" And then too they should have all the power of
" the Treasury in their hands, they should have all
" the power of the Admiralty, and several other con-
" siderable places. What had they then to fear? If
" they were to make a thorough change at this time,
" there would be nothing but disorder and con-
" fusion; but by these pledges in their hands at
" present, they should have security enough for
" the future; all the rest would follow of course,
" and they might command them whenever they
" pleased. In short his Royal Highness declared
" himself satisfied with these reasons, and it was
" unanimously agreed that they should all go to
" Court.

" We have less occasion to be particular in re-
" lating what passed at the Fountain tavern, as it
" was more public, and is more generally known,
" how there was a meeting there of Lords and
" Commons: how much the same objections were
" made, and much the same answers returned:
" how some indecent reflections were cast upon
" the honorable Gentleman, and particularly by
" the Duke of Argyle, who said that a grain of
" honesty was worth a cart-load of gold: how the
" honorable Gentleman thought it very hard (as
" he might well think it very hard) for such re-
" flections to be cast upon him, who had done

" every

"every thing for them, and nothing for himself: "how he thought it still harder for such reflec- "tions to proceed from One, who had enjoyed so "many lucrative posts under Sir Robert Wal- "pole's administration, who had concurred in all "his measures for so many years together, and "consequently had less merit in the opposition, "having joined in it so very lately after almost all "the heat and burden of the day: how he as- "sured them however of his zeal for the common "cause, and begged of them to beware of jealou- "sies as the only thing that could ruin them: "how he pressed unanimity at home, and the sup- "port of the war abroad: how he insisted that all "things would be settled to their satisfaction, if "they did not prevent it by their divisions: and "how the greatest part were satisfied, or seemed "at least to be satisfied, with his arguments and "declarations.

"Here were fine advantages given to the ad- "verse party; and no wonder that at Court "they remembred the old maxim Divide et im- "pera, and resolved to make use of it. For "seeing and hearing of these things they began "now to recover their spirits, sneered at the ho- "norable Gentleman, and said scoffingly and in- "sultingly enough, that he could not so much as "command his own party, that he could not be "sure of his own friends, that his friends were

"falling

" falling off from him, and the like. It was inti-
" mated now, that His Majesty did not approve
" of Lord Carteret for the first Commissioner of
" the Treasury, but was content that he should be
" Secretary of State. His Majesty would very
" willingly have placed the honorable Gentleman
" himself at the head of the Treasury; but since
" he had declined it, His Majesty was desirous
" that Lord Wilmington might succeed to it;
" His Majesty had engaged his royal word to him
" that he should succeed; he was his old and
" faithful servant, and the honorable Gentleman
" and his friends could have no objection to him.
" His Majesty also himself requested of Mr.
" Pulteney to prevail with his friend Lord Car-
" teret to desist from his purpose, which request
" he the rather complied, as he was satisfied that
" Lord Wilmigton neither could nor would ob-
" struct their measures in the Treasury, and as he
" knew very well that his friend Lord Carteret
" would excel so much more in one capacity than
" in the other, being more conversant in foreign
" affairs than in matters relating to the finances.
" A little afterwards some objections were made
" to the honorable Gentleman's list of the Lord's
" of the Admiralty; His Majesty could by no
" means agree to make them all; and it was in-
" sisted that some of the King's friends (as they
" were called) should be of the number. A de-
" murrer

" murrer was likewise made to some other altera-
" tions, which had been stipulated and agreed.
" And thus was the Court beginning to reap con-
" siderable advantages from the divisions of the
" Country party.

" However the Duke of Argyle was restored to
" his places, Lord Cobham was restored to a re-
" giment, and several other alterations were made
" which need not be here enumerated. But at
" the same time the honorable Gentleman was
" sensible of that noble Duke's warmth of tem-
" per, and was afraid that some persons might
" take advantage of it, and inflame him and
" hurry him beyond the bounds of moderation.
" He was likewise apprehensive that the noble
" Duke might not be looked upon at Court with
" so gracious an eye as he might expect; and
" though he was restored to all his places, yet he
" might nor find himself restored to favor. He
" conjured him therefore to take no notice of it,
" as his Grace knew the temper there well enough;
" in a little time he might be received more gra-
" ciously; and he insisted upon his Grace's
" word and honor, that he would not resign his
" places without first acquainting him. His
" Grace promised accordingly upon his word and
" honor. But Mr. Pulteney tired and almost
" wearied out, went only for a day or two into
" the country for a little fresh air; and when he

" came

" came to town again, the first thing he heard
" was, that the Duke of Argyle had been at Court
" that morning, and had resigned all his places.
" He has heartily vexed, as a more fatal step
" could not have been taken to undo all that he
" was doing; and while he was laboring all he
" could to reconcile the King to the Country
" party, this he was certain would provoke and
" exasperate him more against it.

" And then during that unhappy period when
" he was confined by the sickness and death of
" his dearly beloved and only daughter, the op-
" position had a mind to show that they could
" be still a formidable opposition, and carry things
" without him; and therefore they determined to
" move for a secret committee to be appointed
" for inquiring into Lord Orford's administration.
" Here we are sorry to say, that the Lords Win-
" chelsea and Carteret did not act the fair and
" candid part in making use of his name without
" his authority, by intimating to his friends that
" it would be agreeable to him, if they would not
" attend any such motion. Accordingly the mo-
" tion was made, while he was confined at home,
" and while Mr. Sandys was gone down to Wor-
" cester to be re-elected; and as it is very well
" known, was lost by a considerable majority
" against it. But as soon as ever he could with
" decency appear again in public, to clear himself
" from

" from all imputations of being the screen that he
" was unjustly supposed to be; he made the mo-
" tion himself for a secret committee to examine
" into Lord Orford's conduct for ten years last
" past, and he carried it: but at the same time
" desired to be excused from being one of the com-
" mittee, on account of some expressions which
" he had thrown out in the heat of opposition.
" No man was more desirous than he that the
" nation should have justice; but then he would
" not have that justice sullied by any thing that
" might look like personal pique and private
" revenge. If this inquiry terminated in nothing
" more effectual than it did, the defect must be at-
" tributed partly to the cold water which had al-
" ready been thrown upon it, and partly to the
" want of a bill to indemnify those persons who
" should confess any corrupt practices, which bill
" was chiefly by his means carried through the
" House of Commons, but was thrown out of the
" House of Lords; and yet from the report of the
" secret committee enough appeared to show that
" something worse lay at the bottom.

" But still jealousies and divisions prevailed
" more and more in the Country party, and the
" Court party not only recovered courage, but re-
" gained strength. And the honorable Gentleman
" between both, as it were between two fires, was
" really in a very unhappy situation; for as on the

" one

" one side the Country suspected him and were
" falling off from him, because the Court did not
" fulfil their engagements to him; so on the other
" side the Court did not fulfil their engagements
" to him, because they saw the Country were fall-
" ing off from him. The broad bottom (as it was
" called) were now become the subject of derision,
" and His Majesty would suffer no more of them
" to be placed about him. The Tories were treat-
" ed as little better than Jacobites, and as altoge-
" ther unfit for His Majesty's service. Insomuch
" that the honorable Gentleman at several audi-
" ences, and upon several occasions, pressed and
" urged again and again, that the Tories were by
" no means Jacobites, but to use them as Jacobites
" was the ready way to make them so; that two
" thirds of the nation were Tories, and several of
" them were men of great estates and fortunes;
" and why would his Majesty make himself only
" the Head of a party, when he might be King of
" the whole nation? He was himself a Whig, and
" his most intimate friends and companions were
" Whigs; and he would have the main body of
" the tree in His Majesty's government to consist
" of Whigs, but then he wished to have some To-
" ries inoculated and ingraffed upon it. The Tories
" were not many of them masters of numbers or of
" languages, and consequently could not, and did
" not expect the first posts in the government:

" but

" but His Majesty by giving a few places at Court
" to some of the most considerable, and by mak-
" ing others Lord Lieutenants of counties, and by
" some other marks of his royal favor taking off
" the heads and leaders of them, might draw the
" teeth of all the rest, and they could never more
" unite in opposition to his government. His Ma-
" jesty by these means might abolish all distinction
" of parties, and would enjoy a peaceable and
" glorious reign ever after.

" These things the honorable Gentleman in-
" larged and insisted upon at several audiences;
" and he was determined not to go up into the
" House of Lords, till he could prevail at least in
" some instances. That there were not more such
" instances the Opposition must thank themselves;
" for indeed they had used him most hardly, had
" not only teased and worried him with their pri-
" vate jealousies and suspicions, but had slander-
" ed and reviled him in the most public and out-
" rageous manner. It is no wonder therefore,
" after so many provocations, if he grew more in-
" different to the party in general, and labored
" principally to serve some particular men, for
" whom he had more personal regard, and who
" had more personal regard for him. Lord Gower
" and Lord Bathurst he considered as men of very
" great figure and interest in their respective
" counties; but it was with the utmost difficulty
" that

" that he could carry his point for them and a few
" others of his friends. Lord Hervey stuck like
" a burr, and there was no brushing him off.
" Lord Hervey, in his younger days, had a very
" scanty allowance from his father, but being a
" youth of promising parts, he was in good mea-
" sure supported by Mr. Pulteney, was long en-
" tertained in his house, and cherished in his bo-
" som, till like a serpent he stung him, wrote
" against him, and challenged and fought with
" him, but was vanquished at both weapons, the
" pen as well as the sword, by the one made the
" general object of ridicule, by the other wounded
" and disabled in the sword arm. He was such a
" wicked engin at Court, that it was an arduous
" task to get him removed and other changes
" made in favor of Lord Gower and Lord Ba-
" thurst. The honorable Gentleman was forced
" to struggle hard, and to gain ground as we may
" say by inches. He was determined however
" not to accept of a peerage, till he had succeeded
" in these instances at least; and they all kissed
" hands together.

" His heart was also set upon promoting and
" carrying as far as lay in his power those popular
" laws, for which he contended when he was at the
" head of the Opposition, and which the nation in
" a manner demanded and expected. One of
" these popular laws was the Place Bill, by which

" were

" were excluded from the House of Commons the
" seven commissioners of the revenue in Ireland,
" the seven commissioners of the navy and victu-
" alling offices, the clerks of the treasury, exche-
" quer, admiralty, &c. &c. in all above two hun-
" dred officers and placemen of different kinds. If
" more had been attempted, the whole would have
" miscarried: but this was more than the people
" had ever gained before at any one time, or by
" any one law of the same nature. Another of his
" popular laws was leveled against bribery in
" elections, and subjects every offender in this
" kind to a penalty of 500*l.*; and this law he
" himself enforced in the first instance by a prose-
" cution for bribery at the Heddon election, and
" there have been other instances since of the like
" exemplary punishment. Amongst other popu-
" lar laws one was much insisted upon for the bet-
" ter regulation of elections, as several notorious
" abuses had been committed by returning officers
" and others at the late general elections. A bill
" for this purpose was brought into the House of
" Commons, and he supported it with all his elo-
" quence; but it was found to be of too compli-
" cated a nature, and the rights of election were
" so various, that they could not all be comprised
" and adjusted in one bill, and therefore it was
" laid aside for that time. The next session it
" was thought proper to be divided into three
" bills,

" bills, one for Scotland, another for the cities
" and boroughs in England, and a third for the
" counties. That for Scotland was passed into
" a law. The other for the cities and boroughs
" in England passed the House of Commons, but
" was thrown out by the House of Lords. He
" supported it in the House of Lords, as he had
" done before in the House of Commons;
" but he could not command a majority, and he
" complained upon this, as he had done upon
" other occasions, that the government would
" not do popular things, and then wondered that
" they were unpopular. No man was ever a
" truer friend to the British Constitution, or
" wished more ardently than he, that those de-
" ficiencies, which were left in at the Revolution,
" were supplied, and that it was carried to the ut-
" most perfection, which any human system is
" capable of receiving. And it was extremely
" unjust, that he should be censured by one side
" as if he had power to do every thing, and at
" the same time not be suffered by the other
" to do even those popular things, which had
" been particularly stipulated and agreed between
" them. If he had bargained for himself, it
" would have beeen another thing; but his bar-
" gains were all for the public, for the honor of
" the King, and for the benefit of the Kingdom.
" He took nothing for himself, but what was pressed

" upon him again and again, and he certainly
" obliged them much more by accepting it, than
" they intended to oblige him by giving it.

" A peerage, though no doubt very desirable in
" itself for any man of family and fortune, yet
" could be no particular bribe or temptation to
" him; for it is what he might have had almost
" at any time, was offered to him at several times,
" and particularly by Queen Caroline. Her Ma-
" jesty was one day lamenting, that he was such
" an enemy to Sir Robert Walpole, and desired
" by all means to reconcile and to make them
" friends. Mr. Pulteney replied, that he had
" no quarrel with Sir Robert Wolpole but upon a
" public account; he was not an enemy to his
" person, but only to his administration, as he
" thought that he advised their Majesties to mea-
" sures, which were neither for the interest of
" their family, nor for the good of the kingdom.
" Her Majesty still expressed her desire to make
" them friends, and asked him, Why he would
" not go up into the House of Lords; he should
" have any title that he thought proper. He
" humbly thanked her Majesty, and said that the
" House of Commons was the field of action, and
" there he should desire to continue as long as he
" was well able to serve his country: but when
" he found that he could no longer do the good
" that he would, or when he should be more

" advanced

" advanced in years, he might then perhaps be
" willing enough to end his days in that Hospital
" of Invalides. The time was now come that he
" could no longer do the good that he would,
" through ihe violence of one party, the artifices
" of the other, and the falsehood and treachery of
" both. Both had used him extremely ill, and he
" was glad perhaps to quit both by going into
" that honorable retirement. We may therefore
" blame the opposition, we may blame the Court,
" but no one can justly blame him, unless it be
" for not taking the post of Prime Minister:
" and yet perhaps he chose the better part. For
" when there cannot be, as the Roman orator
" says, *negotium sine periculo*, the next thing to
" be considered is certainly *otium cum digni-*
" *tate.*"

The foregoing account was written at the time of these transactions, and several years afterwards was communicated to the late Lord Sandys, who said it contained some particulars which he did not know before, but he could attest the truth of the greater part of the relation.

What Lord Bath's own reflections upon these matters were some years afterwards, may appear from a letter still extant in his own hand-writing, dated Aug. 15, 1745, wherein are the following words. " In every thing I did, when the change
" was made, I know I acted honestly, I am sure I

" acted disinterestedly, and if I did not do what
" the world may call wisely, it was the fault of a
" few friends who betrayed me, of the Court that
" meant to weaken me, and of many others who
" too hastily mistrusted me, and turned their
" backs upon me. But time (as I always thought
" it would) has cleared up all these points; and
" I have the satisfaction to imagine that the King,
" now wishes he had given more into my schemes;
" the friends who betrayed me are sensible of and
" sorry for their folly; and they who opposed me,
" though some of them have since got power into
" their own hands, are sensible how mean a
" figure they make with it, and how unequal they
" are to the posts they have. Certain it is, that
" no one can be so capable of writing history, as
" he who has been principally concerned in the
" great transactions; and if ever it should be ne-
" cessary to inform the world (which I believe it
" will not) of the history of the late change, no
" one to be sure can do it, or at least furnish ma-
" terials for doing it, so well as myself, for I
" may truly say *Pars magna fui*, and I do not
" apprehend, nor can recollect one single fact, no
" not one circumstance in the whole affair, that it
" can be necessary to suppress or disguise. If
" avarice, ambition, or the desire of power had
" influenced me, why did I not take (and no one
" can deny but I might have had) the greatest

" posts

"post in the Kingdom? But I contented my-
"self with the honest pride of having subdued
"the great author of corruption, retired with a
"peerage, which I had three times at different
"periods of my life refused; and left the govern-
"ment to be conducted by those who had more
"inclination than I had to be concerned in it.
"I should have been happy, if I could have
"united an administration capable of carrying on
"the government with ability œconomy and
"honor."

Bishop Pearce had also some knowledge of these transactions, and thus delivers his sentiments concerning them in the short account which he has left us of his own life. "In the year 1741, Mr.
"Pulteney, with those of his party, had so far
"prevailed in the House of Commons, that Sir
"Robert (Walpole) frankly declared to his Ma-
"jesty, that he could no longer be of sufficient
"service to his Majesty in that House, and there-
"fore desired a dismission from all his state em-
"ployments. In consequence of this, a message
"was brought to Mr. Pulteney by the late Duke
"of Newcastle and the Lord Chancellor Hard-
"wicke from the King, signifying that he was
"willing to place all Sir Robert's employments
"and powers in his hands; but with this con-
"sideration, that Sir Robert should be screened
"from all future resentments on account of the

"share

" share which he had in the public affairs. This
" condition Mr. Pulteney utterly rejected, and in
" two or three days the same noble persons
" came to Mr. Pulteney again with a second
" message from the King, signifying that the
" offer made to him, as mentioned before, should
" be made good without that condition. He con-
" sulted his friends, and by their advice accepted
" of what his Majesty had so graciously offered
" to him, declaring at the same time, that he was
" determined to fill no post himself, but to serve
" his friends in recommending to his Majesty
" such of them as he thought proper to be placed
" in the great departments of the administration,
" only he desired to have the honor of being one
" of the Cabinet Council. Accordingly Sir Ro-
" bert resigned all, and some of Mr. Pulteney's
" friends were nominated to the chief of the great
" employments in government, he himself being
" contented to be one of the Cabinet Council. It
" is well known how he lost all his weight as a
" Minister of State within a few months." Afterwards speaking of Lord Bath's decease he expresses himself thus. " Thus died that great and
" worthy man, William Pulteney Earl of Bath,
" descended from a very ancient family (the De
" Pulteneys, who, I think came to England with
" the Norman Duke William.) He was by in-
" heritance and prudent œconomy possessed of a

" very

"very large estate, out of which he yearly be-
"stowed, contrary to the opinion of those who
"were less acquainted with him, in charities and
"benefactions more than a tenth part of his
"whole income. He was a firm friend to the
"established religion of his country, and free
"from all the vices of the age even in his youth.
"He constantly attended the public worship of
"God, and all the offices of it in his parish
"church, while his health permitted it; and
"when his great age and infirmities prevented
"him from so doing, he supplied that defect by
"daily reading over the morning service of the
"church before he came out of his bed-chamber.
"That he had quick and lively parts, a fine head
"and sound judgment, the many things, which
"he published occasionally, sufficiently testify.
"He had twice chiefly by his own personal
"weight, overturned the ministry, viz. 1741 and
"1745, though he kept not in power long at
"each of those great events, which was occasioned
"by his adhering to his resolution of not filling
"any place of profit or honor in the administra-
"tion, and by some other means less creditable
"to his associates than to himself; which the
"writer of this account is well acquainted with."

As Bishop Pearce had some knowlege of these and other transactions, so Dr. Douglas, by conversing several years almost daily with Lord

Bath, had frequent opportunities of informing himself of many particulars, and having collected sufficient materials for the purpose, is well qualified to draw the just character, and to complete the true history of his noble patron, a debt which he owes to his memory, and it is hoped will one time or other fully discharge, so that conformably to the rule in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

But to return from this long, but it is hoped not unuseful nor unentertaining digression. In the spring of 1744, Mr. Newton through the interest of the Earl of Bath was preferred to the rectory of St. Mary le Bow in Cheapside, so that he was forty years old before he obtained any living. This living is properly three rectories united, St. Mary le Bow, St. Pancras, Soaper Lane, and Allhallows Honey Lane, the first and the last of which are in the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the second in that of the Grocer's company, and in turn they present once, and the Archbishop collates twice; but this turn was in the King's presentation upon the promotion of Dr. Lisle the former incumbent to a bishopric. It is a church of note and eminence, being the principal of the Archbishop's peculiars, and the court of the Dean of the Arches, and the church where the Archbishop and all the Bishops in the province of Canterbury are confirmed. It

was

was likewise esteemed a fortunate living, the two former rectors Dr. Lisle and Dr. Bradford having been made Bishops, and it did not fail to the third in succession. Upon this preferment he quitted the chapel in Spring Garden. His fellowship also became vacant, and at the commencement in 1745 he took his degree of Doctor in divinity. The rebellion breaking out soon after, he was in all his sermons and discourses so strenuous in the cause of his King and country, that he received some threatning letters, which Lord Bath advised him to lay before the Secretary of State. One or two of his sermons upon this occasion by desire he published, as well as that which was preached on the 18th of December in the same year before the House of Commons.

In the beginning of the following spring in 1746 he was honored with fresh proofs of the friendship and confidence of the Earl of Bath, being intrusted by that Lord with the relation of some secret transactions at Court. Whether the King had reason to suspect the fidelity of any of his ministers, or whether any thing at that time had particularly offended him, or who were most disagreeable and obnoxious to him, we cannot say; but he took an opportunity of complaining to Lord Bath of the uneasiness of his situation, that he was held under the dominion of an aristocracy; that they hemmed him in on all sides, and he could

not

not have those about him whom he liked; that they in a manner ingrossed all power, and in effect he could do little or nothing. He therefore asked Lord Bath whether he could not give him some assistance, whether he could not any way extricate him out of his present difficulties; and if he possibly could, conjured him by all means to break the combination, and to set him at liberty. Lord Bath replied that it would be burning his own fingers, but however to oblige his Majesty he would try what could be done; it was possible he might be able to succeed, but his success must in great measure depend upon his Majesty himself; his Majesty must be sure to stand steddy, and be true to his own interest, or otherwise as the attempt was hazardous, it would also prove vain and ineffectual. One of the first steps he took was to send for Gideon and the money'd men, to know whether they would confirm the agreement which they had made with Mr. Pelham for raising the supplies of the current year. They readily answered, that they would abide by their bargain with Mr. Pelham, for they had not made it for his sake only. But Lord Bath convinced them that in one article they had exacted more from Mr. Pelham than they should have done, and therefore insisted upon an abatement, to which after some debate they consented. At the same time Earl Granville, who was a

greater

greater personal favorite with the King than any of the ministers, was declared Secretary of State, and the Earl of Carlisle was sent for to be the Lord Privy Seal. The ministers soon took the alarm, and had a meeting all together at Lord Harrington's, where they agreed upon the measures they would pursue, and the next day they all went to Court and one after another resigned their respective places. Such was their fidelity to their old Master, when a rebellion was raging in the midst of the kingdom; they would rather all desert him in the hour of distress and danger, than any of them should be deprived of the profits of their places. This was more than the King had expected, he was by no means prepared for such an event, he was with all his courage really intimidated by so many resignations, and may be said in a manner to have resigned himself; for his whole scheme was suddenly disconcerted, Lord Granville was dismissed within a few days, and the old ministers were all restored to their places with fuller power than before. The King was as much chagrined and vexed as he was provoked and angry at his disappointment, and begged and entreated of Lord Bath to avenge his cause by writing a full account of the whole transaction. One of his expressions was "Rub "it in their noses, and if it be possible, make "them ashamed." Such an account was accordingly

ingly writtten, which was copied fair by Lord Bath himself with some additions and alterations, and was conveyed in safety to the King. In little more than a week it was returned by a faithful friend with the King's approbation in his own hand-writing, and a verbal desire that at a convenient season it might be published. But it is not known what is become of these papers. Lord Bath himself had occasion to look for them some time before his death, being desirous to communicate them to Bishop Pearce, but could not find them. After his death diligent search was made for them every where, but all to no purpose, they could no where be found. It is well known that after Lord Pulteney's death he burnt abundance of papers. It is to be feared, that in his disturbance and confusion of mind, not knowing well what he did at that sad juncture, he committed these with the rest to the flames; and by these means most probably this curious piece of history was destroyed and lost.

In the spring of 1747, Dr. Newton was chosen lecturer of St. George's Hanover-square, in the room of Dr. Savage deceased. Dr. Savage in his younger days had travelled with an Earl of Salisbury, to whom he was indebted for a considerable living in Hertfordshire; and in his more advanced years was a lively pleasant facetious old man. One day at the levee George I. asked him, how

long

long he had stayed at Rome with Lord Salisbury? Upon his answering how long, Why, said the King, you stayed long enough, why did not you convert the Pope? Because, Sir, replied he, I had nothing better to offer him. Having been bred at Westminster, he had always a great fondness for the school, attended at all their plays and elections, assisted in all their public exercises, there grew young again, and among boys was a great boy himself. The King's Scholars had so great a regard for him, that after his decease they made a collection among themselves, and at their own charges erected a monument to his memory in the cloisters. Upon his death, Dr. Newton immediately declared himself a candidate for the lectureship. Dr. Gregory Sharp had some thoughts of opposing him; but finding him to have many friends in the parish, and to be particularly supported by the Lords Bath and Carpenter, he very soon desisted, and was glad to succeed to the lectureship upon Dr. Newton's quitting it. When the election was made of Dr. Newton, the vestry book was signed by the following Noblemen and Gentlemen.

Andrew Trebeck Rector,
Samuel Tufnell Churchwarden.

Roxburghe	John Willis
Carpenter	Henry Talbot

Galway

Galway	Rich. Ingoldesby
Rob. Vyner	Windsor
H. Fox	Blundell
Rich. Whitworth	Henry Furnese
J. Trevor	Foley
Cha. A. Powlett	Charles Edwin
John Upton	C. Ogle
Wm. Chetwynd	Vernon
James Dashwood	Cadogan
Granville	W. Powlett
Edw. Hody	Cha. Compton
Bath	A. Duncombe
Edw. Shepherd	Rich. Shelly
John Lee	Roger Morris
Coventry	Alex. Murray
G. Venables	G. Wright
Chetwynd	N. Curzon
Benj. Timbrell	James Spilman
Francis Burton	R. Rich
W. Mabbott	Shaftesbury
H. Smithson	F. Dashwood
Tyrconnel	Northampton
John Norris	Tho. Clarges
Tho. Rea	Cl. Cotterel Dormer
Charles Hedges	Char. Montague
Ranelagh	Rob. Andrews
D. St. Hippolite	P. Delme
Westmorland	Beaufort

In

In the month of August following, he married his first wife Jane the eldst daughter of the Rev. Dr. Trebeck, an unaffected modest decent young woman, with whom he lived very happy in mutual love and harmony near seven years. As they had no children, they continued to board in the parsonage house with Dr. Trebeck, having the best apartment for his pictures, and being freed by the prudent good management of Mrs. Trebeck from all care and trouble of housekeeping; which he thought no inconsiderable advantage, being much of the mind of the famous Mr. Boyle, who would never have his studies interrupted by any household affairs, and was certainly master of more time and leisure by being only a boarder in the house of his sister the Countess of Ranelagh.

In this same year 1747 he had also the satisfaction of seeing his friend Dr. Pearce advanced to a bishopric, which he had long deserved. The bishopric, which of all others he most desired was Peterborough; and he had at several times declared to his friends, and likewise intimated to the ministers, that if he could but obtain that bishopric, he would readily relinquish all his other preferments without wishing to retain any thing in commendam. But Providence saw fit to dispose of matters otherwise, and sent him farther to a better bishopric, to Bangor upon the promotion of Bishop Hutton to the see of York.

His

His partiality for Peterborough was owing to his connections with Dr. Lockyer the Dean, with whom he generally passed some time in every summer; and finding his health and spirits rather better there than usual, he contracted such a fondness for the place, that he wished for nothing more than there to fix his staff and end his days. Dr. Lockyer was a man of ingenuity and learning, had seen a great deal of the world and was a most pleasant and agreeable companion, was one of Dr. Pearce's most intimate friends, and at his death bequeathed to him his library which was a good one. As Dr. Lockyer was himself an excellent story teller, so he had written in a large quarto book every good story that ever he had heard in company: and this book used to lie in his parlour for his visitors to turn over and amuse themselves till he could come to them. It contained a fund of entertainment, and it is a sign that it was conceived to do so, because some one or other thought it worth while to steal it; it never came to Dr. Pearce's hands, and he often regretted the loss of it. Dr. Lockyer in the former part of his life was chaplain to the factory at Hamburgh, from whence he went every year to visit the Court of Hanover; whereby he became very well known to the King George I. who knew how to temper the cares of royalty with the pleasures of private life, and commonly invited six or eight of

his

his friends to pass the evening with him. His Majesty, seeing Dr. Lockyer one day at Court, spoke to the Duchess of Ancaster, who was almost always of the party, that she should ask Dr. Lockyer to come that evening. When the company met in the evening, Dr. Lockyer was not there, and the King asked the Duchess if she had spoken to him as he desired. Yes, she said, but the Dr. presents his humble duty to your Majesty, and hopes your Majesty will have the goodness to excuse him at present, for he is soliciting some preferment from your ministers, and he fears it might be some obstacle to him, if it should be known that he had the honor of keeping such good company. The King laughed very heartily, and said he believed he was in the right. Not many weeks afterwards Dr. Lockyer kissed the King's hand for the deanery of Peterborough: and as he was raising himself from kneeling, the King inclined forwards, and with great good nature whispered in his ear, Well now, Doctor, you will not be afraid to come in an evening, I would have you come this evening.

Dr. Thomas, who died Bishop of Salisbury, I so describe him, for it was not always easy to distinguish the two Dr. Thomas's. Some body was speaking of Dr. Thomas. It was asked, Which Dr. Thomas do you mean? Dr. John Thomas. They are both named John. Dr. Thomas who

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has a living in the city. They have both livings in the city. Dr. Thomas who is chaplain to the King. They are both chaplains to the King. Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher. They are both very good preachers. Dr. Thomas who squints. They both squint. For Dr. Thomas who died Bishop of Winchester, handsome as he was, yet had a little cast with one of his eyes. The Dr. Thomas, who died Bishop of Salisbury, having succeeded Dr. Lockyer both in the chaplainship at Hamburgh and in the deanery of Peterborough, it is not an improper sequel to relate the manner of his rise and preferment, as he has himself been heard more than once to relate it. Dr. Thomas was accustomed, as well as Dr. Lockyer, to go from Hamburgh to pay his duty at Hanover every year that the King came over. After some time the King (George II.) asked him, Whether if he could obtain any preferment from the crown, he would not gladly leave Hamburgh to settle in England? He replied, that his Majesty's father had made him the like gracious offer, and he had declined it, because then there were several eminent merchants and factors who were very kind and liberal to him, and he lived among them much to his ease and satisfaction: but now the case was altered, most of his old friends had died or were removed, a new race was springing up, and he should

should think himself very happy to return to England under his Majesty's patronage and protection. Well, said the King, consider with yourself, and consult with my Lord Harrington, (who was the Secretary then attending upon the King) and he will let me know your wants and wishes. The next time the King saw him he said, My Lord Harrington informs me, that you desire to have one of the royal prebends; but it is not in my power to get you any such thing, my ministers lay their hands upon them all, as necessary for my service; but I will tell you what I will do for you, they do not much mind livings, and I will give you the first living that falls, and then I will make you one of my chaplains, and then the next time I come to Hanover, you shall come over with me as my chaplain, and then if a prebend or deanery should happen to fall, you would have a good chance of succeeding to it, and this is the only way wherein I can procure any such thing for you. Agreeably to this plan, Dr. Thomas returned to England, had the living of St. Vedast Foster Lane, was appointed one of the King's chaplains, and the spring ensuing when the King was making preparations for Hanover, he sent word privately to Dr. Thomas to prepare himself and to have every thing in readiness to be put on board such a day. Before he went he thought it proper to wait upon Bishop Gibson, who was then

the ecclesiastical minister, and to acquaint him with the King's order. You go to Hanover? said the Bishop, it cannot be: Dr. Clagget is to go to Hanover: it was fixed and settled some time ago. Dr. Thomas answered, that he had received his Majesty's express command, and should certainly obey it: and accordingly Dr. Thomas attended the King to Hanover, and not Dr. Clagget. It happened in the course of the summer that the deanery of Peterborough became vacant, and Dr. Thomas had the honor to kiss his Majesty's hand for it. At the same time the Duke of Newcastle wrote to him from England, that he had in a manner engaged that deanery to Dr. Newcomb the Master of St. John's College in Cambridge, and should be greatly obliged to Dr. Thomas if he would be so good as to wave his turn; the Duke would certainly procure for him a better deanery, or the first residentiariship of St. Paul's that should become vacant. Dr. Thomas wrote in answer, that as the King had been graciously pleased to give him the deanery, he could not with any decency or good manners decline his Majesty's favor, but his Grace might vacate the deanery by giving him a better thing as soon as ever he pleased. He used also to relate another remarkable instance of the King's friendship and regard for him. While he was holding his visitation in Buckinghamshire, and confirming the young gen-

tlemen

tlemen at Eton, he received an invitation from the Prince and Princess of Wales to dine with them at Cliefdon; and he said that nothing was ever more pleasing than their ease and condescension, they dined quite in a family way, and after dinner the children were called in to the desert, and were made to repeat seveal beautiful passages out of plays and poems; and upon the whole he never passed a more agreeable day in all his life. This was reported to the King with a view to prejudice him in the King's opinion for his familiarity with the Prince. What had he to do at Cliefdon? said the King. What brought him into those parts? When it was answered, that he was there upon his visitation, O, said the King, I find it was no private affair; as he was there in a public capacity, if he had failed in proper respect to any part of my family, I should have had reason to be angry indeed. The truth is, Lord Granville was his friend, and had recommended him; and he was upon that account more favored by the King, and less acceptable to the other ministers.

Old age is narrative, and one story commonly produces another, especially if there be something singular and similar in their nature or circumstances. The following is rather a more extraordinary story than the foregoing, but it is not so well known and attested. It must rest upon the credit of the said Bishop Thomas of Salisbury,

who

who constantly affirmed that he had received it from undoubted authority. When Dr. Younger was abroad upon his travels, he passed some time at the Court of Hanover, where he was well received and esteemed by the Princess Sophia and her family before ever they came into England. When George I. succeeded to the throne, Dr. Younger was Dean of Salisbury, Residentiary of St. Paul's, and Deputy Clerk of the Closet, in which station he had served under Queen Anne, and was continued under George I. The King was very glad to renew his acquaintance with him, and in the closet, as he stood waiting behind his chair, turned often and talked with him, and the more as Dr. Younger did, what few could do, converse with the King in High Dutch. The King used to call him his little Dean, and was so condescending and gracious to him, that he was looked upon in some measure as a favorite, and likely to rise to higher preferment. This was by no means agreeable to the ministers, for Dr. Younger was reputed to be what they called a Tory; and a letter of office was sent to dismiss him, the King having no farther occasion for his service. It was not long before the King missed him, and asked What was became of his little Dean that now he never saw him? It was answered, that he was dead. Dead, said the King, I am sorry for it, for I meant to do something for him. This the ministers understood well enough,

and therefore had removed him out of the way. Such an imposition, one would think, could hardly have been put upon any prince. It was a bold stroke, even when the King was a stranger to our people and a stranger to our language; but even then it did not escape detection. For some time after the King went a progress into the West of England, and among other places was at Salisbury, and in the cathedral there seeing the Dean, he called him eagerly up to him, and said My little Dean, I am glad to see you alive, they told me you were dead; but where have you been all this while, and what has prevented my seeing you as usual? He mentioned the letter of dismission which he had received, and said He thought it would ill become him after that to give his Majesty any further trouble. Oh, said the King warmly, I perceive how this matter is; but—with an oath—you shall be the first Bishop that I will make. But it happened, that Dr. Younger being advanced in years died before any Bishop, so that he never obtained the good effect of the King's gracious intentions.

In 1749 was published Dr. Newton's edition of Milton's Paradise Lost, which it is hoped has not been ill received by the public, having in 1775 gone through eight editions. So full and particular an account has been given of this work in the Dedication, Preface, &c. that any repetition would be superfluous and needless.

needless. Whether the Duke of Newcastle had heard or suspected, that something might be said in the Dedication which might have some reference and give some umbrage to him, or whatever else was the motive, he sent a little before publication to the editor his old friend and school-fellow Dr. Johnson, who was then Residentiary of St. Paul's, to desire that a copy of the Dedication might be communicated to his Grace. The editor answered that he would willingly wait upon his Grace with a copy of the Dedication if he pleased: but it would be to little or no purpose, for it was already printed, and in a week or two would be published; he had also sent a copy of it to Lord Bath who was then at Paris, and after that he could not upon any account consent to make the least alteration in it. Dr. Johnson "hoped that there would be nothing in the Dedi-"cation which might undo all that had been "done," alluding to the preferment which Lord Bath had been for some time solliciting for him from the Duke of Newcastle. It is supposed that the Duke was curious to see whether any thing or what was said concerning papers in Lord Bath's hands relative to former transactions: but no farther mention was made of them, than that it was in his Lordship's power to set all these transactions in a clear light, and he had sufficient materials by him for this purpose. Another passage

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in the Dedication, to be fully understood, may require some explication. When Mr. Pulteney had refused to accept of any public employment, even those of first Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Vice-treasurership of Ireland, which is usually divided into three places, and three very good places they are and held by three considerable persons, was offered to him singly, and with a patent for life, but he refused this also: and it was in allusion to these particular transactions that it was said in general terms, that he was even courted to accept the place of the greatest power and confidence, or if he had foreseen any difficulty of maintaining himself in power, as that is a slippery and uncertain situation, he might have secured himself in the possession of any of the most lucrative employments, and might have enjoyed it with a patent for life. Whatever it might be thought, the Dedication was not written in the usual style of dedications, but in the words of soberness and truth. The writer has asserted nothing, but what either he knew to be true, or believed to be true upon the best grounds and reasons; and could now after so many years as well as then subscribe every clause and sentence with hand and heart.

The Prince and Princess of Wales having done him the honor of being two of his subscribers, he was very much at a loss how to present his books

to

to them, it being an aukward and disagreeable ceremony to present two such large volumes in a public drawing-room. But Dr. Ayscough, who was then in great favor, very obligingly saved him this trouble by contriving the means of introducing him to their Royal Highnesses separately, when each of them received him with great goodness and condescension, and held a very long and particular conversation with him, which he could ascribe to nothing but to the favorable impressions which had been given of him by his good friends the Earl of Bath and Mrs. Deanes Devenish, the former of whom was then abroad, and the latter was dead. Lord Bath wrote to him from Paris in a letter dated Jan. 2, N.S. 1750. "There are many persons here great ad-
"mirers of Milton, and it is very well translated
"into French prose by one Monsieur Duprè; it
"is a kind of harmonious prose like that of Tele-
"machus. I have lent him your edition, and he
"is extremely pleased with it, and particularly
"with the notes." In another letter from Paris dated Mar. 28, 1750, N.S. he writes, "Your
"Milton has been much admired here, the edi-
"tion and the notes greatly commended. Great
"numbers of ladies as well as gentlemen under-
"stand English enough to read it with great
"pleasure, and the Milton you sent me has
"travelled already through twenty different
"hands;

" hands; at last it is gone into exile with Mon-
" sieur de Maurepas, and will remain with him at
" Bourges (for he is prodigiously pleased with it)
" till such time as the King of France pleases
" to send for them both back again."

While Lord Bath continued at Paris, he wrote also some not unentertaining anecdotes in other letters. Knowing the Doctor to be a lover of pictures, he wrote in a letter dated Feb. 21, 1750. " A little while ago, at the solemnization of a " marriage in the Duke de St. Simon's house, a " prodigious fine picture of Raphael's was cut out " of a frame and carried off. The next day " when it was perceived, all possible endeavors " were used to discover the thief, and a reward " of 300*l.* was offered for restoring the picture, " but hitherto they have made no discovery, " though I think they have strong suspicions that " the robber is some servant of the house." In the same letter, " Monsieur Puysieux the Secre- " tary of State here for foreign affairs has been " robbed in the same way, that is by a servant, " who has been taken up and confessed the fact. " He stole the trunk in which all the state papers " were locked up, but the silly dog took nothing " out but money. I suppose, had he taken the " French cypher, or other state papers, he might " have sold them for more money than he took " away." In another letter dated Mar. 28, 1750.

" A mad

" A mad Englishman, whose name they say was
" Kellard, came last week to see the house and
" gardens at Marli, where having a pistol in his
" pocket he chose to shoot himself through the
" head, after he had seen every thing that was to
" be seen; but first he drew a ridiculous bill of
" exchange upon one Nobody, a banker in Lom-
" bard Street, and signed it Immortal, desiring
" his creditors may be first paid, and the remain-
" der of the bill given to his brother. By these
" circumstances as well as by his death, you may
" conclude that he was stark mad; however the
" horror of the action has much affected the
" King, who is extremely good natured, and is
" the more disturbed, as the murder was com-
" mitted in one of his own palaces."

After the Paradise Lost it was thought proper that Dr. Newton should also publish the Paradise Regained and other poems of Milton: but these things, he thought, detained him too long from other more material studies, though he had the good fortune to gain more by them than Milton did by all his works together. But his greatest gain, in his own esteem, was their first bringing him into the friendship and intimacy of two such men, as Bishop Warburton and Dr. Jortin, whose works will speak for them, better than any private commendation. They were really two very extraordinary men: and though their characters

were

were much alike in some respects, yet they were very different in others. They were both men of great parts and abilities, both men of uncommon learning and erudition, both able critics, both copious writers. But the one was the more universal, the other perhaps the better Greek and Latin scholar: the one had the larger comprehension of things, the other the more exact knowlege of words: the one had his learning more like cash ready at hand, the other had his more like bills in his common place book: the one was the more rapid and flowing, the other the more terse and correct writer: the one was more capable of forming the plan and system of a large work, the other excelled more in little loose detached pieces: the sermons of the one are not the most valuable, those of the other are the most valuable, of all their writings: and in themselves the one was more open and communicative, more inviting and engaging in his manner; the other was more close and reserved, more shy and forbidding in his appearance: the one was warmer in his commendation, a more zealous friend, and a more generous enemy: the other was more sparing of his praise, cooler both in friendship and enmity, and rather carping and undermining than freely judging and censuring. But their little failings will die with them, their superior excellences will live in the mouths and memories of men.

In

In March 1751 died Frederic Prince of Wales, and upon this melancholy occasion Dr. Newton preached a sermon at St. George's Hanover Square, which he was desired by some of the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Vestry to publish, but he excused himself as if it was an hasty composition, unfit for the public eye. However the report of it reached the ear of the Princess of Wales; and Lady Charlotte Edwin (who was always a friend to the author) was employed by her Royal Highness to convey her desire, that she might be favored with a copy of the sermon to peruse it. Such a request could not be refused, but it was complied with upon condition, that after her Highness at her leisure had perused the sermon it should be returned: and Lady Charlotte most obligingly undertook to carry it and bring it again. The part in question, that is the part relating to the Prince of Wales, was as follows. "If ever there was an occasion that might "justify an excess of grief, it is the death of our "well beloved Prince, with whom so many hopes, "so many expectations are cut off, and blasted "in their fullest bloom. It is the most fatal blow "that this nation has felt for many many years; "and the more we consider it, the more reason "we find to lament it; indeed it is but justice to "grieve, it would be stupidity or something "worse not to do it. We cannot surely help

"grieving

" grieving for his widowed consort, whose loss is
" unspeakable as it is irreparable, the loss not
" only of greatness, but what is more of happi-
" ness; for I believe there scarce ever was in
" private life a greater instance of conjugal affec-
" tion and domestic felicity: and every humane
" heart must bleed to see such virtue in such dis-
" tress, and the more on account of her present
" tender condition. Who likewise can think of
" so many fine children left without a father,
" and not bewail their loss? for as he was the most
" affectionate of husbands, so he was the most
" indulgent of parents; and his care and inspec-
" tion and authority were now wanted more and
" more to form their minds and manners: such a
" calamity in any private family would be very
" affecting, but it must needs affect us much more
" sensibly, as they are the children of the public,
" and the hopes of the rising generation. His
" servants too have lost a most kind and gracious
" master, whom they not only honored but loved,
" and served out of affection as much as duty,
" for he was a friend, a father as it were to all his
" family; and it is a grievous misfortune not
" only to be deprived of present comforts, but
" also to be defeated of future expectations. Be-
" sides the distress which this heavy stroke has
" brought upon individuals, upon private persons
" and private families, it is impossible to think
" without

" without horror of the infinite loss to the pub-
" lic. Religion hath lost a defender, liberty hath
" lost a guardian, trade hath lost a protector,
" the arts have lost a patron, all mankind have
" lost a friend: for never was there in a person
" of such eminence more humanity and condes-
" cension to the lowest, more pleasing courtesy
" and engaging address to the highest, more
" beneficence to all within his sphere or more
" benevolence to all without it. We might have
" rested under his shadow, whenever God for our
" sins should have deprived us of his Majesty's
" mild and gracious government: but now we
" have a dark and gloomy prospect before us:
" minorities have always been unhappy to this
" kingdom: and as it is our duty at all times to
" pray "for Kings and for all that are in au-
" thority," we should now more ardently than
" ever pray for the life of our most excellent
" Sovran, that God would confirm his health,
" prolong his days, direct his counsels, unite his
" friends, and defeat the designs of his enemies,
" that so this fatal loss may in some measure be
" repaired to us, and that we and our children
" and our children's children's may continue to
" enjoy our religion and liberties under his and
" his royal family's auspices till time shall be no
" more." The sermon was detained about a
week, and then Lady Charlotte Edwin was again
commissioned

commissioned by her Royal Highness to restore it with her thanks, and at the same time with her desire that she might appoint him one of her chaplains, and the warrant was made out accordingly and sent him: And ever afterwards, both privately in his times of waiting, and publicly in her drawing-rooms, she was particularly gracious to him.

In June 1754 he lost his father at the age of 83 by a gradual gentle decline, and within a few days his wife at the age of 38 by a sudden violent inflammation of the bowels. Either of these blows would have affected him much, but both together were the severest trial he ever underwent, and almost overwhelmed him with affliction. He had used to visit his father every year at Lichfield, and he and his wife were preparing to go thither when these fatal events took place. All his friends were remarkably kind in their condolence, and Lord and Lady Egremont particularly, whose hands he had joined in marriage, pressed him much to change the scene, and to come and pass some time at Petworth; but he chose rather to remain, and thought he could sooner recollect himself by himself, in the little rural retirement where he then was at Shelly in Essex.

At that time he was engaged in writing his Dissertations on the Prophecies; and happy it was for him, for in any affliction he never found a better or

more effectual remedy than plunging deep into study, and fixing his thoughts as intensely as he possibly could upon other subjects. The first volume was published the following winter, but the other two did not appear till three years afterwards, as for the encouragement of his work he was appointed in the mean time to preach the Boyle's lecture. Some authors of note and eminence print no more than 500 or at most 750 copies at a time, that there may be the speedier demand for a new edition: but of the Dissertations 1250 copies were taken at the first impression, and a thousand at every other edition; and though some things have been published since upon the same subjects, yet they still hold up their head above water, and having gone through five editions are ready prepared for another. Abroad too their reception has not been unfavorable, if accounts from thence may be depended upon. The famous Count Bernstorf, who was so many years the great minister in Denmark, in a letter to M. Schrader one of the preceptors and German secretary to Frederic Prince of Wales, wrote as follows Mar. 29. 1760. "Je "suis enchanté des Dissertations du Dr. Newton. "Il faut avouer que les Anglois pensent et ecri- "vent superieurement." In another letter from the same, dated April 29. 1760. are the following words. "Newton me plait et me persuade tous "les jours d'avantage. C'est sans doute ainsi "qu'il

" qu'il faut écrire sur les Prophecies. Je ne croi
" pas que jamais rien n'ait ête écrit de plus victo-
" rieux contre le Siége de Rome, et je ne prevois
" pas ce que ses adhérents feront. L'ouvrage
" se traduit en Allemand. Le 1er. tome a dejà
" paru, et j'espere que les autres suivront de près.
" Cet ouvrage ne sauroit être assez connû au
" monde." In a letter to the same person from Brunswick, dated July 2. 1762. it is said, " Mr.
" Middelstett preceptor to the young Princes of
" Wolfenbuttel has translated the Dissertations of
" the Prophecies; two volumes are published, and
" the third will be soon. The translation is com-
" mended. The stile flowing and easy. I don't
" pretend to judge, but what I know is, that I read
" the book with use and with pleasure." The following is extracted from another letter, " The
" German translation of the Dissertations on the
" Prophecies printed at Leipsig for Carl. Ludewig
" Jacobi. Vol. 1. 1757. Vol. 2. 1761. Vol. 3.
" 1762." They were likewise translated into the Danish language by Commodore Essura, and were recommended to the perusal of the Counts Struensee and Brandt during their imprisonment to convince them of the truth of the Christian religion, and were not without effect, as we may learn from the narratives of their preparations for death by the two Divines D. Munter and D. Hec, who were appointed to attend them in their last moments. If

his writings have ever done any good in the world, he desired always to give God the glory.

Lord Bath had long sollicited the Duke of Newcastle for a prebend for him, particularly of Westminster; and the Duke often promised, and as often failed. So long ago as in the year 1749 were these words in a letter from the Duke to the noble Lord, "Dr. Newton from the regard you have for him, "and from his own merit, is entitled to any favor I "can do for him, and you may be assured I will "be as good as my word:" but he was not so good as his word for more than seven years afterwards; and in the mean time there passed some shuffling excuses on one side, and some smart remonstrances on the other. One day the Duke said in excuse that he was but one of many, and Lord Bath replied, you would take it extremely ill, if I could really think or believe that you were but one of many. Such reproaches commonly produced fresh assurances and promises, which were no better kept than the former; and so they went round as it were in a circle from year to year. The truth is, the Duke was a good-natured man, he had not the courage to say No to any one, he was willing to oblige every one, at the time perhaps seriously intended it, and consequently promised more than he was ever able to perform. His Brother was said to be more firm and steddy, and more to be depended upon; was more slow to promise, but if

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he promised, was more sure to perform; if he could not serve a man, he would assign the reasons why he could not, or why not at that time and in that manner; and many went away almost as well satisfied with a refusal from one brother, as with a promise from the other. At length in the spring of 1756 Dr. Newton received the following letter from Mr. Stone, which was sent from Newcastle house, and sealed with the Duke's seal: and the messenger was handsomely rewarded. "Dear "Sir, My Lord Duke of Newcastle allows me to "acquaint you (which I do with the greatest plea-"sure) that you are a Prebendary of Westmins-"ter, and to congratulate you upon it in his name. "Your warrant (I conclude) will be signed to-"morrow. I am ever most truly and sincerely "yours Andrew Stone. Friday Apr. 25." One would have thought that now there could have been no farther delay or evasion; but a man cannot be sure of any thing, till he is safe in possession. This letter was received in the morning, and in the evening of the same day came Bishop Johnson, it was supposed to congratulate his old friend, but he was sent upon quite another errand. He seemed willing and yet unwilling to speak, but after some time it came out, that there was an unhappy mistake, the Duke thought that two prebends had been vacant but there was only one, and that one he was under a necessity of giving to Mr.

Oswald

Oswald: but His Grace desired that he would be with Mr. Stone the next morning by eight o'clock, and Mr. Stone would conduct him to Newcastle house. Accordingly they went together, and the Duke perhaps never looked more simple and confounded, he made the Doctor come and sit by him, he held and pressed his hand all the time he was talking to him, he begged a thousand and a thousand pardons, the House of Commons was a sad unruly place, he was often forced to make sacrifices to it contrary to his own inclinations, Mr. Oswald made a point of it and he could not put him off without breaking all connection with him, he hoped therefore that he (the Doctor) would have the goodness to forgive him, he should ever esteem it a very great obligation, he would make him ample amends for his disappointment, and concluded with the warmest professions of the highest regard for him, and with the strongest assurances of the most determined resolution to serve him. In the course of the summer a message was brought him from the Lord Chamberlain's office, that his warrant for King's chaplain had lain for some time ready for him, and they wondered that he neglected to come and take it up. This was the first he ever heard of it, and to whom he was indebted for this honor he never fully understood, but supposed it was of the Duke of Newcastle's procuring for him by way of palliation, and to

make

make him some amends. But before he went to take up his warrant, he thought it proper to make application to the Princess of Wales to know her pleasure, whether she would permit him to be made King's chaplain, and at the same time to continue her own, which was readily granted tho' some time after it was refused to another: and he served the rest of that reign and the beginning of the next in both those stations. At last in the spring of 1757 he was made Prebendary of Westminster in the room of Dr. Green promoted to be Dean of Salisbury. Bishop Gilbert, who was at that time Bishop of Salisbury, expressed his concern, that the deanery did not rather fall to Dr. Newton's share.

It was not only in this instance that Bishop Gilbert expressed his kindness; he soon manifested it in a more effectual manner. For upon Archbishop Hutton's translation to Canterbury, Bishop Gilbert succeeded him in the see of York, and likewise in the office of Lord Almoner, which for some years past has been added to that archbishopric. There have been Almoners, who have not been Bishops; and several who have not been Archbishops of York. Smalrige Bishop of Bristol was Lord Almoner, Sherlock Bishop of Salisbury was so likewise, till he was made Bishop of London and Dean of the royal chapels; and from that time, I think, the Archbishops of York have constantly

stantly been the Lord Almoners. Archbishop Gilbert, soon after his promotion, honored Dr. Newton with a visit, as he had done several times before; and in the kindest and most obliging manner asked his consent, that he might propose him to the King for Subalmoner; he thought it a proper piece of respect first to acquaint the King with his design, and then, if the King approved, and he doubted not of his approbation, he would appoint him Subalmoner. This was a very agreeable surprise, and the obligation was the greater, because it was not sollicited by himself or any of his friends, but proceeded entirely from the Archbishop's own grace and favor. Not long after the Archbishop wrote to him at Randalls, where he then was with Lord Carpenter, near Leatherhead in Surry, 15 Oct. 1757, that that morning he had had the satisfaction of seeing His Majesty not well only but chearful too; and now without an If he could wish him joy of the Subalmonry; his patent should be sealed that evening, but he must take the trouble of coming as far as Kew for it. When he waited upon the Archbishop at Kew, His Grace farther informed him, that among other things the King had said, that though he had no reason to find fault with the length of Dr. Newton's sermons, yet as he would now preach oftener before him, he must desire that he would be particularly short especially on the great festivals; for he was an old man,

and

and if the sermon was long, he was in danger of falling asleep and catching cold, and it would fatigue him too much, especially on those days when he was afterwards to come down into the Chapel to receive the Sacrament. The Doctor had before taken care in his Sermons at Court to come within the compass of twenty minutes, but after this especially on the great festivals he never exceeded fifteen; so that the King sometimes said to the Clerk of the Closet "A short good sermon." But Archbishop Gilbert's favors did not stop here. The Archbishop of York is not a very good patron, but he gave him one of the most valuable pieces of preferment in the Church of York, the Precentorship which he held till he was promoted to a bishopric: And whenever he attended the Archbishop to his diocese or to Tunbridge Wells, every thing was made as agreeable to him as possible in the family, and He who had some appearance of haughtiness to others, was to him all civility and courtesy, a kind friend and a generous patron. There is a method of confirmation which was first introduced by Archbishop Gilbert; he first proposed it to the clergy of Nottingham at his primary visitation and upon their unanimous approbation he put it in practice. This was instead of going round the rail of the Communion table, and laying his hands upon the heads of two or four persons held close together, and in a low voice repeating the form of

prayer

prayer over them, he went round the whole rail at once, laid his hand upon the head of every person severally, and when he had gone through the whole, then he drew back to the Communion table, and in as audible and solemn a manner as he could pronounced the prayer over them all. This had a wonderful effect. The Clergy and the people were struck with the decency as much as with the novelty of the ceremony. The confirmations were performed in less time and with less trouble, with more silence and solemnity, and with more regularity and order. It commanded attention, it raised devotion, insomuch that several Bishops since have adopted the same method.

When Dr. Warburton was made Bishop of Glocester, he desired his friend Dr. Newton to preach his Consecration sermon, which service was performed at Lambeth on January 20. 1760. and the sermon, as usual, was printed by Archbishop Secker's order. It was somewhat extraordinary, that he who had Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield for his friends should be made a Bishop by the means of Mr. Pitt; but Mr. Pitt at that time represented the city of Bath, where he was brought in by the interest of Mr. Allen, whose niece Dr. Warburton had married. He was promoted to the bishoprick of Glocester from the deanery of Bristol, where Mr. Allen had laid out a good deal of money in repairing and new-fronting the deanery house,

house, and had not quite completed it when the Dean was made Bishop. However such was Mr. Allen's generosity, that he was willing to finish what he had begun; but inquired first Who was likely to succeed to the deanery. It was supposed to lie between Dr. Squire and Dr. Tucker, and Mr. Allen asked the Bishop What sort of men they were, and the Bishop answered in his lively manner, that the one made religion his trade, and the other trade his religion. Dr. Squire succeeded to the deanery of Bristol, where Mr. Allen completed his intended alterations, and Dr. Tucker was soon after made Dean of Glocester. It was true that Dr. Tucker had written upon trade and commerce with more knowlege and intelligence than any clergyman, and with as much perhaps as Sir Josiah Child or any merchant: but he has also written very well upon other subjects more properly belonging to his profession. He had the pen of a ready writer, but it was apt sometimes to run away with him, and wanted judgment to curb and restrain it. He had strong and lively parts, and with many of the excellences it is no wonder that he had also some of the failings of every great genius. He was too an excellent parish-priest, and an exemplary dean in keeping his residence and performing his duty, in managing the Chapter estates, in living hospitably, in repairing and improving his house, and in adorning and beautifying the Church and

the

the Church yard. In these things he merited well, and had many good qualities: but it is to be lamented, that he had not the respect for the Bishop, which was really due to his personal character as well as to his higher station, so that there was not that friendship and harmony between them, which ought always to subsist between the Bishop and Dean of the same Cathedral. They were both men of great virtues, but they were both also men of strong passions. Both were irascible, but the Bishop was more placable and forgiving, the Dean longer bore resentment.

There was also some misunderstanding between Dr. Warburton, and another friend of Dr. Newton, Hawkins Browne, who was suspected of having assisted Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticism, which was the smartest pamphlet that ever was written against Dr. Warburton. This produced a coolness between them, but proceeded no farther. Hawkins Browne was then in a decline, and died soon after the time that the other was made Bishop; so that Dr. Newton's joy for the promotion of one friend was damped by his concern for the death of another. He was a man of great capacity, of extensive reading, and of a most retentive memory. His Grandfather Hawkins who left him his estate having been a lawyer, he was also bred to the law at Lincoln's Inn, and very well understood the theory of it; but had too good an es-

tate

tate, and was of too indolent a temper, to submit to the profession and practice of it. He had besides too much of a poetical genius, and delighted more in the flowry paths of Parnassus, than in the thorny walks of the law. He was a very good English, but a better Latin poet, as appear from his poem *De Animi Immortalitate*, which obtained the honor of two different translations by two different Members of Parliament, Mr. Hay and Mr. Soame Jenyns. In some things he very much resembled Mr. Addison. Like him he had a fine understanding with a happy mixture of the sublime and comic genius. Like him he never had a good constitution, but was subject to great flatulencies and lownesses of spirits. They both attempted to speak in Parlament, but with such ill success, that neither of them attempted it a second time. They were both excellent companions, but neither of them could open well without first staving a glass of wine, and then the vein flowed to admiration. It was a very apt and striking similitude, by which he once described himself. After one of the Westminster plays Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Browne, and several others supped with Dr. Markham then the Head-master, and now the worthy Archbishop of York. The conversation was lively and ingenious among so many ingenious persons, but lay chiefly between Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Browne; others now and then threw in something, but were more delighted in hearing.

hearing. At length Lord Lyttelton got up upon some occasion, and Mr. Browne said eagerly, I hope your Lordship is not going. No, no, replied he, you are so entertaining, that it is impossible to leave you: You are like the nightingale, that sings sweetest at midnight. I thank you, my Lord, said he, for your comparison, but there is another simile that suits me much better; I am like the flying fish, and while my wings are wet, can soar above my native element; but as soon as they grow dry, I drop into it again. He left only one son behind him, of the same name with himself, Isaac Hawkins Browne, a very worthy good young man, possessed of many of his father's excellencies without his failings.

As long as Dr. Trebeck lived, Dr. Newton continued to board in the family, from his old principle of avoiding as much as possible the trouble of house-keeping; but upon the death of Dr. Trebeck, which happened in 1759 while he was attending the Archbishop in Yorkshire, and upon the breaking up of the family, he was under the necessity of looking out for a house, and for the present took one ready furnished in Mount Street. This naturally engaged him to think seriously again of matrimony; for he found his time and attention much divided even by the cares of his little family; the study of sacred and classic authors ill agreed with accounts of butcher's and baker's bills, and by

daily

daily experience he was convinced more and more that it was not good for man to live alone without an help meet for him. And especially when he had some prospect of a bishopric, fresh difficulties and troubles opened to his view, there would be two houses at least to be furnished, there would be a greater number of servants to be taken, there would be a better table and public days to be kept; and he plainly foresaw that he must either fall a prey to servants, or must look out for some clever sensible woman to be his wife, who had some knowlege and experience of the world; who was capable of superintending and directing his affairs; who was a prudent manager and œconomist, and could lay out his money to the best advantage; who though she brought no fortune, yet might save one, and be a fortune in herself; who could supply his table handsomely yet not expensively, and do the honors of it in a becoming manner; who had no more taste and love of pleasure than a reasonable woman should have; who would be happier in staying with her husband at home than in perpetually gadding abroad; would be careful and tender of his health, and in short be a friend and companion of all hours. It was happy for him that such a woman he had in his view, Elizabeth daughter of John Lord Viscount Lisburne by a fine young woman whom he had married and much injured. She was the widow of the Rev. Mr.

Hand, and he had known her from a little child in a white frock, had observed her through all the parts of her life, and had a friendship and intimacy with her, and her mother before her, through the means of Lady Biddulph aunt to the first Lord Lyttelton who partly brought her up; and his opinion and esteem of her were such and so well founded, that he had long entertained thoughts of a closer union with her. They were married in Norfolk by his friend and her friend Mr. Lowe, Canon of Windsor, on the 5th of September, 1761, and on the 18th day of the same month he kissed His Majesty's hand for his bishopric. A Lady of quality, a friend of his, said upon his marriage, that it was the wisest thing he ever did in his life, she was the most proper wife for him in the world: and indeed she more than answered his warmest wishes and expectations.

In the first year of the King's reign, there was a remarkable mortality among the great bishops, Hoadly of Winchester who died April 17, Sherlock of London who died July 18, and Gilbert of York who died August 9, all in the year 1761. Dr. Newton had the honor of being in some measure known to the Earl of Bute, having baptized one or two of his children, and having sometimes met him at Leicester House when as Chaplain he has been in attendance upon the Princess of Wales. He had also presented to him the three volumes

of

of his Dissertations on the Prophecies, having before obtained the favor of his Lordship to present them to the Prince of Wales. Upon the death of Bishop Sherlock Lord Bute told a noble Lord, a particular friend of Dr. Newton's, that he would certainly be the new Bishop, and would be obliged to no Minister for his promotion; it was entirely the doing of the King himself and the Princess of Wales. When Archbishop Gilbert died, he was with him in the house at Twickenham, and wrote immediately to inform the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Bute of that event. The Duke among other things said in answer "I can with great truth say, "that I hope you will fill one of the vacant sees, "and I can with as much truth tell you I have "not the least doubt of it. For I have very good "reason to think that His Majesty had thoughts "of you upon the vacancy which would be occa-"sioned by that of London. In that I don't pre-"tend to have any merit: but I did, and always "shall express my approbation of His Majesty's "choice, if it should fall upon you." The Duke had been so long used to shuffle and cut the cards, that he well knew how to pack them in such a manner as to have the honors dealt to his particular friends: And on the day when they were all appointed to kiss the King's hand, Drummond for York, Hayter for London, Thomas for Salisbury, Yonge for Norwich, and Green for Lincoln, New-

ton who was to succeed Yonge in the bishopric of Bristol and residentiariship of St. Paul's had no notice sent him from the office as the rest had; so much less regard was paid to the King's nomination than to the Minister's. He was in some doubt therefore whether he ought to go to Court; but being persuaded to go, he met the Duke of Newcastle upon the great stairs, and asked him Whether he was in the right, whether he was come for any good purpose. Aye, aye, said the Duke, you are right, go on and prosper: and the same was confirmed to him above stairs by Mr. Jenkinson, who was then Lord Bute's Secretary. They kissed hands a few days before the coronation, and at the coronation he walked and officiated as Prebendary of Westminster. The King's whole behaviour at the coronation was justly admired and commended by every one, and particularly his manner of ascending and seating himself on his throne after his coronation. No actor in the character of Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother, not even Booth himself who was celebrated for it in the Spectator, ever ascended the throne with so much grace and dignity. There was another particular, which those only could observe who sat near the Communion table, as did the Prebendaries of Westminster. When the King approached the Communion table in order to receive the sacrament, he inquired of the Archbishop Whether he

should

should not lay aside his crown? The Archbishop asked the Bishop of Rochester: but neither of them knew or could say what had been the usual form. The King determined within himself that humility best became such a solemn act of devotion, and took off his crown, and laid it down during the administration. So much time was taken up by so many Bishops passing through their different forms, that the Bishop of Bristol was not consecrated till the Christmas holidays, and then he was consecrated with his old friend the Bishop of Lincoln, and another old friend Dr. Lloyd preached the sermon upon the occasion. The Bishop of Bristol was no great gainer by his preferment; for he was obliged to give up the prebend of Westminster, the precentorship of York, the lectureship of St. George's Hanover Square, and the genteel office of sub-almoner: but however he was rather better pleased with his little bishopric and the residentiariship of St. Paul's, than he would have been with the large and extensive and laborious diocese of Lincoln, for which his friend was in all respects much better qualified. St. Paul's had always been the object of his wish, and he used to say that if he could get into Amen Corner, he should arrive at the end of his prayers. *Hoc erat in votis*—but *Dii melius fecere.*

As the Noblemen and Gentlemen of St. George's parish were kind and generous to him,

making his lectureship worth better than 200l. a year; so they took a handsome leave of him by the following order of Vestry, which they sent to him by the hands of their Vestry-clerk Mr. Parry.

At a meeting of the Vestry held the 26th day of Jan. 1762. Present

The Rev. Dr. Charles Moss Rector.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Cornwallis Churchwarden.

Earl of Shaftesbury	Lord Scarsdale
Earl of Tyrconnel	Earl of Bath
Lord Cadogan	Lord Foley
Earl of Lichfield	Lord Boston
Lord Berkeley	

Sir Wm. Bunbury, Bart.	Sir John Chapman
Sir John Cotton	Sir N. Baily
Sir Fr. Dashwood	Sir C. Cott. Dormer, Bts.

John Willis, Esq.	Edw. Baynton
Brudenel Rooke	James Spilman
Dr. Ambrose Dawson	Ch. Whitworth, Esqrs.
Peter Burrel	Wm. Burch
David Brodie	G. Venables Vernon
George Jennings	Edw. Bacon
Samuel Thresher	Henry Talbot
Robert Watts	Thomas Bladen
Rich. Long, Esq.	

Ordered

Ordered "That the thanks of this Board be "given (by Mr. Parry) to the Right Rev. the "Bishop of Bristol for his good services to the "Parish by his diligence and ability in discharg-"ing the duty of Lecturer.

"S. Parry."

But lectureships in general are precarious and disagreeable preferments, being subject to so many various humours, and depending altogether upon the good will and pleasure of so many different persons; and especially when the choice is not in a select vestry as at St. George's but in the parish at large, which of all elections of lecturers and ministers is the worst, and for the most part terminates accordingly. Even in St. George's parish the lecturer was not exempt from some ill humour and caprice. Two of his first friends, Sir Thomas Clarges and Lord Windsor, were greatly offended, the former, because he gave a vote at Lichfield in favor of the Court, and the latter, because at the time of the noise and clamor about the famous Jew-bill, he preached what may be read in the conclusion of the Eighth Dissertation on the Prophecies: and they not only withdrew their annual contributions, but would not even vouchsafe to speak to him afterwards.

In 1761, as we have seen, he lost his friend Archbishop Gilbert, and he lost another friend the

the Earl of Tyrconnel in 1762, and another the Earl of Bath in 1764. Every year almost was distinguished by the loss of some friend or other, that being the common but grievous tax upon long life. George the Third Lord Carpenter was created Earl of Tyrconnel and Viscount Carlingford in August 1761, and enjoyed his honors only a short time, for he died of an ulcerated sore throat, March 9, 1762. To a man in his full strength and vigor, easy in his circumstances, happy in his family and connections, blessed with a constitution that promised a longer life, death usually comes an unwelcome guest; but to him it proved otherwise, for being free from every vice he was under no fears or terrors, and submitted to the fatal stroke not only with patience but even with courage and cheerfulness. Sensible of his approaching end, he settled his affairs, made his will, gave orders about several things, received the sacrament, recommended his children to the protection of Lord Egremont, and took leave of his friends and domestics with as much equanimity and composure of mind as if he had been only going upon a journey into some distant country. He was calm and undisturbed himself, while all around him were overwhelmed with sorrow, and bathed in tears. Never was seen more unaffected piety and devotion, or more entire resignation to the will of God: and Lord

Egremont

Egremont who was a spectator of this last scene said, that he had often heard of such an easy happy death, but had never seen an instance of it before, and could not have believed it now if he had not seen it. This last act was indeed the most glorious of all his life; he was always a good man, but never appeared greater than in his dying moments: and nothing could have raised and animated him in this manner, but the testimony of a good conscience, and the near prospect of a blessed immortality. By his last will and testament he constituted his Lady, and his Mother Lady Carpenter, and the Bishop of Bristol his executors and trustees: but the principal trust and business devolved upon Lady Carpenter, who was always upon the spot while the others were ill or absent; and never was there a more faithful and better guardian, trustee and steward than she was to her grandson.

Within less than a year and half after the death of Lord Tyrconnel died his brother-in-law the Earl of Egremont, elder son of the famous Sir William Wyndham. A curious anecdote is related of this great man, that in his younger years when he was abroad upon his travels, and was at Venice, there was a noted fortune-teller, to whom great numbers resorted, and he among the rest; and the fortune-teller said to him, that he must beware of a white horse. After his return

turn to England, as he was walking one day by Charing-Cross, he saw a crowd of people coming out and going in to an house, and inquiring what was the meaning of it, was informed that Duncan Campbell the dumb fortune-teller lived there. His curiosity also led him in, and Duncan Campbell likewise told him, that he must beware of a white horse. It was somewhat extraordinary, that two fortune-tellers, one at Venice, and the other at London, without any communication, and at some distance of time, should both happen to hit upon the same thing, and to give the very same warning. Some years afterwards, when he was taken up in 1715, and committed to the tower upon suspicion of treasonable practices which never appeared, his friends said to him that his fortune was now fulfilled, the Hanover horse was the white horse whereof he was admonished to beware. But sometime after this he had a fall from a white horse, and received a blow by which he lost the sight of one of his eyes. He was universally esteemed one of the best and ablest speakers in parlament, and deservedly gained the character

> Of Wyndham just to freedom and the throne,
> The master of our passions and his own.

He died about the age of 52 or 53, as likewise did

did his son, and what made it more remarkable, was their both dying suddenly at the same age. If his son had entered earlier into business, he might have made as considerable a figure as his father. He had seldom occasion to speak in parlament, but whenever he did speak, it was with great clearness, force and energy, and he was thought very much to resemble his father in manner as well as in good matter, having a little catch and impediment in his voice, as Sir William Wyndham likewise had. He died by a stroke of an apoplexy August 21, 1763. Not long before the King and Queen had done him the honor to stand in person at the baptism of his youngest son, which ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Bristol: and the name of George having been given to the eldest son, Lady Egremont proposed that this should be called Augustus after his Majesty's other name, and William after Sir William Wyndham; but the King would have him named William Augustus, that Sir William Wyndham's name might take place of his own. All the power too of administration was just then given into his hands, and those of his friend Lord Halifax, and of his brother-in-law Mr. Grenville, the two former being the Secretarys of State, and the latter at the head of the Treasury. As he had great reason to be pleased, so he was observed to be remarkably chearful several days before and the

the very morning he died: and it was while he was sitting at breakfast with his Lady, and reading a letter, that the fatal stroke was struck. He called for a glass of water, but before it could be given him he was insensible, and so continued till he died. By his death the Bishop of Bristol lost a very good friend, who had both power and inclination to serve him; but his loss was in some measure supplied by Mr. Grenville, who was ever after very friendly to him for Lord Egremont's sake.

Some months before Lord Egremont died Lord Pulteney; and some time before Lord Pulteney died his mother Lady Bath, who was a wonderfully agreeable woman when she was pleased and in good humour, but was often clouded and overcast. Soon after they were married, her husband gave her 10,000*l.* as a nest-egg, to employ and improve as she pleased; and in a course of years, having good intelligence in the Alley with Gideon and the stock-brokers, insomuch that her brother Col. Gumley used to call her dressing-room the Jews' synagogue, she improved and advanced her ten thousand to sixty thousand; and when she was dying, Lord Bath desired her to make her will, supposing (as every one supposed) that she would leave her money to Lord Pulteney; but she refused to make any will, saying to her Lord, that what she had was owing all to him,

and

and to him it should all return. Lord Pulteney having served the campaigns in Portugal, was after the peace desirous of seeing also Spain; and as he was passing through that country on his return to England, he fell ill of a violent fever, which he caught in passing through the Spanish camp, and died at Madrid, there being no better help to be had than an ignorant Irish physician. When the express with the account of Lord Pulteney's death arrived in Piccadilly, Lord Bath happened to be at the House of Lords, where he reproved the Bishop of Bristol for not having dined with him of late, and asked him whether he would dine with him that day, when he would meet the Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Pearce. The Bishop agreed to wait upon him, and if his Lordship would be so good as to carry him in his chariot, he would send his own coach back again. When the House broke up, the Bishop said that he would just go and unrobe, and be with his Lordship presently. When he returned into the House, Lord Bath was not there, and it seems was sitting in his chariot, and waiting for the Bishop at what is called the Bishop's door: but the Bishop supposing him to be gone, desired Lord Sandys in his way home to set him down at Bath House. By these means he luckily arrived before Lord Bath, and was immediately informed of the sad news by the Bishop of Rochester and

Dr.

Dr. Douglas, who were the only persons present, Mrs. Pearce having gone home again that she might avoid so mournful a scene. They were all three deeply concerned both for the father and the son, and agreed not to disclose the matter to Lord Bath till after dinner. It was surely the most constrained dinner that ever was, they scarce knowing how to look or what to say, and Lord Bath almost all the time talking of Lord Pulteney, how soon he expected him, and how happy he should be with his return. He was the more eager and impatient for his arrival, as the young Lord in his last letter had declared that he had now seen enough of the world, and intimated his intention of marrying and settling for life, than which nothing could be more pleasing to so fond a father, with such a title and estate, and with only this one son to inherit them. After dinner, when the servants were all withdrawn, Lord Bath drank to the Bishop of Rochester, who sat next him, "Lord Pulteney's good health." The Bishop of Rochester in a low voice whispered to the Bishop of Bristol, "Mrs. Newton's good health." The Bishop of Bristol rather in a grave and solemn manner said, "My Lord I drink to your "Lordship's good health." No, no, said he, you are to drink to Lord Pulteney's good health.— "My Lord, I drink to your good health, and "may God support and comfort you in your af-

"fliction,"

"fliction." Upon which Dr. Douglas burst into tears, and related the fatal catastrophe. It was a moving melancholy scene to see this great good old man in such agonies of grief upon so just and trying an occasion, and would have affected even those who were much more indifferent than the parties who beheld it. After giving some vent to his passion and to his tears, he desired leave to retire and to lie down upon the bed, and left them to finish their wine, but they were much more disposed to discourse and lament over what had happened. The next time the Bishop of Bristol saw him, he was more calm and composed, and they had a good deal of religious discourse together. Among other things the Bishop cited that passage in the Psalms, "Man walketh in a "vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; "he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall "gather them: And now, Lord, what is my hope, "truly my hope is even in thee." "This, my "Lord, is your case, and you can have no solid "and rational hopes but in God and religion. "Acquaint thyself with him, and be at peace. "Your acquaintance is not now first to be "formed, it is only to be improved." It was indeed a severe blow, and the more severe because irreparable, to be deprived of his only son, and heir to such a title and estate, who though he was not equal to his father, yet having been several

years,

years, both at home and abroad, under the tuition of a most able instructor, an universal scholar, and one of the most knowing intelligent men in the kingdom, Dr. Douglas, he had much improved a natural good capacity, and would have very well become his rank and station.

The Earl of Bath did not survive his son a year and half, Lord Pulteney having died February 12, 1763, and Lord Bath dying July 7, 1764. At this time the Bishop of Bristol was at Bristol, but was informed by Dr. Douglas of the manner and circumstances of his death. He was truly a great and wise, and what is more, a good man; and of all men he was the best and easiest to be with and live with at all times and upon all occasions. An inferior naturally appears before a man of his uncommon parts and talents with some degree of awe and diffidence; but so familiar and engaging was his address, that you could not be with him half an hour, but you felt yourself entirely at ease, your apprehensions lessened, and your respect increased. Whether he was in a lesser or in a larger circle, in conversation with a few or in a mixed company, he was equally excellent in both; and was universally allowed by the most judicious of both sexes to be one of the most, if not the most agreeable, entertaining and instructive companions of his time. He did not, like Lord Bolingbroke, dictate and dogmatize and talk

talk essays, nor like Lord Granville, overwhelm you with discourse though excellent, and engross the whole to himself; but invited and encouraged every one to bear his part, tossed the ball that it might be returned again, and delighted not so much in displaying his own powers, as in calling forth the exertions of others. He did not, like Lord Chesterfield, affect quaint conceits, and lay traps and baits to introduce witty sayings and stories which he had prepared before hand; but gained admiration by not seeking it, his wit all natural and easy, arising from something then said or done, and the more pleasing because sudden and unexpected. When the great men in opposition met, as they sometimes did, at Lord Cobham's at Stow, and there passed some days together, Mrs. Grenville used to say, that the family thought none of them comparable to Mr. Pulteney; his easy and engaging address, his lively and entertaining discourse, his pleasant and ready vein of wit and humour, far exceeded them all. He was not only a most instructive and agreeable companion, but was also a most eminent and able speaker in parlament; and not only a most excellent speaker, but also a very fine writer, of which there are abundant proofs in the Craftsman and other papers and pamphlets. The Craftsman may be said without exception to consist of some of the best political papers that ever

were

were published; and among other things to recommend them, preserved a decency, to which our modern papers are strangers. They had better seasoning to make them palatable than personal reflections. Wit and satire only bore the second part. There was great knowlege of the world and of mankind, of government and laws, of trade and commerce, of public funds and taxes, of treaties and negociations, of the interests of Europe in general, and of Great Britain in particular. And the manner of writing was as excellent as the matter, with all the beauties and graces of language, some of the first and ablest pens in the kingdom being employed besides his own. His own papers were marked with the letter C. Those marked with CA were written by him and Amherst jointly, or by Amherst from his dictation. Lord Bolingbroke's were distinguished by the letter O: and happy would it have been for Lord Bolingbroke, if he had written nothing but history and politics. He would then have been admired and honored as one of our most classical writers, whereas his First Philosophy (as he calls it) has tarnished all his glory, has depreciated the value of his works, and fixed an indelible stain upon his name and memory. All the charms of fine writing cannot make amends for so much false reasoning and such gross infidelity. Mallett, the editor of his works, expected that they would prove a trea-

sure,

sure, and refused three thousand pounds for the copy; but so little did they answer his and the world's expectation, that the first impression was not sold off in twenty years. Mr. Pulteney had other able coadjutors besides his cousin Daniel Pulteney, and several excellent letters were sent with the signature of Walter Raleigh, the author whereof he never knew, nor could ever discover.

But though he thus opposed and pursued Sir Robert Walpole, both in the House and out of the House, by speaking and by writing; yet he was not moved thereto by any personal enmity or envy, or by any interested and ambitious views of supplanting and succeeding him, as appeared from his repeated declarations at different times, and (what are a stronger proof) from his actions afterwards. He liked the man, but disliked his measures; he really thought that he was a dangerous minister; that he too much neglected the House of Austria; that he was too closely connected with France; that he sacrificed too much to Hanover; that he did not preserve inviolate the honor even of his own child, the Sinking Fund, but prostituted it for his own particular purposes; that his expences in peace were almost equal to those in times of war, and that he had improved and established the system of bribery and corruption beyond any minister before him. In other respects he admired his parts and abilities, and particularly his great skill and know-

lege in affairs of the finances, wherein he declared that he should not have been able to have contended with him, if he had not been assisted by so good a second as Sir John Barnard. So far was he from bearing malice or resentment, that he sometimes would take a pleasure in relating stories to his credit and honor, and the following may serve as a specimen. When Steele was to be expelled the House of Commons, Mr. Walpole and Mr. Pulteney were commissioned to go to him and Addison by the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Kit Kat Club, with their positive order and determination, that Steele should not make his own speech, but Addison should make it for him, and he should recite it from the other's writing without any insertion or addition of his own. Mr. Addison thought this an hard injunction, and said that he must be like a school-boy, and desire the Gentlemen to give him a little sense. Mr. Walpole said that it was impossible to speak a speech off hand in cool blood, but being pressed he said he would try, and immediately spoke a very good speech of what he thought proper for Steele to say upon the occasion; and the next day in the House made another speech as good or better upon the same subject, but so totally different from the former, that there was scarce a single argument or thought the same: which particulars were mentioned as illustrious proofs of his uncommon eloquence. Even in the heighth of opposition

position they would sometimes sit together in the House of Commons, and discourse of various matters. One day Sir Robert took occasion to cite the line,

Nil conscire sibi, *nulli* pallescere *culpæ*.

Nulla pallescere *culpa*, said Mr. Pulteney. Sir Robert maintained that he was right, whereupon a wager was laid, and Mr. Hardinge, who was then Clerk of the House of Commons, was called upon to decide it, and he gave it in favour of Mr. Pulteney,

Nil conscire sibi, *nulla* pallescere *culpa*.

Another day as they were sitting and conversing together, he said to Sir Robert, that he was afraid the friendship which subsisted between him and Dr. Pearce was an obstacle to him in his preferment, for such an eminent Divine should not have lain so long neglected, he was besides one of His Majesty's Chaplains, and was deserving of some deanery at least. Sir Robert replied, that their friendship had not been and should not be any hindrance to him; he was very sensible of Dr. Pearce's merits, and would soon take an opportunity of procuring a deanery for him. Sir Robert was the more inclined to make this promise, as Queen Caroline had also before her death recommended Dr. Pearce to him for a deanery. At that time, or not long after the deanery of Wells

became vacant, and Dr. Pearce who knew that Sir Robert had expressed his inclinations to serve him, waited upon him at his levée to put himself in the way, and in the thoughts of the minister of state. Sir Robert received him graciously, but the deanery was still kept vacant till another fell, which was that of Winchester, and then Sir Robert sent for Dr. Pearce, and offered him that deanery, which Dr. Pearce most gladly accepted. His friend was not only himself very thankful to Sir Robert, but also desired Dr. Pearce, as he owed his promotion entirely to Sir Robert's favor, to make all his acknowlegements and return all his thanks to him; and if at any time there should happen to be a contest between any of his friends and Sir Robert's at Winchester, he insisted upon it that the Dean should give his interest to Sir Robert's friends in preference to his own: which proceedings were handsome and generous on both sides. In point of politics Lord Bath was one of those old Whigs, who were for cultivating an alliance with the house of Austria, as the most proper balance against the power of France. The French, he said, were a busy restless people, would always be breaking faith, would always be doing or intending some mischief. It was necessary therefore by the means of foreign alliances to counteract their designs as circumstances might require, to cut out some work for them upon the continent,

continent, or at least to keep a strict watch and guard over all their motions. It might indeed be more œconomical to be without allies, but would be found more prudential to have them in readiness upon occasion. For if England was left alone without any ally, and the French had not sufficient employment for their land armies, they would naturally turn their attention more to their maritim affairs, as they could then afford, they would then expend larger sums in buying or building and fitting out ships of war, and in time would contend for the dominion of the sea, which particulars we lately have seen too much verified in fact. No man is infallible, and perhaps Lord Bath was never more mistaken in his politics than in his letter to two great men, wherein he recommended it to the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Secretary Pitt, by no means to restore Canada to France, but to annex it to the dominions of Great Britain, and thereby to gain and secure the entire possession of North America. For if that measure had not taken effect, the Americans would not so soon have affected independency; the French at their back would still have kept them in awe and dependence upon the mother country: but no sooner was that terror removed, than instantly forgetting all allegiance, forgetting all obligations, they were for throwing off the British government and establishing their own;

and

and all the fatal evil consequences to both countries may be said to be derived in great measure from this source. But indeed who could have foreseen, or have thought it possible for human nature to be capable of such monstrous ingratitude, that they should consider the blood exhausted and the millions expended in their defence as nothing; that when they were saved and secured from their most dangerous enemies, they should take up arms against their best friends who had so rescued and delivered them; and not only so, but make alliances and enter into the strictest amity with those very enemies against those very friends; that when they might enjoy legal government and constitutional liberty, they should rather submit to wild anarchy and lawless tyranny; that when they might have lived in peace and plenty and happiness, they should rather involve themselves and their country in war, and misery, and ruin. In Scripture it is said, that "rebel-"lion is as the sin of witchcraft;" and such an unprovoked and unnatural rebellion can be ascribed to nothing less than diabolical infatuation. If Lord Bath had any failing (as indeed who was ever exempt from some failing?) it was rather too great a love of money; but his love of money was not near so great as it was commonly reported and reputed to be. In an age of prodigality and profusion every man shall be deemed

covetous

covetous who is careful to live within his income: and such œconomy was the more necessary for him, as he had no ministerial ways and means of improving his fortune; for after the decease of his cousin Daniel Pulteney, and of Mr. Watts, he was fully fixed in his resolution never to be a minister, having lost in them (as he said) his right hand and his left. He was therefore very strict and exact in all his accounts and payments. He had something of the spirit of Hotspur in Shakespear; he would be generous and give to any well deserving friend, but in the way of bargain he would not readily yield a point, nor easily suffer himself to be imposed upon, esteeming it a reflection upon his understanding. While he was in opposition he was still for carrying it on by none but fair and generous means. One morning a man came to him offering his service, that he could open any letter folded in any form, could take a copy of the letter, and make it up again in such a manner, that the writer of the letter himself could not distinguish whether the seal had been touched, or how the letter had been opened. The man withdrew into another room, a short letter was written, was folded up in the most artful manner, was sealed with a finely cut coat of arms, and then sent to the man in the room adjoining. In a quarter of an hour the man returned with the letter and the copy of the letter, and

and neither Mr. Pulteney nor a friend who had been sitting with him all the time, could discover the least traces of the letter's having been opened. The man therefore hoped, that his Honor would employ him, or recommend him to some other person. He replied, that he was sorry there existed such a dangerous enemy to society; so far from employing or recommending him, he would punish him if he had it in his power; go your ways, said he, and seek your reward elsewhere. The man was soon after taken into the Secretary of State's office.

A report was circulated at one time much to his dishonour, but the dishonour was afterwards retorted upon the reporter. The ground which lies between Chesterfield house and the wall of Hyde Park, was in the tenure of Lord Bath by a lease from the church of Westminster. The ground was of no great value in itself, but in the general rage for building it was thought probable that it might be let to advantage upon building leases. Of this Lord Chesterfield was apprehensive, and therefore was desirous of purchasing it, that his view into the park might not any way be obstructed. Lord Bath asked 3000l. for it, and said that upon calculation he knew it was worth more, and would sell for more; but however to oblige him and for his accommodation he should have it at that price. Lord Chesterfield had

had no sense of the obligation, but made an heavy outcry, and in all companies exclaimed against Lord Bath's avarice and extortion in demanding ten times more than the value, and he must either comply with such an exorbitant demand, or must be cruelly excluded from his view into the park. Lord Bath was not moved by these reflections, well knowing that he had required less than the real value; and at length Lord Chesterfield, after all his tragical complaints, thought fit to pay the money. But instead of keeping open his view into the park, which was his pretence for purchasing, he sold the ground soon after to a builder, at the great advance of 5000l. and in a little time it was all built upon; and he was blocked up much more than he would have been according to the plan of building proposed by Lord Bath; so that his own reproaches were justly with aggravation turned upon himself, as having acted in no part like the man of honor he pretended to be. Lord Chesterfield has likewise in some publications since his death made free with the character of Lord Bath as well as of several others, and has represented him as one of the most sordid covetous wretches breathing. But Lord Chesterfield's writings are a dead weight upon his memory; and the profligacy and immorality of the two former volumes, and the futility and frivolousness of the two latter,

ter, have sunk him much in the opinion of the world: and surely he must have been an excellent judge of mankind, and very well qualified to draw characters, who could commit the tuition of his own heir apparent to Dr. Dodd, and also recommend the said Doctor to his Majesty as a proper person for sub-preceptor to the Prince of Wales. The truth is Lord Chesterfield and Lord Bath never much loved one another. Mr. Pulteney had his reasons for suspecting that Lord Chesterfield betrayed the Opposition to Queen Caroline, and through her to Sir Robert Walpole, for which reasons, when the whole power was put into his hands, he would enter into no treaty or connexion with Lord Chesterfield, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ*, hence these complaints and invectives.

Some other stories were spread to Lord Bath's disadvantage with as little foundation in truth. It was no sign of his covetousness, when the opposition was carried on chiefly at his expense, as well as supported principally by his abilities. The charge of gaining intelligence, and of printing and publishing and the like was almost all his own; and there were very few who assisted now and then with so much as a subscription of five guineas. It was no sign of his covetousness, when he refused one of the most beneficial employments in the kingdom at a time when it was offered

offered and pressed upon him. It was no sign of his covetousness, when he stipulated every thing for others, and nothing for himself. He was generous in many instances and upon many occasions. He contributed largely to the education and support of many hopeful promising youths. He was a great encourager of learning and ingenuity wherever he found them, and was a most liberal subscriber to all publications of this kind. He dispensed besides considerable sums in private pensions and benefactions to worthy objects, the particular instances whereof would be better known, if the merit of such actions were not greatly enhanced by their privacy. Bishop Pearce had without doubt good authority for affirming, or he would never have affirmed, that he devoted the tenth part of his income every year to charitable uses. What is most to be lamented is, that so wise a man as he was should not before his death make a proper settlement of his estates; but should leave the whole in the power and disposal of his Brother. If he had left every thing to his Brother for his life, he would have done well. If he had made a distribution to take place after his Brother's death, he would have done better: for the General was quite overwhelmed with such an accession of fortune, was unequal to the task of settling and disposing of it properly, and his will has since been made the sub-

ject of much litigation. This omission in Lord Bath was owing most probably to his indolence and indifference, which had grown much upon him in his old age, and especially after the death of Lord Pulteney, so that he seemed little concerned about the world and worldly affairs, having his hopes full of immortality and of a better life after this. For he had always delighted in the offices of religion and the service of the church, and was not only a good man but likewise a good christian: and his religion and virtue were the true source of his ease and pleasantry; and enabled him to preserve and retain the same good humour, and to continue the same chearful agreeable companion to the last.

Some reflections also were very undeservedly cast upon him on account of the Bradford estate. Lord Bradford and He were related, they were school-fellows at Westminster and fellow-collegians at Christ Church, they travelled together in their younger years, and ever after there was a great friendship and intimacy between them. This Lord had a favorite mistress by whom he had a son of his own name Newport, and to her he gave his estate, which was very considerable and in his own power. And where was the mighty wonder, that after her own son (who was then growing insane) she should bequeath this estate to her Lord's relation, and companion, and

and friend. Whether she had received any hint or direction from Lord Bradford to this purpose, or whether she thought it a debt of justice and gratitude due to his memory, we cannot say: but it was by no means expected, and was a matter of great surprise to Lord and Lady Bath, her will being made entirely without their privity, and the contents not in the least known till after her death. And who was ever so self-denying as to refuse a good estate left in this manner? Did Lord Chatham (for instance) refuse Sir William Pynsent's estate, which yet was given him by an entire stranger, and given away from his own relations? Let those only blame Lord Bath, who would not accept the same themselves. While the two young men were upon their travels, they happened to be at Berlin at the same time that the Duke of Marlborough came thither to fix Frederic the first King of Prussia in the interest of the Allies, and to prevail with him to send a body of forces into Italy. This able politician as well as general, who penetrated into the designs of Charles XII. of Sweden only by observing his looks, and seeing the map upon his table, showed the like dexterity in discovering the inclinations of the King of Prussia, and accordingly paying all imaginable court to him. He would not though invited sit down to the table, but would rather stand behind, and wait upon him at dinner; which

which condescension from the greatest man at that time in Europe was so flattering to the pride and vanity of the vainest of all mortals as his Grandson represents him, that the Duke thereby insinuated himself entirely into his favor, and succeeded in every part of his negotiation. One day for the Duke's entertainment there was exhibited a battle of the wild beasts. A trooper's horse and a bull were turned out, and soon after were let loose a lion, and a tiger, and a bear, and a wolf, kept hungry for the purpose. The tiger crawled along upon the ground like a cat, and first jumped upon the bull's back, which soon brought the bull down, and then the great scramble began, the beasts tearing the bull to pieces, and likewise one another. The wolf and the tiger were first dispatched. The lion and the bear had a long contest. The lion with his teeth and with his claws wounded the bear in several places, but could not penetrate much farther than the skin. The bear some how or other took the lion at an advantage, got him within his grasp, and gave him such a squeeze as squeezed the breath out of his body. The bear then furiously attacked the trooper's horse, who was grazing all this while at a little distance, and not minding what was done: but the horse with his hind legs gave him such a kick upon his ribs as provoked him into tenfold fury; and at the second attack a second kick upon his

his head broke both his jaws, and laid him dead upon the ground; so that contrary to expectation the trooper's horse remained master of the field.

The first time that Lord Bath dined with the Bishop of Bristol after the death of Lord Pulteney, there dined also with him the Bishop of Rochester, Sir Thomas Clarke Master of the Rolls, and some other friends. It happened that Sir Thomas Clarke's chariot did not come at the time appointed, so that he was left behind the rest of the company alone with the Bishop. Their discourse naturally turned upon Lord Bath and Lord Pulteney's death; and the Master of the Rolls wondered how he would now dispose of his great fortune, and particularly what he would do with the Bradford estate, or whether he had any thoughts of restoring it to the remains of the family. The Bishop answered, that possibly he might have entertained some thoughts of restoring it, if they had not given him trouble about it; but as things were circumstanced, he thought that they had no reason to hope or expect any such favor from him, especially since the male line were all extinct: but as it was the estate of a mad family, and descended to Lord Bath by the incurable madness of Mr. Newport, he could not help wishing that God might put it into Lord Bath's heart to bestow it in founding an hospital for incurables, or in making a large settlement

upon

upon St. Luke's, which was a charity of the same kind, and wanted such assistance and support. The Master of the Rolls was struck with the thought, and said that a better never entered into a man's heart, and asked abundance of questions about St. Luke's, as to the nature and state of the charity, all which the Bishop answered as well as he was able. It was without doubt owing to this incidental discourse, that Sir Thomas Clarke, finding that Lord Bath had done nothing of the kind, and dying himself within less than half a year after him, Nov. 13, 1764, did in his last moments bequeath 30,000*l.* to St. Luke's hospital; and some of the governors were sensible of the obligation, and accordingly made their acknowlegements to the Bishop. Sir Thomas's fortune was all of his own acquiring by his profession, and amounted at least to as many thousands more, the bulk of which he left to the present Earl of Macclesfield out of a sense of gratitude to his grandfather the Chancellor. While he was at Westminster school, nobody appearing there for him, or seeming to take any notice of him, but Dr. Pearce who was at that time Chaplain to the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, the boys had a notion that he was a natural son of Lord Macclesfield; and he himself did not contradict nor discourage that notion. But the truth is, that he was born of low but honest parents.

His

His father was a Carpenter in St. Gyles's parish Holborn, and his mother kept a pawn-broker's shop. His elder son his father brought up to his own trade and business; but this his younger son, who was born several years after the other, his father finding to be a sensible clever boy, and being now by his honesty and industry in better circumstances, he had thoughts of breeding him a scholar, and for this purpose applied to his good friend Dr. Pearce, of whose father he rented his house, that he would introduce him to Westminster school, and answer there for him: and it was through Dr. Pearce's means that he was made a King's scholar, and was chosen to Cambridge, and was elected fellow of Trinity College. It was not till after he had been at Cambridge several years, and was entered at one of the Inns of Court, that he first became known to Lord Macclesfield; and the occasion of it was as follows. Lord Macclesfield was saying one day to Dr. Pearce, that he had a M.S. copy of Fleta, and wanted to have it collated with Selden's edition, and inquired of the Dr. whether he could not recommend to him some young lawyer who might be proper for this work. Dr. Pearce mentioned Mr. Clarke, and brought him soon after to Kensington to dine with Lord Macclesfield, and then and there the time was fixed for his coming

down in the long vacation to Lord Macclesfield's seat in Oxfordshire. He continued there five or six weeks, and Lord Macclesfield wrote to Dr. Pearce, how greatly he was obliged to him for his recommendation of Mr. Clarke, how much he admired his great learning and knowlege, how well he was pleased with his conversation, and had therefore detained him longer than was intended. In this manner their acquaintance began, and this gave the first rise to Mr. Clarke's edition of Fleta. Lord Macclesfield recommended him in the warmest terms to the favor and friendship of Sir Philip Yorke. Sir Philip Yorke had been greatly indebted for his advancement to Lord Macclesfield, and Mr. Clarke owed his preferment as much to Lord Hardwicke. He was certainly under great obligations both to the one and to the other, but contrary to general expectation the residue of his fortune all centered in the family of his first patron. After Lord Hardwicke had resigned the great seal, it was offered to the noble Lord, who was best able to supply the place with dignity; but in those unsettled times he prudently chose to keep his certainty rather than exchange it for an uncertainty. It is said that Lord Chief Justice Willes and Sir Thomas Clarke also declined the office, because they could not obtain a peerage with it: but Mr. Clarke

assigned

assigned other reasons to his friends, and only one thing, he said, would have made it agreeable to him, which was the patronage belonging to the great seal with the power of providing for so many worthy clergymen.

Before this account of Sir Thomas Clarke is finally closed, it may not be disagreeable to relate a story or two which he used to tell with pleasure, as he was a great dealer in anecdotes. In his younger days, as he was patronized by Lord Hardwicke, so he was of course much favored by Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, and frequently dined with him and his lady. One day when he was dining at the Rolls, there dined also the famous William Whiston, to whom Sir Joseph allowed a pension of 50*l.* a year. Lady Jekyll, who was one of the sisters of Lord Sommers, thought that she must know more than other women, and was often puzzling herself and others with curious questions. After dinner she said, Mr. Whiston, a difficulty occurs to me in the Mosaic account of the creation, which perhaps you can resolve me in, and it is this, since it pleased God to create the woman out of the man, why did he form her out of the rib rather than any other part? Whiston scratched his head, and answered, Indeed Madam I don't know, unless it be that the rib is the most crooked part of the body. There, said the Master, you have it

now, I hope you are satisfied. Whiston was also a pensioner to Queen Caroline, who sometimes admitted him to the honor of her conversation, and payed the pension with her own hands. One day she said to him, Mr. Whiston, I understand you are a free speaker, and honestly tell people of their faults: no one is without faults, and I wish you would tell me of mine; and she pressed him to do so. He was still upon the reserve, and she pressed him the more. Well, said he, since your Majesty insists upon it, I must obey you. There are abundance of people who come out of the country every spring to London upon business, and they all naturally desire to see the King and Queen, and have not any opportunity of seeing your Majestys so conveniently as at the Chapel Royal: but these country folks, who are not used to such things, when they see your Majesty talking with the King almost all the time of divine service, are perfectly astonished, and depart with strange impressions into their respective countries, and make their reports there (let me tell you) not at all to your Majesty's honor. I am sorry for it, answered the Queen, I believe there may be too much truth in what you say; but pray, Mr. Whiston, tell me of another fault. No, Madam, said he, let me see you mend of this before I tell you of another. Sir Thomas Clarke always professed a high veneration for his

namesake

namesake Dr. Clarke, and was not an enemy to Mr. Whiston; then seeing the one a very great, and the other a very honest well meaning man.

The narration has naturally passed on from the death of one friend to that of another, but it is proper to revert to some other transactions which were prior in point of time. It was in the year 1763 that Bishop Pearce, being seventy-three years old, and having held the bishopric of Rochester and deanery of Westminster seven years, proposed to resign them both, in order to pass the remainder of his days in privacy and retirement, and to dedicate himself wholly to study and devotion: And the better to recommend his design to Lord Bath, and to interest him more effectually in its favor, he wished that the Bishop of Bristol might succeed him in the bishopric and deanery, and that Dr. Douglas might succeed the Bishop of Bristol as residentiary of St. Paul's; and with this view he gave in his own hand-writing to the Bishop of Bristol an account of the annual income of the bishopric and the deanery for the last seven years. The Bishop of Bristol was rather indifferent about the proposal from the first, and afterwards was more so, when Mr. Grenville advised him by no means to think of it, and assured him that better things were intended for him. It was contrary to the entreaties of his wife, and to the opinion and advice of Lord Bath and all his friends,

friends, that Bishop Pearce made this attempt; but though he persisted in it, yet at length he could not succeed in his application for leave to resign his bishopric. His Majesty's consent had been given, but upon farther deliberation was withdrawn; for doubts and difficulties were raised by some of the Ministers concerning the legality and propriety of resigning a bishopric, and the Bishops generally disapproving it, the design was laid aside. Some time after, when the Bishop was more advanced in years, no kind of objection having been made to his resigning of the deanery, he determined upon doing it; and asked the Bishop of Bristol whether he should be willing to succeed him. The Bishop of Bristol did not think it worth his while to make the exchange, having something better in view; but offered and urged all the arguments he could, repeatedly and at different times, to dissuade the Bishop from his purpose of separating the two preferments, which had been united for near a century, and lay so convenient to each other, that neither of them would be of the same value without the other; and if once they were separated, they might perhaps be never united again, and his successors in both would have reason to reproach and condemn his memory. However he resigned his deanery in 1768, and was succeeded by his friend Dr. John Thomas, who had been many years one of the preben-

prebendaries, and was his sub-dean; and upon the death of the good Bishop June 29, 1774, he succeeded him in the bishopric too, so that the two preferments were happily united again in a most worthy successor, who though he was not of the school, yet has always been favorable and friendly to it, excells equally in the characters of the gentleman and the scholar, and has a spirit and taste and elegance superior to most men, which he has fully displayed in the judicious improvements of his deanery house, and in building a palace and laying out and adorning the grounds at Bromley, not to mention the alterations in the choir at Westminster, which perhaps would have been more approved, if they had been made more according to his plan. It is very extraordinary, and what scarce ever happened before at any period, but it has been the case now for several years that neither the Dean of Westminster, nor any one of the twelve Prebendaries have been bred at the school, and neither is the Master himself a Prebendary, as such laborious and useful service well deserves that he should be. Dr. Busby Dr. Knipe, Dr. Friend, Dr. Nicol, successive Masters, were all Prebendaries. Dr. Markham and Dr. Hinchliffe have their lot in a fairer ground. But Dr. Smith after twelve years of constant labor and attention remains, to the reproach of the Ministers, a single exception. These things ought

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not to be, they are a discouragement and disparagement to the school and to learning.

As Mr. Grenville had assured the Bishop of Bristol, that better things were intended for him; so he soon convinced him of the truth and reality of his good intentions by his subsequent actions. For upon the death of Bishop Osbaldeston in the spring of 1764 Mr. Grenville, the Duke of Bedford, and others of the Ministers agreed in the Bishop of Bristol as a proper person to fill the vacant see of London, and Mr. Grenville in a particular manner recommended him to the King for that preferment. His Majesty was very gracious in his answer, and was pleased to say many kind things of the Bishop of Bristol; but unluckily he was some how or other partly engaged, and had given some kind of promise for Bishop Terrick in Lord Bute's administration, which he thought himself now obliged to fulfil: and afterwards the Princess of Wales had the goodness at one time, and Lord Bute condescended at another, to speak to him concerning this matter, and in some measure apologized for it. This was not the only time that Terrick stood in his way. For when Sir Joseph Jekyll was to choose a preacher at the Rolls in the room of Dr. Bolton preferred to the deanery of Carlisle, they two were the only competitors; but Terrick's was the prevailing star, though the other was honored with the friendship

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and recommendation of Chandler Bishop of Durham. But though Terrick was the younger man, and was preferred before him, yet he never harboured the least jealousy or envy against him.

Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honoris.

He was glad to succeed him as subalmoner, he was happy to be made Dean of the church where he was Bishop: and had always a respect and regard for him, thought him an agreeable friend and companion, and knew he would well become any station.

In the summer of the same year 1764 Dr. George Stone Primate of Ireland was thought to be dying, and Mr. Grenville sounded a particular friend of the Bishop of Bristol to know whether the Primacy would be agreeable to him. The Bishop had therefore sufficient time to consider of it; and soon after the death of the Primate, which happened on the 19th of December 1764, Mr. Grenville sent for him, and in the most obliging manner desired his acceptance of the Primacy, as he was well assured that he could readily obtain His Majesty's consent and approbation: but farther added that he should expect him always to be one of the Lord's Justices, constantly to correspond with him, and to give him certain intelligence of every thing material, he should rely upon his letters of advice, as upon a friend's in whom he should repose the greatest

greatest trust and confidence. The Bishop having fully considered the matter before in all points of view, was the readier in his answer, declined the offer with all possible gratitude, assigned his reasons for so doing, and expressed how much happier he should be with a translation to a bishopric in England, not naming any one in particular. Mr. Grenville said that he considered bishoprics as of two kinds, bishoprics of business for men of abilities and learning, and bishoprics of ease for men of family and fashion. Of the former sort he reckoned Canterbury, and York, and London, and Ely on account of its connexion with Cambridge; of the latter sort Durham, and Winchester, and Salisbury, and Worcester. He mentioned the Bishops Egerton and Lyttelton as likely to succeed to some of the latter sort, and informed the Bishop of Bristol that he was designed for one of the former; for His Majesty had the most gracious intentions in his favor, and he would soon experience the good effects of them. Bishop Boulter had before been translated from the See of Bristol to the Primacy of Ireland; and it was very extraordinary for any man to wish to retain the poorest bishopric in England, in preference to the first and richest in Ireland, and perhaps richer than any in England. If he had been a younger man, or had enjoyed better health, or had had a growing family, he would certainly not have declined so tempting

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an offer; and if he had accepted it, it was his firm resolution to become a perfect Irishman, he was determined never to entertain a thought of returning even upon a visit to England, but would there have passed and have ended his days. But he was never very ambitious, was always desirous of a competency rather than of pomp and greatness; he was then past sixty, which is an age too late in life to change one's country, to enter upon new and different scenes, to form new friends and acquaintance, and in a manner begin the world again; his health was also too precarious and uncertain to be depended upon, though possibly the softer and moister air of Ireland might have agreed with his constitution; he had besides no children, and though his wife was well acquainted and pleased with Dublin having received part of her education there, yet she was for running no risks, and preferred her husband's ease and quiet to any wealth or splendor of her own; he himself too at all times, and especially the more he advanced in years, was fonder of privacy and study than of public life and public business. The Primacy of Ireland was likewise offered to Dr. Keen Bishop of Chester, and he likewise declined it, and at the same time urged his request to Mr. Grenville, that upon the vacancy he might succeed to the see of Ely, which was his great object, the aim and end of all his ambition. Mr. Grenville replied in general terms of civility,

civility, but said that he could not give him much encouragement in that particular, he was afraid that he would have there a powerful rival and competitor, for the King designed that preferment for the Bishop of Bristol, which particulars Bishop Keen himself related to Bishop Newton. But before the old Bishop of Ely died, the Bishop of Bristol was otherwise preferred, and there was a change of the ministry, so that upon the vacancy Bishop Keen succeeded to his heart's desire, and happy it was that he did so; for few could have borne the expense, or have displayed the taste and magnificence, which he has done, having a liberal fortune as well as a liberal mind, and really meriting the appellation of a builder of palaces. For he built a new palace at Chester, he built a new Ely house in London, and in great measure a new palace at Ely, left only the outer walls standing, formed a new inside, and thereby converted it into one of the best episcopal houses, if not the very best in the kingdom. He had indeed received the money which arose from the sale of old Ely house, and also what was paid by the executors of his predecessor for dilapidations, which all together amounted to about 11,000l.; but yet he expended some thousands more of his own upon the buildings, and new houses require new furniture. After all the Primacy of Ireland was given to Dr. Richard Robinson Bishop of Kildare. He as well as the late

Primate Stone were in Westminster College at the same time with the Bishop of Bristol, and Robinson was his Junior, or what is called his Man. Sir Septimus Robinson, who was Gentleman Usher of the black rod, upon his brother being made Primate, came up to the Bishop of Bristol in the House of Lords, and thanked him, saying I knew that you were always a good master; but now you have made better provision for your Man, than any master ever did before you.

When Mr. Grenville was removed from the helm, which was in July 1765, the Bishop of Bristol lost a very good friend at court, and (what was infinitely worse) the King and the nation lost a most faithful and able Minister. And what followed upon it? the repeal of the stamp act, the sacrifice of the honor and authority of Great Britain, and all the consequent troubles in America. The Bishop of Bristol was always a friend to government, seldom opposed the measures of the Ministry, and never carried his opposition so far as to become a protester but upon this occasion; and foreseeing then and seeing since the train of growing evils, he would not upon any account but have had his name appear against a proceeding so disgraceful to his King, and so destructive to his country. Mr. Grenville was not only an able Minister, but was likewise a religious good man, and regularly attended the service of the Church every

Sunday

Sunday morning, even while he was in the highest offices: and whatever the world may pretend to the contrary, it is an infallible axiom, that the best men, *cæteris paribus*, will always make the best Ministers. Let Lord Clarendon, and Mr. Grenville, and Lord North be cited as witnesses. During the time of Mr. Grenville's administration Mr. Swymmer, the Mayor of Bristol and Brother in law to the then earl of Westmoreland, came to London, and made a complaint to the Bishop of some persons making preparations for opening a public Mass-house at the Hot Wells under the protection of the Duke of Norfolk. Upon this information the Bishop went and consulted with Archbishop Secker what would be the best method of suppressing it, and they both agreed that nothing could be done effectually without the concurrence and assistance of the Ministry; and Ministers, whatever may be their reasons, seldom lend a favorable ear, or give a helping hand to such applications. But the Bishop met with a different reception from Mr. Grenville, and represented the matter to him in such a light, that he desired the Bishop to take his measures with the Mayor for putting the laws in execution, but advised them first to try the gentler methods of argument and persuasion, and even of threatening; and if these should not avail, he would then be ready to support them with all the power and authority of government.

vernment. As soon as the Bishop came to Bristol, a meeting by his desire was appointed at the Mayor's house of the Mayor, the Bishop, and Sir Abraham Elton the Town Clerk, and of the priest, the proprietor of the building, and their agent. The Bishop argued with as much candor as he could upon the subject, that though he was no friend to their religion as it stood distinguished from our common Christianity, yet he was no enemy to their persons; that they could not but be sensible that they were acting directly contrary to the laws; that the Duke of Norfolk had no more authority to break the laws than any private man; that their offense was the more provoking, as the building stood upon Church land, and was held by lease from the Dean and Chapter; that they had already a private Mass house at Bristol, where this same priest had officiated many years, and having behaved decently and given no great offense, they were suffered to go on without molestation; but to presume upon opening a public Mass-house in such a public place was so daring an affront, so contemptuous a defiance of all law and authority, that no government would or could endure it; he hoped therefore that they would desist from their design; as they were unmolested themselves, they ought not to molest others; but if they should still persist in their purpose, he was authorized by the Minister to declare unto them, that

that he would employ the whole force of government, and prosecute them to the utmost severity of the law. They said they were sorry, they begged pardon, they thanked the Bishop for his civility and candor, they would convert the building to some other use, and would never resume or renew the same design there or elsewhere: And they were really as good as their word, the building was converted into a dwelling house, and nothing of the like kind has been attempted ever since; only a bastard kind of popery, Methodism, has troubled Bristol since that time. By the dismission therefore of Mr. Grenville the Church as well as the State lost an able pillar and support, and the Bishop of Bristol was left with little or no hopes but in the favor and goodness of the King and the Princess of Wales.

At the beginning of August 1768 died that great and excellent prelate Archbishop Secker. He was not only a most learned divine, as his useful writings abundantly testify, but was likewise a most indefatigable and exact man in all kinds of business; and every one who hath succeeded him in any of his preferments has reaped the fruits of his labor and pains in the books and manuscripts which he left behind him. Bishop Newton found the benefit of them both in the see of Bristol and in the deanery of St. Paul's. Bishop Secker sat in the see of Bristol not above three years, and yet in

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that time he drew up an account of all the leases and estates belonging to the bishopric; and also made a diocese-book with an account of the nature and value of every living, of the incumbents and curates, of the duty usually required and performed, and several other particulars. All the knowlege of the diocese was derived from his books and accounts: and it is surprising how little was added to them by the five intervening bishops. He was likewise very charitable, and besides the pensions and bounties which he distributed himself, whenever application was made to him by others for a distressed object, he gave with a liberal hand, as Bishop Newton can attest upon his own experience as well as that of several others. At the same time he was too considerable a man to live in the world without enemies. Whether it was owing to their misrepresentations, or to a certain preciseness and formality in his own behaviour, he was never very acceptable and agreeable at Court, nor ever had the due weight and influence there: In former reigns the Archbishop or some of the Bishops had usually the principal sway or direction in the disposition of ecclesiastical preferments; at least nothing of importance was concluded upon without first acquainting and consulting them upon it. But by degrees the Ministers of state have ingrossed all this power into their own hands, and Bishops are regarded as little better than cyphers even in their

own churches, unless the preferments happen to be in their own gift, and then perhaps the Ministers are as troublesome by their sollicitations. When his present Majesty first came to the throne, there were near twenty old Chaplains discarded, and as many new ones appointed without the privity of the Archbishop, several whose names were scarcely known before, and some by no means worthy of the honor. Other instances of neglect might be mentioned; and some of his friends thought him blameable in wanting a proper spirit of resentment. But he answered like a wise and prudent man as he was, that he had as sharp a sense of the indignity as any one could have, but he was very unwilling to break altogether with the Court, for then he was certain he could prevail in nothing, he might now possibly be able to carry some points for the good of the Church. But whoever may have been his enemies, or whatever prejudices may have been conceived against him in his life time, yet his merits have been universally allowed and acknowleged since his decease. But it is needless to say any thing more concerning him, after the justice that has been done to his memory in the review of his life and character by his two worthy chaplains Dr. Porteus and Dr. Stinton.

When Mr. Grenville heard of the death of Archbishop Secker, he said upon it, that if the Bishop of London, as then seemed most probable, should

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be translated to Canterbury, he was pretty confident from what had before passed in discourse with the King, that the Bishop of Bristol would succeed to London. But *Diis aliter visum:* the higher powers made a different arrangement. And here it must be said—*Sit mihi fas audita loqui*—the following particulars the writer cannot be supposed to authenticate upon his own certain knowlege, he can only relate them according to his best belief and information, and upon as good authority as can usually be had in cases of this nature. The Duke of Grafton was at that time the first Minister, and he was determined to promote his friend Dr. Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Dean of St. Pauls, and proposed him for the archbishopric of Canterbury. The King would have it first offered to his old preceptor the Bishop of Winchester, which was readily complied with, as it was thought that Winchester would even be more agreeable to Bishop Cornwallis than Canterbury. But the Bishop of Winchester was unwilling to change his situation, and then mention was made of the Bishop of London, to which nothing was objected, as it was conceived that Bishop Cornwallis might make as good a Bishop of London as Bishop Compton, who was a very good one: but the King added, that the Bishop of Bristol should succeed the Bishop of London. This would have disconcerted the whole plan of the Ministry, which was on the

Duke of Grafton's part that Bishop Cornwallis should be promoted to Canterbury or Winchester or London, and on Lord Gower's part that Bishop Egerton should succeed him in the bishopric of Lichfield and in the deanery of St. Pauls. The best game therefore they had to play was to resume their first design, and to push Bishop Cornwallis for Canterbury, which was no sooner assented to than they proposed Bishop Egerton to succeed him both at Lichfield and at St. Pauls. No, said the King, if the Bishop of Bristol is not to be Bishop of London, he shall at least be Dean of St. Pauls. Bishop Cornwallis was hereupon declared Archbishop of Canterbury, and has since proved himself not an unworthy successor. When he was a young man at the university, he had the misfortune of a paralytic stroke on his right side, from which he has never recovered the full use of his right hand, and is obliged to write with his left: but this notwithstanding, he has hitherto enjoyed uncommon good health, and never fails in his attendance upon the multifarious business of his station. He has greatly improved Lambeth house, he keeps a hospitable and elegant table, has not a grain of pride in his composition, is easy of access, receives every one with affability and good nature, is courteous, obliging, condescending, and as a proof of it, he has not often been made the subject of censure even in this censorious age. While these

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things were transacting in London, the Bishop of Bristol was at Bristol, and the first notice that he received of his preferment was from the newspapers; but there is no dependence upon newspaper intelligence. He then received a letter from the new Archbishop, dated at London, August 18, thanking him and Mrs. Newton for their kind and friendly congratulations, and wished them both much joy and happiness, in the deanery of St. Pauls: he did not know of it for certain till yesterday, or should have apprised him of it sooner: yesterday the Duke of Grafton acquainted him that it was done, and asked where he might write to him; so that it is likely, said he, "you will have "heard from him by the time this reaches you." Soon after he received a letter from the Bishop of London dated at Brighthelmstone, August 23, wherein he said he took the first opportunity of congratulating him upon his promotion, the Duke of Grafton having informed him by the last post, that His Majesty had appointed him to succeed the Archbishop in the deanery of St. Pauls. But still there was no letter from the Duke of Grafton, none from either of the Secretarys of State, nor any authentic letter of office. The Bishop therefore, that he might no longer be held in suspense between hope and fear, wrote to the Duke of Grafton, informing him of what congratulations he had received, and desiring to know what truth there was in them.

them. The Duke returned a very obliging answer, dated Grosvenor Square, August 30, 1768, that he was much concerned that his letter which he wrote by his Majesty's command to acquaint him of the King's conferring on him the deanery of St. Pauls should have been lost from the Post, or from the servant who was to carry it thither: that the Bishop of Bangor (Egerton) would kiss the King's hand to-morrow for the diocese of Lichfield and the residentiaryship of St. Pauls, vacated by his Lordship's becoming Dean: that his own convenience would direct him in the time of coming up to kiss the King's hand, but he should think the sooner the better. His Grace was also pleased to add some civil compliments and kind professions upon the occasion, for which the Bishop retained all due gratitude; but it is certain, and it is a circumstance in which he always gloried, that he owed his preferment more to his Majesty's goodness than to the favor of any of his Ministers.

When he had obtained the deanery of St. Pauls, he resigned his living in the city having held it 25 years. He was under no kind of obligation to resign it, he had it in commendam, and might still have held it, as many would have done, and advised him to do; but he thought it not proper nor becoming his character and station to be so tenacious of pluralities, though there were at that time similar examples. His ambition was now fully satisfied,

tisfied, and he firmly resolved never to seek or ask for any thing more. But if he had been otherwise disposed, and ambitious of rising higher, yet his ill health would have plucked his wings, and have necessarily kept him down. For he had no sooner taken possession of his deanery house at the beginning of December, 1768, than he was seized with a most desperate cough and cold, an inflammation of the lungs, and shortness of breath. Some time before he had been rather drooping and sinking, and his physicians had given him cordials and warm things to raise and support him: but Dr. Eliot being called in at the earnest persuasion and entreaty of Lady Charlotte Edwin, changed the whole process, and put him into the cool regimen. He lay several weeks with little or no hopes of amendment; and his difficulty of breathing was so great, that his wheezing might easily be heard from one story of the house to another, and a large tub of boiling water was placed near him, and constantly supplied with other boiling water, that the steam might soften the air, and assist his respiration. At length, contrary to general expectation, by the good blessing of God, he recovered his health in some measure; and it must be said, that Dr. Eliot by his constant care and attention, by his great skill and judgment, contributed as much as any physician ever did, to the recovery of his patient. There was always something wonderfully agreeable in Dr.

Eliot's method of practice; he had nothing of the formality and stifness of other physicians, he made no mystery of his art, and communicated his prescriptions, explained what they were, for what purpose he gave them, and what effects he designed should follow them; and was a lively chearful friend and companion as well as an excellent good physician. But though the Bishop recovered his health in some measure, yet as his constitution had never been a good one, it was more shattered and broken after so long and severe an illness, and he was liable to frequent returns of the same complaints, though not perhaps to the same degree; so that he was often under the necessity of having recourse to Dr. Eliot, and the Doctor was very constant and friendly in his attendance and attention to him and his family. After this his health was so tender, that he could not stand a north or an east wind, nor bear the night air or any cold without suffering materially. He was scarce ever able to go through a month's residence at St. Pauls without falling ill in the course of it; and this happened so frequently that all his physical friends as well as others were earnest and importunate with him not to think of going any more to that cold church, it would certainly give him his death: And His Majesty, out of his great benevolence and goodness of heart, was pleased to lay his royal injunctions upon him for the same purpose,

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and most graciously repeated them several times. It was a great mortification to him to be reduced to such insignificance as not to attend his duty in that conspicuous church, and the more as he was very fond of the choir-service as it is usually performed at St. Pauls. But however he so far discharged his duty as to reside the greater part of every year in his deanery house, where he was at hand to hear any complaints, to rectify any irregularities, to give any directions, and consult with the members of the church upon any occasion. Year after year he tried and tried again as unwilling to submit, but at last to submit he was forced; for the last time he was at church and preached there, he caught such a cold as indangered his life, and so totally deprived him of his voice that he could hardly be heard to speak for a fortnight afterwards. Necessity has no law; and in such a case it is to be hoped that mercy is better than sacrifice.

But though the Bishop was forced to desist from his attendance on the public service at St. Pauls, yet he was not under the like necessity at Bristol; as his call thither was in the summer season, and he was as it were two different creatures in summer and in winter. From the time that he was first made Bishop, he constantly went to Bristol every summer, and usually stayed there the three months intervening between his last residence at St. Pauls and the next following; and when he

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was no longer able to go to St. Pauls, he continued at Bristol four or five months, and went to church as often as his health and the weather would permit. In the summer of 1766 the Duke of York lodging at Clifton did him the honor of dining with him, and besides Lady Charlotte Edwin to accompany Mrs. Newton, there dined at the same time the Mayor, and Sir Abraham Elton, and some principal merchants and other persons: and all the company were surprised and delighted with the pertinence and propriety of the Duke's questions and discourse concerning the trade and commerce of the place. Dr. Lyttleton Bishop of Carlisle being one of the company, some mention was made of his Brother's history of Henry II. which was then in the press; and the Duke of York observed upon it, that he was sorry Lord Lyttleton recurred back to so remote a period; he wished that instead of writing the History of the life and reign of Henry II. he had written the History of the life and reign of George II. One memorable thing the Duke related of himself, that when he was abroad upon his travels, his practice was to rise early every morning, and then to recollect and set down in writing all the transactions and occurrences of the preceding day, so that by turning to his diary he could presently find out where he had been, and what he had seen, and with whom he had conversed on

such

such a day at such an hour. After dinner the Duke and Lady Charlotte Edwin and the Bishop being retired into a bow window in the drawing room, the Duke among other things asked the Bishop what might be the yearly value of his bishopric, and the Bishop answered that the fines were very uncertain, sometimes more, sometimes less, and sometimes none at all; the certain clear income was 300l. a year, and little more. How then, said he, can you afford to give me so good a dinner? The Bishop truly lamented the Duke of York's death, for he had fine lively parts, and the Bishop was persuaded, that if he had outlived the years of dissipation, he would have proved an honor to his King and Country.

The Bishop never failed going to Bristol every summer till the year 1776, when contrary to the advice of many friends he went upon his fifth visitation into Dorsetshire, and visited and confirmed at Blandford, and at Dorchester, and at Bridport; and by these exertions, it is supposed, he burst a vessel, and had a profuse spitting of blood, which lasted a week, and much alarmed his wife and all his friends. In this distress however it was some comfort, that he was at the house of his good old friend and Archdeacon, Mr. Walker of Spetisbury, where he had good help from Dr. Pulteney of Blandford, and was almost as well accommodated as he could have been

been at home. But he was not able to proceed any further in his visitation; the Archdeacon visited for him at Shaftesbury; and the visitation at Bristol he was forced to send and put off, and to order his servants who were there with his baggage to return to London, as he himself did by easy stages, as soon as he was in a condition to be moved. This was his first failure of going to Bristol; and by living and residing there so much, he was in hopes that his example would have induced the other members of the church to perform also their part, and to discharge at least their statutable duties. The deanery is worth at least 500l. a year, and each prebend is worth about half that sum, and their estates are capable of good improvement: and for these preferments the residence usually required is three months for the Dean, and half that time for each Prebendary. But alas! never was church more shamefully neglected. The Bishop has several times been there for months together, without seeing the face of Dean, or Prebendary, or any thing better than a Minor Canon. The care and management of the church was left to Mr. Camplin, Precentor or Senior Minor Canon, and to the Sexton. His example having no kind of effect, he remonstrated several times, that their preferments deserved a little better attendance, as they would well bear the expense of it; their neglect

was

was the more conspicuous and culpable, being in the second city in the kingdom; that their want of residence was the general complaint not only of the city, but likewise of all the country; that great numbers resorted every year to the Wells, and generally came, at least on a Sunday, to see the cathedral; that they were astonished at finding only one Minor Canon both to read and to preach, and perhaps administer the sacrament; that this was not a time for such relaxation and neglect of all order and discipline; that the Church had too many enemies, and Deans and Chapters in particular; that they furnished their adversaries with the strongest arguments against themselves; that there were those who contended for the worthlesness and uselesness of Deans and Chapters, and they could not point out a more flagrant instance of good pay received and little duty done than in the church of Bristol. The church of Rochester was said to be much in the same predicament as that of Bristol; and one of the Prebendaries dining with the late Bishop Pearce, he asked him Pray Dr. S. what is your time of residence at Rochester? O my Lord, said he, I reside there the better part of the year. I am very glad to hear it, replied the good Bishop. But the Doctor's meaning was, and the fact really was, that he resided there only during the week of the Audit. These things ought not to be so. At

Rochester

Rochester they are reported now to be under some better regulation.

But the Bishop of Bristol's remonstrances had no better effect than his example, and to do more than to say what was right and practise it himself was not in his power. The power of Bishops is thought to be something, and it is really nothing. The Bishop is their visitor, *vocatus sive non vocatus*, but he can only admonish and reprove, he has not the power of inflicting any penalty in case of failure.

While the Deans of Glocester, Norwich and Peterborough, to their honor, were improving and adorning and beautifying their churches, poor Bristol lay utterly neglected, like a disconsolate widow, saying My lovers and my friends have forsaken me. Upon the Dean's death the Bishop forbore adding what he might have added with truth and justice; for it was contrary to his nature and temper to say severe things of any man: but yet he was of opinion, that something ought to remain as his Protestation against such men and such measures. It is to be hoped that a better race is springing up, and that the new Dean, Dr. Hallam, who bears an excellent character, will rectify all these irregularities, and restore the good old order and disciplin of the Church.

During the Bishop's first dangerous illness in the deanery house at St. Pauls, his good friend

Bishop

Bishop Lyttleton was coming from the other end of the town to visit him, when a strong east wind blowing full in his face affected him to such a degree, that he could come no farther than Temple-bar, sent his servant on to St. Pauls, and went himself directly home again. This intended visit proved fatal to him, for he was seized with the same kind of inflammation of the lungs and shortness of breath as his friend had been: and Dr. Akenside his physician treated him in the same manner as the other physicians had treated his friend. At length growing worse and worse, and hearing of the success of Dr. Eliot's practice, he was persuaded by his friend to call him in, but he called him in too late, when the case was past recovery. His friend would at any time have been much concerned for the death of so worthy honest and valuable a man, but was more particularly grieved, as he lost his life in a manner out of kindness to him. Indeed the Lyttleton family, as they were generally a worthy good family, had all along been kind and friendly to him and his wife. A sister of Sir Thomas, and aunt to Lord Lyttleton, Lady Biddulph, a very well bred woman, and one of the most benevolent beneficent creatures that ever existed, living at Lichfield, he was in his younger years much in her company and conversation, and she always used to say that he should be Dean of St. Pauls, than which nothing

thing was less likely to happen at that time, but what she threw out at random a good providence afterwards fulfilled. It was under this Lady that his second wife was in good measure trained and formed, and lived happily with her till her death, the one constantly shewing all the love and fondness of a parent, the other returning all the gratitude and duty of a child. Sir Richard Lyttleton, among his other civilities, made him a present of a curious old picture of architecture, painted, as appears from the date upon it, so long ago as in the year 1525, and a finer piece of perspective can rarely be seen. Lord Lyttleton frequently honored the deanery with his visits, and has several times declared that he never felt himself more warm and comfortable than in that comfortable habitation. He likewise did the Bishop the honor of sitting for his picture for him to Mr. West, and he himself and his family all agreed, that it was the truest resemblance and the best portrait of him that ever was drawn. After his death Mr. West copied it for Lord Hardwick and for Governor Lyttleton now Lord Westcote; and the prints of Lord Lyttleton are also taken from this picture.

Dr. Newton became first acquainted with this worthy Lord at Mrs. Stanley's, whom he frequently visited, and at her house often met with Lord Lyttleton, Mrs. Montagu, and other very agreeable

agreeable company. One evening in conversation there, when Bishop Sherlock had published his fourth volume of discourses, they were wishing that he would give orders for his occasional sermons which he had printed separately to be collected into a volume. Dr. Newton said upon it, that perhaps Bishop Sherlock was of the same mind as Bishop Manningham. For when Dr. Thomas Manningham his son, who was afterwards Prebendary of Westminster, applied to him in the name of the booksellers, that they might have leave to collect into a volume the different sermons which he had printed at different times, for there was a sufficient number to make a volume; the Bishop replied, "Prithee, Tom, let them alone, "they lie quiet now; put them together, and "they will fight." This fourth and last volume of his discourses Bishop Sherlock was prevailed upon to publish at the request of his friend Gilbert West. The Bishop was against publishing any more sermons, saying he was drawn to the dregs; Why then, said Mr. West, let the ungodly of the earth drink them and suck them out. Bishop Sherlock's occasional sermons the booksellers have since collected into a separate volume, to which is prefixed a short and imperfect account of his life, wherein an intimation is given as if the Bishop had altered his opinion, and was sorry for the part he had taken in the Bangorian controversy.

versy. I know not by whom this account was written, but I have been assured by the best authority, by those who lived with him most and knew him best, that this intimation is absolutely false and groundless, and the Bishop was so far from having changed his opinion, that he had written something more against Bishop Hoadly, which he had thoughts of publishing even to the last. Bishop Moss, his favorite chaplain is best able to do justice to the life and character of this eminent prelate. He delivered something of this kind in a charge to the clergy of the archdeanery of Colchester, and promised a second part, which the world has long wished for and expected from so masterly a writer, as well as his sermons at the lecture founded by Mr. Boyle.

Besides the pleasure of frequently visiting Mrs. Stanley in London, Dr. Newton generally passed some weeks in every summer at her house in the country, and such company made even Cluer an agreeable place. She had not only good skill and judgment in the fine arts, poetry, painting, music and the like, but was likewise a woman of very strong understanding superior to most men, and was a true hearty friend wherever she professed a friendship. She was the daughter of Sir Hans Sloan, and mother of Hans Stanley, and of two daughters worthy of such a mother, who retained after their mother's death the same friendship

ship to Bishop Newton steddy and invariable to the end. As they were two excellent worthy women, so they were married to two excellent worthy men, the elder to Mr. Welbore Ellis, and the younger to Mr. Christopher D'Oily, who with their brother Mr. Stanley (as long as he lived) were Members of Parlament, were all three men of letters as well as of business, enjoyed considerable places under government, and formed a very respectable triumvirate. One of the greatest grievances of old age is, its being so frequently chequered with the loss of one friend or other. In Feb. 1772 the Bishop sustained an irreparable loss by the death of his great friend and patroness the Princess Dowager of Wales. Not that he had any thing farther to sollicit or desire; he was content and satisfied, and wanting nothing wished for nothing more. It was owing to His Majesty's and to her great goodness, thet he was first made Bishop, as Lord Bute declared. It was entirely owing to his Majesty's and to her reiterated favor, that he was made Dean of St. Pauls, and he could not but value himself the more for being so patronized and distinguished, without any obligation to any of the Ministers of that time. But her grace and favor did not stop here. She sometimes honored him with private audiences at Carlton-house; and even after she had declined seeing company on her birth day, she still admitted him

to pay his duty to her; and the discourse upon all occasions was far from being stiff and formal, it was with the most perfect ease and condescension that she conversed with him. He could not therefore help grieving for his own personal, as well as for the national loss, for a national loss it surely was, notwithstanding all that party rage or private malice could suggest to the contrary. She was indeed a most remarkable instance of the fluctuation and uncertainty of popular favor. For from her first coming very young into this country, her behaviour was so discreet and prudent, so courteous and affable, that she gained the love and esteem of the whole nation, and no Princess was ever more admired and applauded than she was till some time after the death of the Prince of Wales. But the late King's behaviour to her upon that melancholy occasion was such, that she could not with decency support and encourage the faction that was formed against the Court: and hence it proceeded that the tide of popularity, which rose so high and ran so strong in her favor, first began to turn against her. Upon his present Majesty's accession to the throne, when her influence was believed to be greater, the clamors of faction increased in proportion. The scandalous but at that time popular author of the North Briton laid to her charge several things, of which she was entirely innocent: and one day being

being asked how he could assert such a particular which he knew was not true, "No matter for that, "replied he, it will do very well for a North "Briton, the people will swallow any thing." It is by no means an agreeable situation to be made the subject of popular outcry, but conscious virtue will rise superior to all.

She would often ask in a morning, Well what have the papers said of me, and would read them and laugh over them. For never was more vile abuse with less foundation, and it is to be hoped she regarded it as little as she deserved it. Her good deeds were more silent and unknown, for never was any one actuated with a truer spirit of benevolence and charity. The sums which she gave away in private benefactions and pensions amounted, as it has been affirmed upon good authority, to no less than 10,000l. in the year; and the merit of her charities was greatly enhanced by their secrecy. Several families, who were relieved by her, did not so much as know who was their benefactor till after her death, when the current of bounty ceased to flow. The calmness and composure of her death were farther proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; and she died as she had lived, beloved and honored most by those who knew her best.

Weakly and tender as Bishop Newton's constitution was, he yet outlived many of those who were

were stronger and seemingly built for longer life, and saw almost all his schoolfellows and contemporaries go before him. Two of them he had particular reason to lament having some kind of intimacy with them, Andrew Stone who died at the latter end of the year 1773, and Bishop Johnson who died at the latter end of the year following, of whom the former was captain of Westminster school the year before him, and the latter the year after him. Andrew Stone was a most excellent scholar, at school and at college distinguished himself by his compositions, and the knowledge not only of Greek and Latin but even of the Hebrew language, which he had first learned at school, he retained and improved to the last; and was withall a man of grave deportment, of good temper, and of the most consummate prudence and discretion. If he had been made Primate of Ireland instead of his brother, and his brother had been secretary of state in his place, the change perhaps might have been more suitable to their respective characters. Not but he had a capacity to shine in any sphere, much reading, great knowlege, clear comprehension, good judgment, and a memory as exact as ever was known of the most minute circumstances as well as of the most material transactions. He was for many years the principal adviser and coadjutor of the Duke of Newcastle, and happy would it have

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been for His Grace, if he had taken his advice and retired upon the death of the old King; his evening of life would have closed much more gloriously in an honorable retirement without place or pension, than in still grasping at power, changing from place to place, and at last sinking into opposition. No man was ever better qualified than Mr. Stone to write the history of his own time, and Bishop Newton and other friends sometimes exhorted him to it; for he was in the secret of all affairs for 30 or 40 years, had the pen of a ready writer, and enjoyed sufficient health and leisure in the latter part of his life; but it is to be lamented, that he was of too indolent a nature, and all his knowlege died with him.

Bishop Johnson's strong constitution and athletic form promised a longer life, but unluckily his death was occasioned by a fall from his horse which happened at Bath, where likewise a brother of his had died a few years before of the like accident. He had good parts and learning, and was recommended by his friends Mr. Stone and Mr. Murray to the Duke of Newcastle, whom he attended to Hanover as the King's Chaplain: and by these means from Second Master of Westminster school was made Residentiary of St. Pauls, and then Bishop of Glocester, and at last Bishop of Worcester. He was very fortunate in having some good legacies left him by some friends, and

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he had the spirit to enjoy his fortune, lived hospitably, kept a good table, entertained handsomely, repaired and beautified his palaces at a considerable expense, and what was the most shining part of his character, he was *notus in fratres animi paterni*, a father as it were to his numerous nephews and nieces.

For several of the last years of his life the Bishop's health would not suffer him to attend the House of Lords. At the best he never was a constant attender, but only when some debates of consequence were expected: and he always regarded Lord Mansfield as the best and ablest speaker that ever he had heard in parlament. Lord Chatham was indeed a great genius, and possessed extraordinary powers, quick conceptions, ready elocution, great command of language, a melodious voice, a piercing eye, a speaking countenance, an authoritative air and manner, and was as great an actor as an orator. What was said of the famous orator Pericles, that he lightened and thundered and confounded Greece, was in some measure applicable to him: and during the time of his successful administration he had the most absolute and uncontrolled sway that perhaps any Member ever had in the House of Commons. With all these excellences he was not without his defects. His language was sometimes too figurative and pompous, his speeches were seldom

dom well connected, often desultory and rambling from one thing to another, so that though you were struck here and there with noble sentiments and happy expressions, yet you could not well remember nor give a clear account of the whole together. With affected modesty he was apt to be rather too confident and overbearing in debate, sometimes descended to personal invectives, and would first commend that he might afterwards more effectually abuse, would ever have the last word, and right or wrong still preserved (in his own phrase) an unembarassed countenance. He spoke more to your passions than to your reason, more to those below the bar and above the throne than to the house itself; and when that kind of audience was excluded, he sunk and lost much of his weight and authority. Lord Mansfield was happy in most of the same perfections with few of the same failings and imperfections. His language was more natural and easy, his speeches were more in a continued chain of reasoning, and sometimes with regular divisions, so that you easily accompanied him, and clearly comprehended the whole from the beginning to the end. What he said as well as his manner of saying it was more modest and decent, less presuming and dictatorial; he never descended to personal altercations, disdained to reply even to reflections cast upon himself, and in all things preserved his own dignity

and

and that of the House of Peers. He addressed himself more to your reason than to your passions; he never courted popular applause so much as the approbation of the wise and good; he did not wish to take you by storm or surprise, but sought to prevail only by the force of truth and argument; he had almost an immediate intuition into the merits of every cause or question that came before him, and comprehending it clearly himself could readily explain it to others; persuasion flowed from his lips, conviction was wrought in all unprejudiced minds, and for many years the House of Lords payed greater deference to his authority than to that of any man living.

The Bishop himself never attempted to speak in parlament, for he as well as most other Bishops entered into the House of Lords at a time of life too late to begin such exercises. Some previous practice is requisite, which renders Lawyers so much readier and abler speakers than the generality of Divines. While the convocation was allowed to sit, it was a kind of school of oratory for the clergy, and hence Atterbury and others became such able speakers in the House of Lords. However when the bill for the relief of Protestant Dissenters from subscription was sent up from the House of Commons to the House of Lords, as he was not in a condition to attend the second reading, he caused what he would have spoken to be printed,

printed, and to be sent the day before the debate to every Lord of parlament. The fate of the bill was that it was rejected by a majority of 102 against it to 29 for it, proxies included; so that without the Bishops, a much greater number of the Lay Lords were for throwing out the Bill than for receiving it: and many of the Dissenters have since shown themselves so little friendly to government, that for some years they had as little encouragement, as they had reason to renew their application.

When the Bishop was no longer able to go to Bristol, he purchased the house upon Kew Green, which was occupied by William Blair, Esq. Clerk of the Council. It had been neatly fitted up and furnished by Mrs. Blair, who died soon after she had finished it; and Mr. Blair then offering it to sale, the Bishop bought the lease of the house, with all the fixtures and furniture and every thing as it stood. It was an agreeable summer retreat, with an exceeding good neighbourhood at all times, and especially while the Royal family resided there with Lady Charlotte Finch, and Bishop Hurd, and Mr. Smelt, with others of both sexes attending on the Court. It was an additional pleasure to see and hear so much more of the King and Queen in their privacies, of their conjugal happiness, and of their domestic virtues, which the nearer they are beheld, appear greater and more amiable, and

and are a shining pattern to the very best of their subjects.

It has been asserted by eminent physicians, that if old people could be persuaded to stay at home all the winter, it would be the means of prolonging their life several years. Bishop Newton was very observant of this rule, not so much out of choice as out of necessity. One fine warm day in December, when the wind was south, and the sun shone bright and clear, he was to pay his duty at His Majesty's levee; and the King coming up to him, said, "Ah, a visit from you in December? "I did not expect to see you till May."

But this confinement did by no means sour his temper, or lower his spirits, which generally flowed in an even tenor, never very high nor ever very low, but more inclinable to the former than to the latter; and these were his support in illness, and sustained all his infirmities. Exercise is commonly thought to be necessary to health, but some are of opinion that it wears out the constitution, and some have lived to a great age without using any. It is certain that there may be too much as well as too little. There was a lady of the Bishop's intimate acquaintance, who lost her Lord in the year 1749, and after that never made any visits, and seldom went out of her own house, except to her son's or her daughter's, upon illness or some special occasion; and for many of the latter years

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of her life scarce ever stirred out of her bedchamber and the room adjoining to it, and yet recovered from a stroke of the palsy, and in the 78th year of her age was still living in amazing health and spirits. He knew some more such instances, and his only exercise during the winter season was walking backwards and forwards in his rooms, which he did repeatedly in the intervals between reading and writing; and these were his usual times of meditating and composing. He had no great notion of going out to take the air, unless it was to see something or to visit somebody, till he had read the account which Chancellor Hoadly has given of his father the Bishop of Winchester, that he was always a cripple, and much an invalid all the former part of his life, and was thought to be consumptive till he was between thirty and forty, but then his circumstances enabling him to take the air daily in a chariot, he grew rather corpulent, and enjoyed a general good state of health, living to the age of 85. Company he never wanted, nor ever was at a loss what to do with himself, or how to fill up his vacant time. His friends were very kind and frequent in their visits: and for others, as he was known always to be at home, and could not well be denied, he was sometimes subject to some inconvenience in having rather too many visiters than too few. Conversation he delighted in, but he never played at cards

or any game, which he reckoned, in point of time, was the addition of ten years to his life, and often wondered how some worthy persons could bestow so many hours upon such unworthy diversions, and be miserable almost for want of their party in the evening, when he himself could hardly find time sufficient for the more useful and necessary duties of life. Besides the resources which he had in himself, he possessed a never-failing fund of employment and entertainment too in his books and his prints and his pictures. These were the only expensive articles of his life, and especially the latter, in which he indulged to some kind of excess; but he had no family of children, and his Wife and her Son took as much delight in them as he did himself. However he put some limitation to these expenses. He had no particular fondness for statues, busts, or bronzes &c.; and might truly say with Cicero (Fam. Epist. vii. 23.) *Si quid generis istius modi me delectat, pictura delectat.* His design was to form not so much a great as a good collection, and to have something of the principal masters, and only of the principal masters of the different schools. He had likewise portraits and heads of some eminent noblemen, as Lord Bath, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Lyttelton; and in his library several of the most celebrated English authors, divines, philosophers, and poets, of many of whom there never

were

were any good pictures, and therefore we must rest contented with such as can be procured.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.

As he was known te be such a lover of their art; the royal academy of painters in 1773 made an application to him by their worthy president Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing, that the art of painting, notwithstanding the present encouragement given to it in England, would never grow up to maturity and perfection, unless it could be introduced into churches as in foreign countries, individuals being for the most part fonder of their own portraits and those of their families than of any historical pieces; that to make a beginning, the royal academicians offered their services to the Dean and Chapter to decorate St. Pauls with scripture histories, and six of their members, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. West, Angelica Kauffman, Cipriani, Mr. Barry, and I think Mr. Dance had been chosen to paint each a picture for this purpose; that these pictures should be seen and examined and approved by the academy before they were offered to the Dean and Chapter, and the Dean and Chapter might then give directions for alterations and amendments, and receive or refuse them as they thought them worthy or unworthy of the places for which they were designed; none should be put up but such as were entirely approved, and they should all be put

put up at the charge of the Academy without any expense to the members of the Church. St. Paul's had all along wanted some such ornaments, for rich and beautiful as it is without, it is too plain and unadorned within.

Sir James Thornhill had painted the history of St. Paul in the cupola, the worst part of the church that could have been painted, for the pictures there are most exposed to the changes of the weather, suffer greatly from damp and heat, and let what will be done to prevent it, it is to be feared must in no very long time all decay and perish. It was happy therefore that Sir James's eight original sketches and designs, which were higher finished than usual in order to be carried and shewn to Queen Anne, were purchased of his family at the recommendation of the Dean in the year 1779, and are hung up in the great room at the Chapter-house. Besides the exposition of these pictures to the weather in the cupola, they are at such a height, that they cannot conveniently be seen from any part, and add little to the beauty and ornament of the church. They had better have been placed below, for below they would have been seen, and there are compartments which were originally designed for bas-reliefs or such like decorations, but the parlament, as it is said, having taken part of the fabric money, and applied it to King William's wars, Sir Christopher

Wren

Wren complained that his wings were clipt, and the church was deprived of its ornaments: Here then a fair opportunity was offered for retrieving the loss and supplying former defects. It was certainly a most generous and noble offer on the part of the academicians, and the public ought to think themselves greatly obliged to them for it. The Dean and Chapter were all equally pleased with it; and the Dean in the fulness of his heart went to communicate it to the Great Patron of arts, and readily obtained his royal consent and approbation. But the trustees of the fabric, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, were also to be consulted, and they disapproved the measure. Bishop Terrick, both as trustee of the fabric and as Bishop of the diocese, strenuously opposed it; whether he took it amiss that the proposal was not first made to him, and by him the intelligence conveyed to His Majesty; or whether he was really afraid, as he said, that it would occasion a great noise and clamor against it as an artful introduction of popery. Whatever were his reasons, it must be acknowledged that some other serious persons disapproved the setting up of pictures in churches. It was in truth not an object of that concern as to run the risk of a general outcry and clamor against it: but the general opinion plainly appeared to be on the contrary side much in favor of the scheme; and whatever might

have been the case in the days of our first reformers, there was surely no danger now of pictures seducing our people into popery and idolatry; they would only make scripture history better known and remembered. Many other churches and chapels have adopted and are adopting this measure, as Rochester, Winchester, Salisbury, St. Stephen's Walbrook, and several colleges in the universities. The House of Commons have given a rich painted window to their church of St. Margaret's Westminster. Bishop Terrick himself approved, if not contributed to, the setting up of a picture of the Annunciation by Cipriani in the chapel of his own college Clare Hall at Cambridge: And why should such ornaments be denied to the capital church in the kingdom? The Dean, rather than the scheme should be totally laid aside, proposed to make a trial and experiment how the thing would bear. Most churches and chapels, he observed, have something of ornament and decoration about the communion table. You sometimes see even in the country

> Moses and Aaron upon a church wall
> Holding up the commandments for fear they should fall.

But St. Pauls will not well admit of any ornament over the communion table, because it would darken the windows there, which gave the principal light to the quire. But near to the communion table

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are two doors, one opening into the north and the other into the south aile; and over these two doors are proper compartments for two pictures. It was therefore proposed by the Dean, that Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West should paint these two pictures; and Mr. West's design being the giving of the two tables to Moses from the cloud of glory, the people all standing beneath; and Sir Joshua's design being the infant Jesus lying in the manger, with the shepherds surrounding, and the light flowing all from the child as in the famous Notte of Corregio; here was the beginning both of the law and of the gospel, here was nothing that could encourage superstition or idolatry, nothing that could possibly give any one any just offense. Let the trial be made only by these pictures; and if they occasion any noise and clamor, then let an end be put to the whole affair; if they are well received and approved and applauded by the public, then let the other artists proceed. But reasonable as this proposition was generally thought to be, it was overruled by the same authority as the former: and whether the merits or demerits are greater of those who favored the design, or of those who defeated it, the present age and impartial posterity must judge. Sir Joshua has wrought up his design into a noble picture. Mr. West exhibited his drawing at one of the public exhibitions of the royal academy, and Mr.

Barry has published an etching of his design the fall of angels, both excellent, both masterly performances; and it is much to be wished that the other artists would follow their example.

Some time before this another opportunity was unfortunately lost of decorating St. Pauls. When Bishop Newton was only one of the Residentiaries, a statuary of some note came to him in his summer month of residence, desiring leave to set up a monument in St. Pauls for one who had formerly been a Lord Mayor and Representative of the city of London. The Dean and his other brethren of the Chapter being in the country, he went to consult with Archbishop Secker upon the subject; and Archbishop Secker was so far from making any objection, that he much approved the design of monuments, saying what advantages foreign churches have over our's, and that St. Pauls was too naked and bare for want of monuments, which would be a proper ornament, and give a venerable air to the church, provided care was taken, that there be nothing improper in their structure, or in the inscriptions upon them. But when the thing was proposed to Bishop Osbaldeston, he was violent against it; Sir Christopher Wren had designed no such things; there had been no monuments in all the time before he was Bishop, and in his time there should be none. He was desired to look upon the print which hung

over

over his head of the inner section of St. Pauls, wherein he would see that Sir Christopher Wren had designed monuments, especially in the recesses under the windows: but he was not to be convinced; churches, he said, were better without monuments than with them. Since the Bishop was so peremptory, it was judged proper not to push the matter any farther, especially since the person for whom the monument was desired was not one of the most illustrious characters, nor deserving to be the first instance of the kind. Few, I conceive, will agree in opinion with Bishop Osbaldeston, that churches are better without monuments than with them. The sense of mankind has been contrary in all ages and in all countries: and it is really a wonder that no more applications have been made for erecting monuments in St. Pauls. Westminster Abbey is too full of them. It may be said to be incrusted with monuments; and in some places they are ridiculously piled two stories high one over another. At St. Pauls there is ample room, and spaces designed for monuments; and what a magnificent and glorious church would it be with a proper intermixture of pictures and statutes, and what an ornament and honor to the metropolis and to the kingdom! The great difficulty is to find a suitable person to begin with, of eminence and dignity sufficient to set an example to the rest. Several gentlemen were desirous of opening a public subscription for a monument

nument to Mr. Pope in St. Pauls, as had been done to Shakespear in Westminster Abbey; but Mr. Pope's religion was some objection to this scheme. It was a better thought of erecting the first monument to Bishop Sherlock, whose father had been Dean, and himself Bishop of London so many years.

As Dean of St. Pauls he had better success in improving his house than in adorning the church, that being altogether in his own power, and this depending very much upon others. The court before his house was separated from what is called Dean's court, and inclosed with a high wall, in the middle whereof was placed the door of entrance, and on each side was a small house and shop, one of which was empty having lately been on fire, and the other was a register office for servants, one of the worst of neighbours. This court you had to walk through, and nine steps to ascend into the house, whatever the weather happened to be. As soon as he was in possession of the deanery house, and in the midst of a severe illness, he employed workmen to take down these shops and houses, and to build an entire new wall, in the middle whereof the door was placed as before, and on each side were made large gates to let in coaches to the foot of the steps and to let them out again, and over the steps an awning was erected to keep them dry. The way to the house before for a coach was round by Carter Lane into

Dean's

Dean's court, there having been for several years a fixed post under the arch-way leading from St. Pauls Church-yard into Dean's court: but he luckily discovered the act of Parlament passed in 1670 for rebuilding the deanery house, by which he recovered his right of the way thro' the arch for all coaches and carriages coming to and going from his house, against those who were disposed to contest with him at law, and instead of a fixed substituted a lock-up post to let down and set down again, as occasions required. These conveniences were obtained in the fore part of the house, and behind the house the improvements were not fewer nor less. For behind the house there was sugar-house, which was a great annoyance to the neighbourhood; and in Scollop court almost adjoining to the Dean's house were two or three poor dirty houses with poor dirty inhabitants, a chimney sweeper and the like, which being so near darkened the house very much, and filled and tainted the air with soot and blacks. But the lease coming into hand, he renewed it much to the dimunition of his fine, but greatly to the benefit of his estate, obliging the lessee to put an end to the sugar-house, and not to let any of the houses to dangerous or offensive trades; and to pull down the two houses in Scollop court and part of a third, and to lay the ground into the Dean's garden, and to build a handsome garden wall of brick coped with stone: and part of the

ground

ground whereon the sugar-house stood being given up to the public agreeably to an act of parlament for widening the street, Scollop court was received in exchange, and became the Dean's property, by all which means a large opening was obtained, and the house was rendered much more lightsome and airy, and better secured from thieves and fire. Some lesser improvements were also made within doors, by enlarging the drawing room, and in some parts by putting in sash windows instead of others. He likewise obtained from the city a common sewer to be made in Carter Lane, which was very much wanted, and is of great benefit not only to his house but to the whole neighbourhood.

He had not the like occasion, nor the like opportunities of making improvements in his episcopal house at Bristol, Bishop Butler having expended considerable sums (it is said 4600l.) in repairs and alterations, for which he deserves to be remembered with gratitude by all his successors. There were more openings for making improvements in his episcopal estates, for the Bishops of Bristol were generally such birds of passage, that they had little time to look into the value of their estates, and (excepting Bishop Secker) scarce any of them have left any papers and memorandums behind them. He was at the charge therefore of procuring from the clerk of the Rolls an attested copy of the parlament-surveys of all the estates

belonging

belonging to the Bishop of Bristol. At his first coming to the see the certain income of the bishopric arising from the reserved or chief rents was little more than 300l. a year: but by raising the rent of the park from 18l. to 63l. a year upon a building lease, and by never renewing any lease without clearing the reserved rent of the land-tax, and laying it upon the lesse, he advanced the certain income to 400l. a year. The fines were more precarious and uncertain, but he scarce ever renewed a lease without a considerable increase of the fine, often to double, sometimes to treble the value of what it was before. He made some, but he had not room to make the like improvements in the decanal estates of St. Pauls; for these had been more considered, and were better known and understood. In both his preferments he was remarkably fortunate in the article of fines, more dropping in than could of course have been expected; so that his income was amply sufficient, and scarce any Bishop had two more comfortable or more convenient houses. Greater he might have been, but he could not have been happier; and by the good blessing of God was enabled to make a competent provision for those who were to come after him, as well as to bestow something in charity. When he was made Dean of St. Pauls, it was the Royal intention, that this deanery and the bishopric of Bristol should continue in conjunction,

conjunction, Bristol being the second city in the kingdom, and the Bishop really wanting some such commendam to keep up hospitality, and to live as becomes a Bishop in so public a situation. Others have been of opinion, that the bishopric of Rochester and the deanery of St. Pauls, and the bishopric of Bristol and the deanery of Westminster would form a more proper union; because the Dean of St. Pauls has a summer month of residence, and Bromley being so much nearer is so much more convenient for his going backwards and forwards. But on the other hand it may be questioned whether the Dean of Westminster, though he be not limited to certain months of residence, has not yet more public business on his hands, and consequently more frequent calls to town. It seems best therefore for things to remain as they are; and what the King hath joined together, let not Ministers put asunder.

In the sessions of 1778 the parlament passed an act in favor of the papists, to exempt them from the penalties of some former statutes, and to enable them to purchase lands in their own name, first taking certain oaths, and making certain declarations. This act (as it might easily be foreseen) encouraged the dissenters in the following session to renew their application for liberty of conscience, which they had before made in the year 1772; and now with a fairer prospect of

success,

success, for some indulgence having been granted to the former, it could not well be denied to the latter.

By this time the Bishop had more fully considered these matters, and had declared his sentiments to several of his friends for an universal toleration of all the different sects of religion, but still with some exceptions and restraints upon public preaching, that the teachers and lecturers might not advance doctrins any way prejudicial to the state and subversive of civil government. For strange republican leveling principles having been much propagated and countenanced of late, notwithstanding the oath of allegiance, he was of opinion that some more powerful check ought to be given to them, being clearly convinced that a republican and leveler is full as dangerous, if not a more dangerous enemy to government now, than any Jesuit and Jacobite was formerly; and that it is therefore become full as necessary, if not become rather more necessary to require a public renunciation and abjuration of the principles of the one than of the other. It is chiefly among the dissenters that these notions have been propagated, and countenanced by some men in a higher sphere, who ought to know their own duty and their own interest better, than any way to contribute to the leveling of all distinctions. As the oath of allegiance has not proved an effectual barrier

barrier against these innovations, so neither is the declaration in the dissenters bill by any means satisfactory. No religious test should be required; or if any a more full and explicit one; but sufficient securities should be given to government for a quiet and peaceable submission to the laws, without any molestation to church or state. And certainly there never was a time when such a requisition was more requisite; for no man can duly consider and not evidently perceive, that the doctrins of the Pope's supremacy, and of the hereditary indefeasable right of another family to the crown, are not so totally ruinous and destructive of the English constitution, as the abolition of King, Lords and Commons, and the reduction of all things to anarchy and confusion, every man his own governor and his own legislator. While this bill was depending in parlament, the Bishop was labring under pain and sickness, but however he could not forbear committing his thoughts to paper, and causing them to be printed on a single sheet, and distributed in the House of Lords. It is a rough rude sketch, but the time required dispatch, and he was willing to be as short as possible. While he was treating of this subject, he could not help observing, that several of those who are for leveling all government, are also for leveling the only Son of God to the state and condition

dition of a mere man, false notions of religion and government, going usually hand in hand together.

Besides the pain and sickness which the Bishop laboured under in the spring of 1779, he had also the misfortune of losing two very good friends in Green Bishop of Lincoln, and Warburton Bishop of Glocester. His acquaintance with the former began, as it was said before, when he was usher in the school at Lichfield; and their friendship continued for more than fifty years unviolated and unvaried to his death. They were both made Bishops together, they were consecrated together, and were happy to meet at last in the same church, Bishop Green being made Residentiary of St. Pauls in the room of Bishop Egerton promoted to the See of Durham; for Lincoln is so very large and laborious, so very extensive and expensive a diocese, that it really requires and deserves a good commendam to support it with any dignity. When he was first made Bishop of Lincoln, Bishop Newton reminded him of a common friend of theirs, Mr. Seward of Lichfield, whom he knew that the other was well disposed to serve, and hoped that one time or other he would collate him to a prebend in his church of Lincoln. The Bishop replied, that he should always bear him in memory, and if ever an opportunity offered he would certainly give him a prebend,

bend, but at present he stood engaged eleven deep to the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Hardwick and their friends. So that the Bishop of Bristol less regreted his want of patronage, having nothing in his gift worthy of a Minister to lay his paw upon. Fifteen years intervened before the Bishop of Lincoln was able to make good his promise to Mr. Seward, and then Mr. Seward generously resigned his pretensions to a nephew of his wife, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hunter of Lichfield before-mentioned, and the Bishop as generously accepted him. Bishop Green was a very good scholar, and had an elegant pen in Latin and English; but he was too lazy and indolent to write much, he published only a few occasional sermons, and two letters to the Rev. Mr. Berridge and Mr. Whitfield against the Methodists. His charges to his clergy were much commended, and it is to be lamented, that he did not prepare and order these and some other pieces for publication. He was always a prudent manager and œconomist, or he could not have made the provision that he did for two nephews and four nieces, with some bequests to charitable uses. He was naturally a strong man, and three years younger than Bishop Newton, so that it might reasonably have been expected that he would be the longer liver of the two. But for three or four years before his death

his health and spirits began to fail: and yet in the winter of 78 and 79 he was rather better than he was before; and when he took leave of his friends at the deanery of St. Pauls in order to go to Bath, they little imagined that it would be the last time that they should ever see him; for having received great benefit at Bath the year before, it was hoped that he would experience the same good effects this year. But at his first coming to Bath he caught a cold, and the water disagreed with him. He had too a slight paralytic stroke, of which he soon recovered; but his constitution appeared to be worn out, and he was observed every day to droop more and more. However on Saturday evening he had his party at cards as usual, rested tolerably well that night, breakfasted as usual on Sunday morning, when his chaplain went out, and his apothecary came in, and having felt his pulse, said that he was somewhat better. As they were sitting and talking together, the Bishop's butler, who was attending the room, observed his head to recline on one side, and supposed him to be nodding as he frequently did in his chair; but looking a little more intently at him, he said to his apothecary, "Sir I am afraid my lord is dead," and so he really was without a single groan or a sigh. Few persons have such an easy passage out of life. Something of the same kind is related of Bishop Berkley,

who

who was possessed, according to Mr. Pope, of every virtue under heaven. It is well known that this worthy good man was for some of the last years of his life desirous of exchanging his Bishopric of Cloyne for a canonry of Christ Church in Oxford. If he had been bred at Oxford, the wonder would have been less of his desiring such an exchange, but he had received his education at Trinity College in Dublin. It was an extraordinary request, and such as by no means he could obtain; but yet he came, and took a house, and settled in Oxford. One evening he and his family were sitting and drinking tea together, he on one side of the fire, his wife on the other, and his daughter making the tea at a little round table just behind him. She had given him one dish, which he had drank. She had poured out another, which was left standing some time. "Sir, said she, will you not take your tea?" and upon his making no kind of answer, she stooped forward to look upon him, and found that he was dead. So little sensible were they who sat so near him of his departure. These two worthy men may truly be said in the beautiful phrase of holy writ to have fallen asleep. In both cases many perhaps will say, 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Bishop Warburton was in a great measure lost to the world and to his friends some years before

his

his death, by the decay of his intellectual faculties, the body pressing down the mind that mused upon many things; which hath been the case of many a great genius as well as himself. For he was indeed a great genius, of the most extensive reading, of the most retentive memory, of the most copious invention, of the liveliest imagination, of the sharpest discernment, of the quickest wit, and of the readiest and happiest application of his immense knowlege to the present subject and occasion. He was such an universal reader, that he took delight even in romances, and there is scarce one of any note ancient or modern which he had not read; he said himself, that he had learned Spanish to have the pleasure of reading Don Quixote in the original. He was excellent and admirable both as a companion, and as a friend. As a companion, he did not dwell upon little trivial matters, but disclosed a nicer vein of conversation, was lively and entertaining, was instructive and improving, abounded with pleasant stories and curious anecdotes; but sometimes took the discourse too much to himself, if any thing can be said to be too much of such an inexhaustible fund of wit and learning. As a friend he was ingenuous and communicative, would answer any questions, would resolve any doubts, delivered his sentiments upon all subjects freely and without reserve, laid open his very

heart, and the character which he was pleased to give Mr. Pope of being the soul of friendship was more justly applicable to him, and more properly his own. The same warmth of temper which animated his friendship, sharpened likewise his resentment: but even to his enemies, if he was easily provoked, he was as easily reconciled, especially after the least acknowlegement and submission, so that his friend truly applied to him the saying,

Irasci facilis, tamen ut placabilis esset.

He was rather a tall, robust, large-boned man, of a frame that seemed to require a good supply of provisions to support it; but he was sensible if he had lived as other people do, he must have used a good deal of exercise, and if he had used a good deal of exercise, it must have interrupted the course of his studies, to which he was so devoted as to deny himself any other indulgence, and so became a singular example not only of temperance, but even of abstinence in eating and drinking; and yet his spirits were not lowered or exhausted, but were rather raised and increased by his low living. When Dr. Newton, at the request of Lord Bath and Bishop Pearce, had undertaken to publish a new edition of the Paradise Lost, his first introduction to Dr. Warburton's acquaintance was by the means of their common friend Dr. Robert Taylor the King's physician; and from that time their friendship

friendship continued for more than thirty years without the least interruption, though sometimes they differed in points of opinion, which was readily admitted, provided there was nothing of ill will or petulance in it. For the most part they perfectly agreed in their judgment of men and things, in politics as well as in religion. When his friend first communicated to him his design of writing his dissertations on the prophecies, which have remarkably been fulfilled and are now fulfilling in the world, he said with seeming rapture that it was one of the greatest and noblest designs that ever entered into the head of man. He likewise perused the manuscripts before they went to the press, made some remarks upon them, and concluded in these words, "These trifling hints were only to "show you that I had read your papers. Indeed "I have read them carefully, and like them ex-"tremely. I hope they will do much good. I "am sure they will do you much honor. I find "nothing of any kind of moment to object to." As a farther proof of his approbation of the design, he founded a lecture to be preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's-Inn; "to prove the truth of revealed re-"ligion in general, and of the christian in particu-"lar, from the completion of the prophecies in the "Old and New Testament, which relate to the "christian church, especially to the apostasy of "papal Rome." It was objected to him at the

first, that the plan was too narrow; that it should have been extended to the prophecies at large; that being limited to the prophecies relating to the christian church, especially to the apostasy of papal Rome, the subject must in the course of some years be quite exhausted, little or nothing could be added, the same things must be repeated again and again, few lecturers could be found to do credit to the institution like the first lecturer Dr. Hurd. This objection was really so well founded, that after the third in succession a fourth lecturer could not easily be procured, and there was a failure at least for some time. But if the credit of the institution could be kept up answerable to the design of the founder, this would be but a secondary honor to his name, the best and most valuable memorials of him will be his own works. And yet his capital work, the Divine Legation of Moses, is left unfinished to the loss and regret of all who have any regard for religion or learning. It is indeed a loss much to be lamented, whatever was the cause, whether he was disgusted at the ill reception which was given to the work by several of the Clergy, for whose use and service it was principally intended; or whether he was diverted from it by the numerous controversies, wherein he was engaged in defense of it. But he should have cared for none of these things, and should have proceeded directly and steddily to the end. The viper

might

might have fastened upon his hand, but like St. Paul he should have shaken off the beast into the fire, and like him too would certainly have felt no harm. Whatever was the cause, the misfortune is, that out of nine books six only are completed. Of the three remaining he judged the ninth to be the most material, and therefore had written the whole or the greater part of it, and had caused it to be printed, but could not be prevailed upon to publish it in his life time. It is hoped that some of his friends and those whom it may concern will, for their own emolument as well as for the public benefit, set forth a handsome edition of all his works together, as a κτημα ες αει, a possession for ever.

While the Bishop of Bristol was lamenting the death of his two friends, he was recovering from two most dangerous illnesses. The first was a monstrous large carbuncle on the left side of his back, of the very worst sort, and threatening an immediate mortification; so that to support him under the violent torture and excessive discharge attending it, and to prevent if possible the mortification from taking place, he was obliged, contrary to his usual practice, instead of two or three glasses to drink a whole bottle of wine every day, and to live proportionably high in other respects. This method having been continued five or six weeks, his carbuncle was in a fair way of being healed, and afterwards was healed without any kind of incision,

and

and the flesh was restored whole and smooth as in other parts. But in the mean while his high living had inflamed his blood to such a degree, that it burst a vessel, and not a spitting, but a vomiting of blood ensued, at little intervals as often as he coughed. As one extreme commonly produces another, this alteration rendered it necessary to pursue the direct contrary course, and from the highest he was reduced to the lowest state of living, the things which were salutary in one case being destructive in the other. He was blooded six times, and each time he lost ten ounces, and at the last fainted away, so that the faculty were alarmed, and for some time he was thought to be dead. But with these operations and with all cooling medicines it was a full week before his vomiting of blood abated, and then became a spitting of blood, which lasted another full week, gradually decreasing. One morning, when he was at the worst, and it was thought he could not live till the evening, in the intervals between his fits of coughing and vomiting of blood, he composed the following prayer: but poetry must not be looked for in a dying man's prayer; it is sufficient if there be a spirit of devotion.

To thee, O gracious Lord, I make my pray'r,
Though ill deserving thy peculiar care;
For thou alone hast pow'r to raise me up,
And if it be thy will, remove this cup:

But

But if the sacrifice must be my life,
Support and comfort still my dearest Wife,
Preserve my senses to the latest breath,
Assuage the agonizing pains of death,
And gently gently lay me down to rest,
That I may be with thee for ever blest!

What contributed much to his support and comfort was the regard and attention shown to him by all his friends and acquaintance, and particularly the great goodness and condescension of their Majestys in their frequent and kind inquiries after his health. His recovering at his time of life from one such malady was extraordinary, but his recovery from two such was little less than a miracle of Providence. Next to God, great thanks were due, and great encomiums were bestowed on the skill and judgment of his Physician and Surgeon, Sir John Eliot, Bart. and Mr. Davenport. It was indeed a marvellous cure, and was spoken of as such every where. But a recovery in the 76th year is not like a recovery at an earlier period. His inclination was as good as ever to go to Bristol that summer, but he could almost as easily have taken a flight, as a journey thither. His physical friends as well as others insisted upon the necessity of his remaining as still and quiet as possible at Kew Green, as the only means of ever restoring his health and strength. For after all these evacuations they were much impaired and weakened.

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Old disorders increased, and new ones were added. His body was shrunk and bowed down, and he had scarce any thing left but a few spirits. But as he had learned in every thing to give thanks, he was thankful to his God that he was no worse than he was.

After the large evacuations in 1779, the discharge of his carbuncle, the loss of more than an hundred ounces of blood, and a continued diarrhœa through the greater part of the summer, he found himself much reduced in the following winter, and so cold and chilly, that with the warmest cloathing he could hardly keep warmth and life within him. In other respects his health was tolerable till February; when he became very ill indeed, with such a heavy load and oppression upon his breast and stomach, and with such a variety and complication of other distempers, as he had never experienced or felt before. He never had been afraid of dying, but he never wished himself dead till this illness, when for three weeks together he thought every day that death would be a happy release from his sufferings. However it pleased God that again he recovered; and he was sorry to live and see the distresses and miseries brought upon his country in the spring of 1780 by a band of lawless and outrageous ruffians. The facts are too recent, and too well known to be related; and it is to be wished, that they could be blotted out of

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all history, and out of the memory of every soul living, that they might be mentioned no more to the shame and disgrace of the British name and nation. The Papists, the Dissenters, the Magistrates, the Ministers, the Parlament, all parties and persons almost were to blame, but the Opposition most of all. The Papists imprudently took more liberties than were allowed by the late act in their favor. The Dissenters manifested a cruel spirit of persecution. The Magistrates were all confounded and stupified. We read in the Roman story that an Emperor made his horse Consul, and we might as well have had asses for Justices of peace. The Ministers should have prevented such an unlawful concourse of people by a proclamation, or other more vigorous measures if requisite. The Parlament instead of giving way to their fears, and adjourning for a time, should have proceeded immediately to the strongest acts and resolutions against such riotous assemblies for our present peace and future security. All people were, as I may say, *dementated*, to borrow a word from an old Latin proverb, *Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. If the King of his own motion had not ordered forth the soldiery, the cities of London and Westminster might have been laid in ashes. And yet some Aldermen and more Common-Council men have been such ungrateful monsters, as to refuse

fuse joining in an address to thank His Majesty for the preservation of their lives and properties.

It appeared by the evidence at the trial of one of the criminals, as well as by other notices which the Bishop received, that his deanery house was among others destined for destruction: and a grievous calamity it must have been to him, and an irreparable loss, for the labors of his whole life, his papers, his books, his prints, his pictures, all to be destroyed in a night. He and his family by the advice of their friends removed to Kew, and a guard was placed in his house which preserved it; for which deliverance he was ever after thankful to God, and next under God, to the King for his preservation. He as Dean and his three brethren of the Chapter, (Dr. Douglas especially) were at no little expense in entertaining the officers stationed at St. Paul's, and the Ward at the same time made provision for the common men. But the money was well bestowed, for both officers and soldiers behaved incomparably well, with the greatest regularity and order.

The late act for the relief of the Papists, though no great matter in itself, was yet artfully made a cry and a pretence to work up the people to madness; but the sore lay much deeper. If that act had been the real grievance, the rage of the populace would of course have fallen upon the promoters

ters of it, Sir George Savile who first moved it, and Mr. Dunning who seconded it, Lord Rockingham, Lord Shelbourn, Mr. Burke, and others who supported it; but little or no damage was done to them, and that little only for a pretence and color. The fury of the mob was directed principally against those who had no hand in the bill, and was discharged chiefly upon the friends of government, and particularly upon the great and venerable dispenser of law and justice, who was not even present at any reading of the bill, and having himself injured no man, concluded in the integrity of his heart, that no man would injure him. As he resembled the great Roman orator in several particulars, so in this among others, for Cicero's house was in like manner set on fire, and pulled down by the wicked faction of the profligate Clodius. It was really wonderful after such a shock as he had received, that he could so soon recollect himself, and so far summon up his faculties, as to make one of the finest and ablest speeches that ever was heard in parlament, to justify the legality of the late proceedings on the part of government, to demonstrate that no royal prerogative had been exerted, no martial law had been exercised, nothing had been done but what every man, civil or military, had a right to do in the like cases. "I speak not "from books, said he, for books I have none," having been all consumed in the fire. The effects

of

of his speech were the admiration and conviction of all who heard him, and put an end to the debate without a division. Lord Mansfield never appeared greater in any action of his life; and it would have been a right measure, if his speech had been printed and circulated throughout the kingdom at the charge of government, to satisfy the apprehensions and to quiet the minds of the people about the laws relating to riots, which before were little understood.

The Protestant Associators disgrace the protestant religion, by their intolerant principles and practices. "They know not what manner of spi-
"rit they are of; for the Son of Man came not to
"destroy mens' lives but to save them." It is possible, but barely possible, that some few of them might have no bad intentions at first; but others of no religion, taking advantage of their mistaken zeal, French and American agents, and some desperate villains of our own and other countries, inlisted and inrolled themselves under their banners for the sake of plunder and destruction. John the painter's attempt was only the prelude; this was the tragedy, and a deep tragedy indeed, such as never before was acted upon this stage, and God grant that it may be never again. Some combustible materials must have been laid in beforehand, or so fierce a fire could not so soon have been kindled; and perhaps it will be no wrong judgment to say, that it

was

was lighted and blown up by the inflammatory speeches of the leaders in opposition. But who and what are these leaders of opposition? All of them craving and hungry to distribute and partake of the loaves and fishes: Some of ruined desperate fortunes: Some of vile abandoned characters: Some of parts without property, and others of property without parts: many even of those who have estates, involved in debts and mortgages, and necessitous to a great degree: The greater part guilty of base ingratitude, the greater part, as a most exact calculator observes, having received great personal favors and obligations from the King. Some have been ministers, as unpopular in power as they are impatient out of power; and no reason can be devised for wishing to see them Ministers again. They have been weighed in the balances, and found wanting.

The Bishop's real opinion of them was, that they were the most unprincipled, the most unreasonable, and the most factious opposition, that he had ever known or remembered; and with the utmost candor and charity he could not forbear looking upon them as the main source of our national evils, and in truth and fact little better than traitors and enemies to their King and country. For they have constantly opposed and obstructed every measure of government right or wrong, have thereby done more harm than good, and prevented more good than

than harm; for doubtless more good laws and regulations would be proposed, if there was not such a certainty of their being opposed and every point contested. At times when unanimity and dispatch have been absolutely necessary, they have studiously contrived delays and fomented divisions. If they did not originally beget, yet at least they have fostered and cherished the rebellion in America, and have not only publicly wished success to it, but have aided and abetted and vindicated it in all their speeches and writings. Like the cursed son of Noah they have delighted in exposing the nakedness of their parent, in setting forth the weakness and distress of their country in the liveliest colors, and thereby inciting the arms of France and Spain against us. When some of note and eminence in their different professions have been employed in the service of government without distinction of parties, they have chosen rather to sully their honor and to forfeit their characters, than to serve their country and strengthen the hands of administration. When they have returned with tarnished laurels, they have been received by their party with the loudest acclamations, illuminations and I know not what; and no ways ashamed of the wealth they have gotten or of the credit they have lost, they could not sit down quietly with their gains, but have concurred with the most forward and violent in arraigning others, when they them-

selves ought to have been arraigned and punished. When any misfortune or miscarriage befalls their country, they aggravate and magnify the loss and discover their joy in their countenances; as on the contrary they appear disappointed and grieved at any good success, and depreciate and diminish it all they can. When great things have been in agitation, and mighty fleets were to be fitted out with all expedition, they have called off the attention of the Admiralty to trivial matters, and have consumed weeks after weeks in frivolous and fruitless inquiries to their own disgrace and the honor of their adversaries. Without any the least regard to the majesty of the crown or the dignity of the kingdom, they would reduce the royal beneath the standard of any noble family, and have proposed impracticable schemes of œconomy, which they have known too to be utterly impracticable and impossible, merely for the sake of inflaming the minds of the people, and lessening their reverence for government. They have traduced the Parlament as no Parlament, and have formed illegal associations and committees of correspondence, professedly with a design to controll King, Lords and Commons, and to establish a fourth state in the kingdom. Some of the gravest and wisest, as they have been reputed, have even in the House threatened force and recourse to arms, if their petitions were not granted. Their speeches have frequently been

been of such a nature, that other men at other times would for the like have been committed to the tower, if not treason, yet as near as may be bordering upon it. They have encouraged and patronized the authors and publishers of scandalous treasonable libels, of seditious obscene prints, of every thing offensive to religion and good manners, and have protected and supplied them with money in case of prosecution or imprisonment. They have played all games, and would now fain insinuate themselves into the favor of the young Princes as they grow up, with the diabolical design of setting the Sons against their Father. A division in the royal family during this distracted state of the nation would be misery made more miserable, confusion worse confounded. May God avert it, and blast their purposes! All their words and actions plainly show, that they would stick at nothing, would sacrifice every thing, would move even hell itself to get into place, and resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state, would rather ruin than not rule it. They have both in the House and out of the House advanced and propagated such leveling notions, as would not only be the total ruin of our happy constitution, but are subversive of all law, of all government, of all society whatever; that all men are born equals; that every man is his own governor and legislator; that no man ought to pay taxes who is not represented; that elections of members

of

of parlament should be annual; that every man of the age of twenty one should have a vote; that the power of the people is supreme above all; that the people have a right to call their governors to account, and to redress all grievances; that the King was made for the people, and not the people for the King; that the King is only the servant of the people; that the people have deposed and murdered Kings, and may again. Which notions, though some of them perhaps may be right in a certain limited sense, have yet turned the heads of the people. Wilkes and liberty, or in plain English the devil and licentiousness, began the work, and these master-builders have completed it. For the Mob, esteeming themselves to be the people, look upon every thing as their own, and think every thing lawful for them: and not to mention the number of robbers, incendiaries and murderers, hence proceed that corruption of morals in all the lower classes of the people, that disposition as we have seen for riots and insurrections, that despising of dominion and speaking evil of dignities, that rudeness and readiness for any mischief rather than honest work and labor, that neglect and violation of all decency and order, of the rule and authority in domestic as well as in public life. And what can be the result and end of these things, but a civil war or a foreign invasion, despotism and tyranny

or anarchy and confusion? The Bishop was not without his fears and apprehensions of the divine judgments hanging over our head for our incorrigible wickedness, and would have despaired as of a nation ripe for destruction, if he had not supported and comforted himself with the reflection, that there is a God over all, "who stilleth the raging "of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the "madness of the people. The Lord reigneth, let "the earth rejoice, let the multitude of iles be glad "thereof."

After these riots and disturbances the summer passed very heavily with the Bishop. He had such frequent returns of a troublesome disorder that for weeks together he could not so much as step into his coach to take the air. In autumn his disorder abated; and indeed if ever he was better than usual, it was at that milder season of the year, the cold of winter, and the sharp winds of spring, and the heat of summer not so well agreeing with his tender constitution. His health and spirits were so much better, that he wrote A Letter to the new Parlament with hints of some regulations which the nation hopes and expects from them. This he considered as the last duty that he should ever be able to pay to his country, and therefore caused it to be printed, and to be delivered gratis at the two Houses to their respective Members.

At

At the very beginning of the year 1781 He had a return of his spitting of blood, and soon after that a most violent attack upon his stomach and bowels, insomuch that he was for some days in the most imminent danger, and was attended by Sir John Eliot twice or thrice in a day. At this critical juncture it added much to his pains and sufferings to hear of the death of several of his friends and acquaintance within the course of a few weeks, and among them of Dr. Lloyd, his contemporary at school and at college, and one of his oldest and most intimate friends. Something has before been said of Dr. Lloyd of his merits and of his misfortunes. He has often said, that he had a ticket in every state lottery, but never obtained a single prize. It is a common remark, that prizes of this kind seldom wear well or prosper long. They lightly come, and lightly go. A relation of Dr. Lloyd by marriage, Dr. William Freind, brother to Dr. Robert Freind Master of Westminster School, and to Dr. John Freind the famous physician, had a prize of 20,000*l.* in Queen Anne's time, and another considerable prize of 5 or 10,000*l.* in the reign of George I. but yet with these lucky hits he would have died a prisoner in the Fleet, if his old schoolfellow, the Earl of Winchelsea, when he was at the head of the Admiralty, had not made him a chaplain to a ship of 100 guns. To die in the Fleet prison was the fate of Dr.

Lloyd's son, after a long course of extravagance in company with Wilkes and Churchill; or otherwise having a very good capacity (as his poems abundantly testify) instead of a drain or burden, he might have been a support and ornament to his family. This blow was therefore the more grievous to so good a father; yet with all his troubles and disappointments, with all the sickness and distress in his family, he still preserved his calm placid countenance, his easy chearful temper, and was at all times an agreeable friend and companion, in all events a true christian philosopher. The Bishop of Bristol never regretted his want of patronage more than upon his account, having nothing to give him worthy of his acceptance. Dr. Markham was always well disposed to his old fellow labourer in the school, and was no sooner made Archbishop of York and Lord Almoner, than he had thoughts of promoting him to be Subalmoner; but that design did not succeed, there being no vacancy as was expected. The Archbishop is no very great patron, yet being of as liberal and noble a way of thinking as any man living, he collated him in the most generous and handsome manner to a good prebend in the church of York, and the very first that he had to bestow, as much to his own credit and honor as to the benefit and advantage of Dr. Lloyd, and was universally applauded for it. But his bounty did not stop here, for in the following

year

year he bestowed upon him a good sinecure, and exchanged his former prebend for a dignity in the church, with a better prebend annexed to it: and all these things so graciously given as to double the value of the gifts, and thereby to render the latter end of Job more comfortable than the beginning. He was now in possession of 300*l.* a year addition to his income, besides the chance of good fines: but alas! these preferments he held a very short time, having succeeded to them in the latter part of the summer 1780, and dying at the beginning of January 1781. And something of his former ill fortune pursued him to the last, for an agreement having been made for a fine of 460*l.* if he had lived but two days longer, the lease would have been sealed, and he would have received the money.

After Dr. Lloyd's death two others of the Bishop's contemporaries were still living, Lord Mansfield and Mr. Church, who were both elected to Oxford at the same time that he was to Cambridge. Mr. Church was usually called Honest John Church, and very worthy he was of the appellation. As he resided altogether upon his livings in Suffolk, he was little known in the world; but wherever he was known, he was greatly esteemed, having been both man and boy a pattern of prudence and discretion, of probity and integrity, of good temper and good manners, and in many respects living up to the character of the

good

good person, imitated from Chaucer and inlarged by Dryden.

Lord Mansfield's is a character above all praise, the oracle of law, the standard of eloquence, and pattern of all virtue, both in public and private life. It was happy for the nation as well as for himself, that at his age there appeared not the least symptom of decay in his bodily or in his mental faculties, but he had all the quickness and vivacity of youth tempered with all the knowlege and experience of old age. Except the King's no man's life was of greater importance and consequence to his country, and wishing well to him was wishing well to all mankind. When his nephew Lord Stormont had married, and had a fair prospect of having children, he with good reason asked and obtained an earldom for himself to descend to the male heirs. Upon which occasion Bishop Newton in the sincerity of his heart addressed to him the following letter.

" Kew Green, Oct. 20, 1776.

" My Lord,

" You have long merited the highest honors
" which this country can bestow; but it was not
" fitting that they should die with you, something
" should remain as a monument to posterity. I
" beg leave therefore to congratulate your Lord-
" ship, or rather my Lord Stormont, upon your
" additional

" additional titles. Nothing can be properly an
" addition to yourself. You may rank higher in
" the world, but you cannot rise higher in the opi-
" nion and esteem of all who know you, and par-
" ticularly of,

" My dear Lord,

" Your Lordship's ever affectionate
" and obedient Servant."

Soon after he was favored with the following friendly answer.

" Kenwood 22 Oct. 1776.

" My dear Lord,

" I am exceedingly flattered by your letter,
" which I have just received, because I know the
" friendly sincerity of the heart from whence
" it flows. You do justice to my view in this cre-
" ation. Lady Stormont is five months gone with
" child. If it please God to bless Lord Stormont
" with issue male, I wish from a pardonable va-
" nity because common, that they may represent
" my name as their first title. The manner of
" conferring this mark did great honor, and con-
" sequently gave great pleasure to

" Your most affectionate &c."

The event was answerable to the good wishes and expectations of himself, his family and friends; for

for at the beginning of March following Lady Stormont was delivered at Paris of a son and heir to the title of Earl of Mansfield. Another son has been born since, and probably there may be more. The noble Lord thus lives happy in himself, happy in his family, *plenus annis, plenus honoribus, etiam illis quos recusavit*, and may he long, very long continue thus! Yet with all this worth, and all this excellence, greatly as he has been esteemed, and highly as he has been honored in his life time, his virtues will shine forth more illustrious, and his merits will be more universally allowed and applauded after his death. Envy will then be dumb, and faction be heard no more.

Upon the death of Dr. Marriott, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster, the Bishop weak and ill as he was, in justice to Dr. Smith, and out of affection to the School, wrote the following letter to Lord North.

" My Lord,

" At first I thought of addressing this letter to
" your Lordship in the public papers, but for the
" greater decency I choose to direct it immediately
" to yourself. You are, my Lord, a man of learn-
" ing, you are a patron of learned men. You
" have the disposal of the chief of the King's pre-
" ferments for the encouragement of learning.
" One would imagin too, that you had some regard
" for

" for Westminster School, by honoring the scho-
" lars with your presence at their dramatic per-
" formances, which appear to give no little plea-
" sure. But how then comes it to pass, that for
" several years past, neither the Dean nor the
" twelve Prebendaries, were any one of them edu-
" cated at the School? Such an instance, I be-
" lieve, is not to be found in the annals of time,
" since the foundation by Queen Elizabeth. The
" successive Masters of the School for more than
" a century past have usually had a prebend given
" them, or something of honor. Dr. Busby en-
" joyed a prebend many years. Dr. Knipe had
" likewise a prebend. Dr. Freind and Dr. Nicoll
" were both Prebendaries of Westminster and
" Canon of Christ Church. Dr. Markham and
" Dr. Hinchliffe obtained higher walks in life.
" And shall such an industrious Master as Dr.
" Smith remain a single exception? After 16 or
" 17 years constant labor and faithful service in a
" royal foundation, shall he receive no royal re-
" ward? After repeated applications and repulses,
" shall he still suffer the mortification of seeing
" others unworthily preferred before him? Forbid
" it, Candor. Forbid it, Justice. Such illiberal
" treatment, so contrary to laudable custom and
" antient practice, would cast a shade even upon
" your Lordship's character; and what is worse,
" would be a disparagement to the School, and a
" discou-

" discouragement to learning. In general I am a
" friend to your administration, and have ap-
" proved myself such upon many occasions. But
" shall I commend you in this? No, here all the
" world must condemn you, if not as an enemy,
" yet certainly as no friend to Westminster School.

" I do most faithfully assure your Lordship,
" that I have no particular acquaintance or con-
" nection with Dr. Smith, and neither is he nor
" any man privy to the contents of this letter, but
" your Lordship and the Writer, who cannot but
" feel for the credit and honor of the School,
" having been

" A Quondam Westminster Scholar."

It is to be hoped that this letter was not without some effect; for tho' Dr. Smith was again disappointed in not succeeding to Dr. Marriott's stall, yet he had the satisfaction of receiving under the Minister's own hand an absolute promise of the very next vacancy: which no doubt his Lordship will perform out of his regard to learning as well as for his own credit and character.

Some books were published in 1781, which employed some of the Bishop's leisure hours in his rural retreat and during his illness. Mr. Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire he read throughout, but it by no means answered his expectation. For he found it

it rather a prolix and tedious performance, his matter uninteresting, and his stile affected, his testimonies not to be depended upon, and his frequent scoffs at religion offensive to every sober mind. He had before been convicted of making false quotations, which should have taught him more prudence and caution. But without examining his authorities there is one, which must necessarily strike every man who has ever read Dr. Burnet's treatise *De statu mortuorum.* In vol. 3. p. 99. Mr. Gibbon has the following note. "Burnet *De statu mortuorum* (p. 56—84) collects the opinions of the fathers, as far as they assert the sleep or repose of human souls till the day of judgment. He afterward exposes (p. 91, &c.) the inconveniencies which must arise, if they possessed a more active and sensible existence." Who would not from hence infer, that Dr. Burnet was an advocate for the sleep and insensible existence of the soul after death! Whereas his doctrine is directly the contrary. He has employed some chapters in treating of the state of human souls in the interval between death and the resurrection; and after various proofs from reason, from scripture, and the fathers, his conclusions are, that human souls exist after their separation from the body, that they are in a good or evil state according to their good or ill behaviour, but that neither their happiness nor their

their misery will be complete and perfect before the day of judgment. His argumentation is thus summed up at the close of the 4th chapter. *Ex quibus constat primo, Animas superasse extincto corpore; secundo, Bonas bene, malas male, se habituras; tertio, Nec illis summam felicitatam, nec his summam miseriam, accessuram esse ante diem judicii.* The Bishop's reading the whole was a greater compliment to the work than was paid to it by two of the most eminent of his brethren for their learning and station. The one entered upon it, but was soon wearied, and laid it aside in disgust. The other returned it upon the bookseller's hands, and it is said that Mr. Gibbon himself happened unluckily to be in the shop at the same time. Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets afforded more amusement, but candor was much hurt and offended at the malevolence that predominates in every part. Some passages, it must be allowed, are judicious and well written, but make not sufficient compensation for so much spleen and ill humour. Never was any biographer more sparing of his praises, or more abundant in his censures. He seemingly delights more in exposing blemishes than in recommending beauties, slightly passes over excellences, inlarges upon imperfections, and not content with his own severe reflections revives old scandal, and produces large quotations from the long forgotten works of former

mer critics. His reputation was so high, in the republic of letters, that it wanted not to be raised upon the ruins of others. But these essays, instead of raising a higher idea than was before entertained of his understanding, have certainly given the world a worse opinion of his temper. The Bishop was therefore the more surprised and concerned for his townsman, for he respected him not only for his genius and learning, but valued him much more for the more amiable part of his character, his humanity and charity, his morality and religion. *Lenit albescens animos capillus*, as Horace says. Old age should lenify, should soften mens manners, and make them more mild and gentle, but often has the contrary effect, hardens their hearts, and renders them more sour and crabbed. The panygerist of Savage in his youth, may in his old age become the satirist of the most favourite authors, in both cases alike to be blamed, his encomium as unjust and undeserved as his censures. Dr. Milles's edition of Rowley's Poems, and Mr. Bryant's remarks upon the same, are curious pieces for all the lovers of antiquity. The Bishop by all that he could learn and collect at Bristol was all along of opinion, that it was utterly impossible for Chatterton to be the author of these poems; and he was pleased to have his judgment confirmed by the concurrence of two such able writers. Who the real author was, whether

whether Rowley or any one else, is a question more of curiosity than of any great use and importance. If the Bishop had ever so strong an inclination to enter into the controversy, yet the failure of his eyes would not suffer him to pursue it: and he could not help wishing that two such learned and ingenious men had employed their pens upon some subject of greater utility, and more worthy of them. Dr. Milles's should be considered as the work, rather of the President of the Society of Antiquaries, than of the Dean of Exeter; and as such it should have been intitled. This however is an ample proof, how worthily he filled the chair, to which the Society had advanced him. He was also deserving of a higher chair, if the governing powers had thought it proper.

On the first day of January 1782, the Bishop entered on the 79th year of his age. He reckoned himself to be the oldest Westminster scholar then living. He was older than the Earl of Mansfield, and on New Year's Day wrote the following note to his old friend and school-fellow.

St. Pauls, Jan. 1, 1782.

" My Lord,

" Give me leave at the coming in of the New " Year to address your Lordship with the old " wish of *multos et felices*. I am happy to hear " from all friends so good an account of your " health,

" health, and I rejoice in it for the sake of the
" public as well as your own, your's being a life
" of the greatest importance and consequence,
" an ornament and blessing to your country.
" Mine is but labour and sorrow, and I have
" often occasion devoutly to wish Lord, now
" lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Never
" having been strong and healthy, it is no wonder
" that entering into the 79th year of my age, I
" bow under a load of growing evils. One that
" distresses me much came on very fast by my
" illness this last summer, the failure of my eyes
" to such a degree, that I can read and write very
" little by day light, and not at all by candle-
" light with the help of any glasses. But amidst
" all my infirmities, God be praised, my spirits
" still bear me up. If they were to fail, I should
" be miserable indeed. I had the good fortune
" not to hear of Lady Mansfield's illness, till I
" was informed of her recovery, which I hope
" continues as complete and perfect as it is re-
" ported to be. As long as I live I shall offer up
" my prayers for the health and happiness of
" your Lordship and all your family; and I must
" cease to be myself, before I can cease to be,

" My dear Lord,

" Your ever affectionate, obliged,

" and faithful humble servant."

The

The bearer who carried this note returned with this obliging answer.

Jan. 1, 1782.

"My dear Lord,

"A thousand thanks to you for your most "friendly letter. We two are almost left alone. "Thank God, I go down the hill without pain "except for the public: and if the Brest fleet and "convoy are dispersed and driven back, this "year opens propitiously. Lady Mansfield, bles-"sed be God, has had a miraculous recovery "from a very sudden and violent illness. Pru-"dence on her account has kept me hitherto in "town these holidays. I hope to be able soon to "have the pleasure of seeing you, and thanking "you personally for your kind remembrance of

"Your most affectionate, &c."

The Bishop's concern for the public was not less than Lord Mansfield's, for we have very little to hope, and very much to fear from the sad dismal prospect before us, from the gross immorality and irreligion of our people, from the want of spirit and resolution and stediness in counsel, from the want of conduct and courage and fidelity in action, from the great attention to private interest and little regard to the public welfare, from Admirals and Generals sacrificing more to the pleasure

pleasure of their party than to the honor of their country or their own, from the capture of our armies at land and the dimunition of our dominion of the sea, from the loss of some of our territories, and the danger of losing more, from the number and superior forces of our enemies, and from the parties and factions among ourselves. It is hard to contend with all the world, but our domestic enemies are the worst of all. All persons complain of the weight of taxes and the dearness of provisions, and yet how few retrench their expenses, or forbear their pleasures, their mistresses and their country houses; operas, balls, masquerades, all kinds of entertainment; gaming, adultery, and all kinds of vice; abound as much as ever. And from hence what is there to hope, what is there not to fear? He dreaded the calamities impending over his country infinitely more than his own death, and would gladly by his own death have averted them, if it had been possible. But he was sensible, that the fate of his country was a part only of a greater plan, that Divine Providence was bringing about wonderful revolutions in the earth, which he could not live to see accomplished. He plainly perceived the beginning, and could only ask the question with the prophet Daniel, "O my Lord, what shall the end of "these things be?" But still he did not absolutely despair of the commonwealth. He was not like

the generality of Englishmen all triumph or all dejection. There are changes and revolutions in all human affairs. "And why? God is the judge, he "putteth down one and setteth up another." The same hand, that in judgment has stricken us and brought us low, in mercy may heal us and lift us up again. National pride and vanity are justly humbled to bring forth national repentance and reformation. Our successes have been our ruin. Our distresses may prove our restoration. With all our wounds and bruises there are still some vital signs, some symptoms of recovery; or otherwise this little island could not make so glorious a stand as we have made, and do make against the combined force of so many enemies. He would have died much happier, if he had left his country in a more florishing condition. He had survived most of his friends and acquaintance, but like father Paul he wished his country to be perpetual, *Esto perpetua.* His friends, who had usually dined with him in celebration of his birth-day were reduced to Sir John Eliot alone besides his own family; and he might fitly have applied to himself *Cedat, uti conviva satur*, and have retired like a guest satisfied with a full meal. Satisfied indeed he was with life, with the good as well as evil of it; and thought it equally his duty to be thankful for the former and patient of the latter, trusting in God ,that he would "not suffer him to

"be

" be tempted above that he was able, but would
" with the temptation also make a way to escape,
" that he might be able to bear it."

It was really wonderful that such a poor, and weak, and slender thred as the Bishop's life should be spun out to such an amazing length. In the summer of 1781, in the autumn usually the most favorable part of the year to him, he laboured under repeated illnesses, with an account of which, as it is unnecessary, it would be disagreeable to trouble the reader. And so let the last act here be closed, and the curtain drop. He lived some time afterwards in great weakness of body, but with his mind vigorous and chearful to the last. He had tender affections and sympathies which helped to detain him in life; he had growing evils and calamities, which disposed him rather to say, Oh! that the glass of life were run! But yet not mine, thy will be done. He was like the Apostle in a straight betwixt two, and thought with him that it was far better to depart than abide in the flesh. But as he could not possibly know, God only knew, which of the two was best and fittest for him, he wished to refer himself entirely to God's good pleasure, and to wait for his appointed time with patience and resignation. He hoped however whether he lived to live unto the Lord, or whether he died to die unto the Lord. Living or dying he prayed to be the Lord's.

THE Bishop having finished the whole of this work but a very few days before it pleased God to release him, the reader will perceive that little remains to be added but the time and manner of his death. He might very justly wonder how such a weak, infirm body was so long preserved, for few men perhaps had more constant or severer infirmities to combat with than himself. It is difficult to determine at the Bishop's time of life, and with his variety of complaints, what was the immediate cause of his death. The spring was usually the most unfavorable part of the year to his constitution, for some years past he scarce ever escaped a violent illness, owing probably to the north east winds which prevail at that time, and which never failed of producing an inflammation upon his lungs. He had passed the months of November, December, and January without any very alarming attack, and upon the whole he thought he had got through the winter as well as he could ever hope or expect. The severe weather at the beginning of February brought with it all his old complaints. On Saturday the 9th of that month he began to find his breath much affected by the frost. On the Sunday he grew worse, the

oppression

oppression upon his chest increased, and he was unable as he usually did upon that day to see his friends in the evening. On the Monday having had two very bad nights, and gaining no ground, he lost some blood, which generally was an immediate relief to him, and was an operation he always bore uncommonly well; not receiving the benefit from it that was expected, it was thought necessary to bleed him a second time on the Tuesday, and apply a blister to his back. Neither of these had the desired effect, for he had a most restless night, and was by no means relieved the next morning. During all this time he came down stairs at his usual hour, breakfasted and dined with his family, and omitted no part of his daily business; bad as he was on the Wednesday, he would be shaved and dressed. In the evening about nine o'clock his physician left him apparently not worse, he rather thought him upon the whole something better, and there certainly was no indication of immediate danger. His night however proving very bad, and his breath growing shorter, he got up at five o'clock and was placed in a chair by the fire; complained to his wife how much he had suffered in bed, and repeated to himself that portion of the Psalms, "O my "God, I cry unto thee in the day-time but Thou "hearest not, and in the night season also I take "no rest. And thou continuest holy, O thou

"worship

"worship of Israel." About six o'clock, the apothecary who had set up with him during the night, left him in a quiet sleep. Between seven and eight he awoke, and appeared rather more easy, took a little nourishment and enquired what o'clock it was. He continued dozing till near nine, when he ordered his servant to come and dress him and help him down stairs. As soon as he was dressed he again enquired the hour, and bid his man open the shutter and look at the dial of St. Pauls. The servant answered it was upon the stroke of nine; the Bishop made an effort to take out his watch with an intent to set it, but sunk down in his chair, and expired without a sigh, or the least visible emotion, his countenance still retaining the same placid appearance which was so peculiar to him when alive. He was buried on Thursday the 28th of February early in the morning by his own desire in the vaults of St. Pauls, immediately under the south isle: and it was the intention of his widow, to erect a monument in the church to his memory; but on applying to the trustees of the fabric for their permission, she found that the introduction of monuments into St. Pauls cathedral was not agreeable to them. Bow church was then fixed upon, as the next proper place; and the present rector, Dr. Apthorp, having acceded to her proposal in the most obliging manner, she is now

much

much gratified in her ardent wish of seeing the monument completed in her life-time.

It is an exquisite piece of sculpture, executed by Mr. T. Banks, of Newman-street; and is erected in the chancel, near the south side of the communion-table. The principal subject is Religion and Science deploring the loss of a character so eminent for both. On the top of the sarcophagus are a mitre and a book, in allusion to his learned Dissertations on the Prophecies; and in the front is a female figure, in bas-relief, weeping over the Bishop's portrait. The base is ornamented on one side with his own arms and those of his lady; and on the other with the arms of the Bishopric of Bristol.

Beneath the sarcophagus are the following lines from the pen of the ingenious Mrs. Carter.

In thee the fairest bloom of op'ning youth
Flourish'd beneath the guard of Christian Truth;
That guiding Truth to Virtue form'd thy mind,
And warm'd thy Heart to feel for all mankind.
How sad the change my widow'd days now prove,
Thou soul of Friendship, and of tender Love!
Yet holy Faith one soothing Hope supplies,
That points our future Union in the Skies.

To

To which lines is subjoined the following Prose Inscription.

Sacred to the memory of
THOMAS NEWTON, D. D.
Twenty-five years Rector of this Church,
Dean of St. Paul's, Bishop of Bristol.
He resigned his soul to his Almighty Creator,
February the XIVth, MDCCLXXXII,
In the LXXIXth year of his age.
His remains were, according to his desire,
Interred under the South isle of St. Paul's.
Reader,
If you would be further informed of his character,
Acquaint yourself with his writings.
His second wife, who had the happiness of living with him
In the most perfect love upwards of twenty-one years,
Has caused this monument to be placed as a
Testimony of her affection and gratitude
To the kindest husband, and most
Benevolent friend.

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

REV. PHILIP SKELTON;

WITH SOME CURIOUS ANECDOTES,

BY SAMUEL BURDY, A. B.

Virtus post funera vivit.

PREFACE.

THE following narrative will not, I hope, be deemed unworthy of notice in an age so attentive to productions of a similar nature. The person who is the subject of it has published, it is well known, seven octavo volumes, which, though not among the most perfect of their kind, on the whole, possess such merit as proves him a man of genius. Besides, to write so much in defence of religion and virtue demands, I should think, some gratitude from those who are influenced by a regard for the most important interests of mankind.—The learned works of that most worthy man, his eminent abilities as a preacher, his other uncommon exertions in his ministerial capacity, the singularity of his character, the strict purity of his conduct, and his surprising charities, taken all together, made him perhaps one of the most extraordinary persons that Ireland has produced, where he was universally known, and also the frequent subject of conversation. I shall therefore make

make no further apology for publishing his life.

In collecting the materials for it I carefully endeavoured to come at truth, which is acknowledged to be the first excellence of every historic composition. But lest the reader may not be satisfied of my care in this point I shall briefly mention my authorities.

Having been recommended to Mr. Skelton, by means of two sisters of his at Dromore, in the year 1780, when I was a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, I was soon after admitted into his friendship and confidence, in which I continued until he died. During the three last years of my residence at that university, I passed at least three evenings with him in the week, and in my absence was favoured with his correspondence. In my numerous conversations with him I frequently inquired into the several incidents of his life, and usually preserved the information he afforded me. From his sisters above-mentioned, and some others of his relations, and from the people in the parish where he was born, I learned more particulars both of him and his family. With the materials thus obtained I was not content, but, in the year 1788, went to the several parishes where he had lived either as curate or rector, and conversed with those who were well acquainted with him during the

the different periods of his life, to acquire more anecdotes, and render my information as accurate as possible. I also, among other places too tedious to mention, extended my journey to the metropolis, and received there such intelligence as made sufficient amends for my trouble. In preparing the materials for the press I have probably taken more pains than it would be prudent to own, being resolved not to offer a work of this kind to the public without serious and mature deliberation.

Doun, January 10, 1792.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF THE LATE

REV. PHILIP SKELTON.

BIOGRAPHY conveys very useful instruction. It sets before us the lives of eminent men, that we may imitate their virtues, or avoid their vices. It is a tribute due to merit after death, and an inducement for others to strive to deserve this honour. It is even more congenial to our feelings than history itself; because few can be statesmen or generals, but every one bears a part in society. The historian introduces us into national assemblies, and presents to us scenes of public commotion. The biographer leads us into the sequestered walks of private life. The one is therefore more dignified and important; the other more pleasing and natural. We are usually curious

rious to know every circumstance of the lives of those, who have been distinguished from the rest of men. Yet so depraved is our nature, that we read with more delight accounts of the destroyers than of the preservers of mankind. We are more pleased to attend the conqueror in his progress of ruin and devastation, than to observe the faithful pastor, carefully endeavouring to remove the doubts, rectify the errors, supply the wants, and soften the sorrows, of the flock committed to his charge. Of this latter sort was the great and good man, whose life I now offer to the public.

Philip Skelton was born in the parish of Derriaghy near Lisburn, in February 1706-7. His father, Richard Skelton, was a decent honest countryman, who held under Lord Conway a large farm at a cheap rent. The father of Richard was the first of the family that came over from England to reside in Ireland. He was an engineer of some repute in that country, and was sent over by King Charles I. to inspect the Irish fortifications. He enjoyed, however, but a short time the benefit of this employment, when the rebellion of forty-one began; and being then deprived of it was reduced to difficulties, which were at least not diminished by the accession of Cromwel's party to power; for, as he might expect, they would not restore him to an office conferred on him by the King, the unhappy victim of their ambition. Necessity

cessity obliged him now to strive to get an honest livelihood by working with his hands, to which, we may suppose, he was not accustomed before. Such changes, however, in men's circumstances were not unusual at that time, when, by the victory of the saints, society was inverted. He soon after married, and got a farm in the county of Armagh, where he resided during the rest of his life.

His son Richard in his younger days lived at Bottle-hill in the same county. He had served an apprenticeship to a gunsmith, and was employed at that trade when he went to Kilwarlin, and married there Arabella Cathcart, by whom he got the farm in Derriaghy already mentioned. Having removed, on his marriage to that parish, he wrought diligently at his trade, until the whole country was put in confusion by the war between William and James. He was then carried off by King James, and compelled to work for his army. His wife, who had two children, and was with child of the third, having obtained a pass from the King, retired with her family to Island-Magee, a small peninsula near Carrickfergus; where she was delivered of her third child, and experienced, during her illness, tender usage from the poor inhabitants, who sat up with her at nights to take care of her. "Whose turn is it (they used to "say to one another) to sit up with the stranger

"to night." Nor was she ungrateful to them for their kindness. She entrusted her house and farm to a Roman Catholic family called Himill, who, acting with singular honesty on the occasion, sent her, in abundance, butter, flour, and and every other necessary of life, the produce of her farm, to her place of retirement. With a large share of what she received she rewarded the people of Island-Magee for their services. On her return she found every thing belonging to her carefully preserved by the catholics, who took as much care of her property as if it had been their own. Such instances of fidelity were but rare in those turbulent times, when bigotry too often destroyed the force of moral obligations. Her children, on that account, had always a regard for those of the catholic persuasion. I heard Mr. Skelton often say, that the poor original Irish were naturally faithful, humane, and averse to blood.

His father, who preferred the cause of William, wrought afterwards voluntarily for his army. Let us not despise him for being the son of a gunsmith. Men of superior merit do not always spring up in the higher ranks of society. Demosthenes, it is well known, was the son of a blacksmith; yet this circumstance of his origin never detracted from his fame. The poet, his panegyrist, seems to dwell on it with pleasure.

Quem

Quem pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus,
A carbone, et forcipibus, gladiosque parante
Incude, et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.

His father blear-ey'd with the glowing bar,
That Vulcan forms to instruments of war,
Sent him from this to learn a nobler art,
With eloquence to charm the human heart.

In the latter part of his life he quitted the gunsmith trade, which could not be profitable in a country place, and kept a little tan-yard. So that Mr. Skelton used to call himself the son of a tanner. At his father's, he said, they always got beef on a Sunday, but not regularly during the rest of the week. The farm he had was indeed sufficient of itself to afford a competent support to himself and family; yet it was necessary he should be frugal and industrious, for he had six sons and four daughters. Three of his sons were educated for clergymen of the established church, of which he was a member; Philip who was the youngest, John who was schoolmaster of Dundalk, and Thomas who had the small living of Newry.

Philip, when he was about ten years old, was sent to Lisburn Latin school, which was then kept by the Rev. Mr. Clarke, a man of eminence in his profession; who, having afterwards left that place on account of a dispute with Lord Conway, obtained the school of Drogheda, where he lived to an

advanced age. His spirited resistance thus helped to get him promotion in the world, which too frequently is the effect of tame submission to superiors. However, he did not leave Lisburn, until after Mr. Skelton had completed the course of his school studies. His father, though he lived within two miles of the town, placed him at lodgings there, that he might enjoy every opportunity of improvement. Sensible of its importance, he did not spare expence to give his children education. On Saturday evening he always went to his father's and returned to Lisburn on Monday morning.

At first he did not relish his grammar, which seemed dry and disagreeable, and therefore he would not confine himself to it. The master complained of this to his father, who used the following method to cure him of his idleness. He raised him one Monday morning early out of his bed, and having put a pair of coarse brogues on his feet, ordered him to go out immediately to the fields to work with the common labourers. This command he willingly obeyed, supposing it would be less laborious to toil there, than to fatigue his head with hard study. His father made him carry stones on a hand-barrow, and submit to the severest drudgery; not allowing him to come home to his breakfast, but keeping him fasting long beyond the usual time, and then sending it to him of the coarsest

coarsest food to take in the open fields. When he returned from his day's work, he treated him as he did the lowest servant. He would not suffer him to keep company with the rest of his children, but bade him go to his companions the servants, and stay with them. Broken down at last by this hard usage he began to relent, and burst into tears. His father then said to him, "Sirrah, I'll make "this proposal to you: Whether do you choose "to toil and drudge all your life, as you have "these few days past, living on coarse food, clad "in frize clothes, and with brogues on your feet, "or to apply to your books, and eat, and drink, "and be dressed like your brothers here?" pointing to his brothers, who, at vacation, had just then come down from the university, decked out in Dublin finery. Poor Philip, whose bones ached with the hand-barrow, said, "he would readily go "to school, and be attentive to his studies." Accordingly he did so, and continued studious ever after.

The success of this project proved the sagacity of his father, who was remarkable for his good sense over the whole parish of Derriaghy. The gentlemen of fortune in that place had such an high opinion of him, that they used to invite him frequently to their houses, for the sake of his conversation. A Bishop Smyth in particular, who lived there, showed him every mark of attention, and

and his Lordship's daughters were pleased to make a companion of his eldest daughter, a young woman of sense and accomplishments superior to her opportunities. His father had also some knowledge of architecture, being employed to superintend the building of the present church of Derriaghy. His circumstances, by his care and industry, were daily improving, when death carried him off from his disconsolate family in the fiftieth year of his age; while he was engaged in building a dwelling house, and making a new tan-yard, neither of which were ever after completed. Such are the hopes of man! A few hours before he died, he called to him his ten children to give them a charge. Philip, who had been then but half a year at the Latin school, he desired to study physic, and learn to cure the disease that was killing his father. He obeyed, as I will shew, his dying command, but fixed on divinity for his profession, to which he believed himself called by a voice more than human. Thus did he lose in his tender years an excellent father, a man of admirable sense, a strict observer of religion, and a careful instructor of his children. He retained ever after a grateful remembrance of his worth. In his Senilia he calls him "his wise "and good father." He used to say with Horace, that if he were appointed to choose a father out of all the men in the world, he would take the one he had.

While he lived at Enniskillen, he was once on a visit at Mr. Armour's of Castle-Coole, where he met with a Mr. Tench, Dr. Mc. Donald of the diocess of Clogher, and some others. The conversation turning upon the requisites to make a gentleman, on which they differed in opinion, Dr. Mc. Donald said, education made a gentleman. Skelton denied it. He said, that he only was a gentleman, as Lord Burleigh defines it, who has riches derived from ancestors, that possessed them for time immemorial. He then told them, there was not one of them a gentleman except Mr. Tench. "As for "myself," he continued, "I am no gentleman, "my father was only a tanner; yet I would not "change him for the best of your fathers, for he "was a man of virtue and religion."

His mother was left with ten children. She had indeed the benefit of the family farm, but land at that time was comparatively of little value, and a great part of hers was rough and mountainous. Of consequence, her means of support for such a family were not over abundant; but she made amends for this by her care and prudence in managing her affairs. Her son Philip, who continued still to go to the Latin school, lived, as it seemed convenient, partly at her house, and partly at lodgings in Lisburn. The sharp medicine which his father administered to him, having cured him effectually of his idleness, he was ever after, as I said before,

before, extremely attentive to his studies. He that gains the prize of literature has passed through a previous course of discipline while a boy. *Dedicit prius extimuitque magistrum.* His parts, at first, were not remarkably quick or retentive, but his diligence enabled him to overcome every obstacle. When he was at a loss for candles to read at night, which frequently happened, he made use of furze, which he gathered for the purpose, and then throwing them piece by piece upon the fire, read by the glimmering light. Such was the expedient suggested by an ardent desire for learning. He used to tell us, that when he was at school, he and some of his schoolfellows, who were also remarkably studious, often met together in the fields and examined each other most strictly for halfpence. He that missed the answer of the question proposed was forced to give a halfpenny to the boy who examined him; which made them, as he remarked, prepare themselves with great care, for halfpence were then very scarce.

The following little incident of his life, while he was at the Latin-school, cannot, I think, be unworthy the attention of the curious. Straying one day through the fields near Lisburn, he happened to shout out on the top of a hill there, and found that the echo repeated the same words successively in a still lower tone. He used afterwards to amuse himself often with speaking loud at this place. One morning

morning he was repeating there the first line of Virgil,

Tityre tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,

when the usher of the school, a Scotchman, of a sour temper, very fat, and remarkable for chewing tobacco, walking near the place, and hearing the echo, imagined he was calling to him in a jeering tone of voice, fat chops, tobacco box. The Scotchman was so enraged at this supposed insult, that he insisted on Skelton's being turned out of school; if not, he would leave it himself. Skelton told the master the story of the echo, and appealed to his schoolfellows for the truth of what he said. But the usher would not be pacified, and at last, as a great favour, was content with his being whipped.

This odd sort of echo near Lisburn is mentioned in his Latin treatise on sounds by Dr. Hales late of Trinity College, one of the most worthy clergymen of Ireland, whose humility can be only equalled by his learning. For he had none of that stiff dignity, and supercilious importance, that too often distinguish academic authority. The whole account of the echo, conveyed in Mr. Skelton's own words, is inserted in a Latin note at the end of the volume; but, on examination, I find it is of too philosophic a nature to be introduced into a work of this kind. I cannot now recollect any other incident of his life, while at school, worth relating. It appears indeed that

that he was not upon that occasion treated with over indulgence by the master, who, without any fault of his own, whipped him, just to please a peevish Scotch usher. To the sons of poor or middling men it would, I think, be a disadvantage to meet with too gentle usage from their preceptors. It is fit they should, from the beginning, be trained to difficulties, with which they may be forced to struggle all their days.

On leaving school, he entered a sizer * in the university of Dublin, as the college books inform us, in June 1724. His tutor was the famous Dr. Delany, who, by his conduct, proved himself, his real friend ever after. He applied there with diligence to the useful studies enjoined by that noble seminary, and soon acquired the reputation of a scholar. However, his attention to his books did not prevent him from displaying his skill in the manly exercises, in which he could find but few equal to him. He was allowed to be an excellent

* It is odd, that he never even insinuated to me, or, as far as I could learn, to any other of his acquaintances, that he entered the college in that capacity. Nor had I the least suspicion of it, until, on examining the college books, I found, that there were two Skeltons, both sizers, at that time in the college. All this might be construed into a sort of pride in him. Yet why should he be ashamed of being once in that academic station, which has produced some of the greatest and most conspicuous characters in Ireland?

boxer,

boxer, nor was he unwilling, if an opportunity offered, to show his cleverness in this accomplishment. He was also very dexterous in the small sword, and a complete master in the backsword. He could come up to a St. George, throw an out and cut an in *, save himself, and strike his antagonist.

While he was in the college, he went once to Donybrook fair, and heard it proclaimed there, that a hat was set up as a prize for the best cudgel-player. The two cudgels with basket-hilts lying for public inspection, Skelton, like a second Dares, stept forward, took up one them made a bow to the girls, and challenged an antagonist to oppose him. On this a confident young fellow came up and accepted the challenge. Immediately a ring was formed, and the two heroes began. They fought for a while on equal terms, warding off the blows by their skill in the science of defence. But at last his antagonist was off his guard, and Skelton taking the advantage, hit him some smart strokes about the head, and made him throw down the cudgel, and own he was conquered. He thus gained the victory, and won the hat. He then took the hat in his hand, showed it to the gaping crowd, made a bow to the girls, and told them, "he fought

* These are cant phrases used by teachers of fencing with the backsword.

"just

" just to please them, but would not keep the hat, " that they might have more amusement;" and then bowed again and retired. A hero in romance could not have been more complaisant to the fair sex.

The following trick of his, which has been since practised by some others, is not unsuitable to the character of a young man in the college. He and twelve more dining at at inn near Dublin, when the reckoning was to be paid, they discovered there was no money in the company. Skelton then invented the scheme of blindfolding the waiter, that the first he might catch should pay the reckoning, and thus they all escaped. However, he took care to have the landlord paid for his dinner.

He usually associated with his fellow students as often as he could find leisure from his studies, for he was remarkably fond of society, an inclination which adhered to him constantly through life. The fellows of the college, observing a crowd of students about him whenever he appeared in public, used to say to him, " Skelton you have more ac- " quaintances than any one in the college." In such a place, a similarity of age, dispositions, pursuits, often forms a society more agreeable than is experienced ever after. However, his fondness for society involved him then in a very unhappy affair. Ranging once through the town with a parcel of students, they raised a riot, and a man

was

was unfortunately killed by some of the party. This had a serious effect on him, and made him cautious of the company he kept in future.

His temper, as may be inferred, was naturally warm and courageous, and unable to brook an affront: of this he gave a sufficient proof while at the university, according to our notions of honour at present. For he had a quarrel there with one of his fellow-students, which they thought fit to determine at Stephen's Green with small swords. But when they came to the ground, the seconds interposed, and the affair was thus settled.

This quarrel with his fellow-student made his college life very uneasy to him. The young gentleman was some way connected with Dr. Baldwin the Provost, who, by his means, was Skelton's enemy ever after. Baldwin was a man of a haughty temper; he carried every thing in the college by absolute sway; he nominated fellows and scholars at pleasure. The statutes indeed give the Provost great authority; they were tinctured with a tyrannic complexion by the famous Archbishop Laud, a prelate of great learning and abilities, but unhappily a slave to ceremonies, and a promoter of arbitrary measures. The young man, who had still a spite against Skelton, pushed on by his malice to a false accusation, told the Provost he was a Jacobite, and thus, as he expected, roused his indignation against him. For Baldwin was one of the

greatest

greatest whigs of his day. He was a Junior Fellow when James II. made a barrack of our elegant seminary. The king turning him out of his fellowship, as he did all others who refused to subscribe to popery, he was obliged to go over to England, and teach a common English school for his bread. King William, when he gained the victory, restored him. He was a furious enemy to Queen Ann's last ministry, and was active in forming schemes against them; suspecting they had a design of bringing in the Pretender; and who can say there was no ground for such suspicions? Indeed a dark cloud, which time has not yet wholly dispelled, seems to have been cast over this affair. His opposition to Queen Ann's last ministry caused him to be taken notice of by George I. who made him Provost in 1715.

Enraged at Skelton on account of the charge imputed to him, he sent orders for him to come and appear before him. He instantly obeyed, little suspicious of the cause. The Provost then told him, he was assured on the best authority, that he was a Jacobite, and of consequence a most dangerous person in the university, where he might corrupt the youth by his bad principles. Skelton, astonished at the falsity of the charge, solemnly declared, that he was as strenuous for the House of Hanover as any one in Ireland. But the Provost, who placed more confidence in his favourite, said

he

he would not believe him, for he heard it from one on whose veracity he could depend. Hence all his protestations of innocence were vain. The Provost then said to him, " Child, I'll ruin you " for ever." " Will you damn my soul, Sir?" Skelton replied. " No," he said, " but I'll ruin " you in the college here." " Oh Sir," he observed, " that's but a short for ever." By this it appears that even then he had a warm sense of religion, and did not fear the puny resentment of man. The rich and great imagine they have happiness or misery at their finger's ends, and can deal them out at pleasure. Yet they are very stingy in bestowing one of them, supposing it best to keep it all to themselves, and probably they have much occasion for it. Their liberality with respect to the other, I shall not indeed question.

The dispute, that produced the malicious charge against his character, was owing chiefly to the conduct of his fellow-student, who imagined, his intimacy with the Provost gave him a right to say and do what he pleased. He thought every-thing became him. But Skelton could not bear his insolence; hence the quarrel ensued. The minion is often more intolerable than his master. The Provost did not delay the execution of his threats; he was scrupulous in keeping his word; he strove to hinder poor Skelton of a scholarship, but by a lucky mistake he was baffled in his pious efforts. He mistook

mistook him for another of the same name, and thus he received the reward of his merit, at Trinity 1726.

He piqued himself much on a cut of his (to use the college phrase) at his examination for scholarships. Dr. Delany, who examined in the Odes of Horace, met with these words, *carpe diem;* the lad he was examining called it seize the opportunity. This it seems did not please him, he therefore put it from one to another, till at last it came to Skelton, who said crop the day. "Right," the Doctor replied, "Why so?" "Because (said "Skelton) the day is a flower," preserving the beauty of the metaphor. The examiner, many of whom have strange peculiarities, gave him it seems an additional mark for this answer. We often value ourselves more on hits of this sort than on matters of real importance.

He did not over-abound with money at that time, and especially before he got a scholarship, the emoluments of which are sufficiently known. His two brothers the clergymen contributed in some degree to support the expence of his education; but the assistance derived from these and his mother was not sufficient to keep him out of debt and danger. He was once in particular forced to confine himself some weeks within the college for fear of bailiffs, who were prowling about the gates in search of him; for the lads would not allow these

these harpies to come within the walls; yet if any were so imprudent, they met with very harsh usage, which served as an example to terrify others in future. The testimony of his friend Mr. Hawkshaw, to whom he was a long time curate in Monaghan, partly confirms the account I have given. For he assured me, that, for some years after he got the cure of that place, he paid Dr. Delany a certain sum every year to discharge a debt contracted while in the college.

The narrowness of his circumstances made him apply more diligently to his books. He had but few temptations to go abroad; he wished to gain that distinction by literature, which he could not by fortune. The rich may slumber away their time, as they usually do, but the calls of nature often rouse the poor, and force them to their studies. Hunger is a most powerful spur to genius. *Magister artis ingeniique largitor venter.* It is this, he remarked, that chiefly helps the Scotch professors to make now such a figure in literature. Accustomed, he said, to encounter poverty in their youth, and living in a barren country, and keen sharp air, like that of Attica, they easily overcome many literary difficulties, which appear invincible to those, who were bred up in sloth, softness and plenty. There are indeed some additional reasons, derived from the nature of their institution,

 which

which would be inconsistent with my subject to dwell on at present.

Baldwin who was, if possible, still more enraged at him for tricking him out of a scholarship, if I may call it such, strove to vex him all in his power, for he was bitter in his aversions. In a short time he found it necessary to call him before him again but on a very different occasion.

Soon after he got a scholarship, on the death of Coghil the great civilian, there was a vacancy for a member of parliament to represent the university. Two candidates were proposed, one of them Dr. Helsham, the noted fellow, a tory, and the other Mr. Palliseer, a moderate man, whose father, the Archbishop of Cashel, had built Palliseer's building in the college, and made a present of a large collection of books for the library, which are to be seen there even now. Provost Baldwin, who required humble obedience in every thing, being averse to Helsham on account of his principles, sent for the scholars of the house, who with the fellows are the electors, and ordered them to vote for Mr. Palliseer. Skelton going among the number promised, as the rest did, to obey his command. Helsham's party finding now he would be unable to succeed set up in his room Dr. Elwood, a senior fellow and a whig, who, on that account, and by making larger offers and promises,

with

with which gentlemen abound at such seasons, brought over the Provost to his side. He then sent for the scholars again, and bade them not vote for Mr. Palliseer, but for Dr. Elwood. When he delivered his injunctions to Skelton*, he replied thus, " Sir you ordered me to support " Mr. Palliseer, and in obedience to your com- " mand, I waited on him, and told him I would " vote for him, how then can I, consistently with " honour, retract my promise?" " Skelton," said the Provost, " you must do as I desire you, or " mark the consequence." " Let it be as it may" he rejoined, " I will not break my word, but I " will vote for Mr. Palliseer." " Sirrah," he replied in a passion, " you are an obstinate impu- " dent fellow, and I never can get any good of " you; but I'll make you repent of it yet." On the day of the election, Mr. Palliseer found himself deserted by the majority of his friends, who, through fear of the Provost, whose power it was dangerous to oppose, were forced to declare against him. Skelton previous to the election, had got a hurt on his leg, which lamed him, and made him use a staff; and on the day on which it was held

* Dr. Palliseer of Rathsarnam told me, that Dr Baldwin assured him he was not an enemy to Mr. Palliseer on that election. On the contrary, Mr. Skelton assured me that the Provost, on summoning him the second time, positively ordered him to vote for Dr. Elwood.

came limping into the hall with a huge club in his hand, and a gown about his shoulders; a figure somewhat odd and terrific; for he was a large sized man, of a majestic appearance. When the Provost, who was returning officer, asked him whom he would vote for? he replied, with an intrepid countenance, that he would vote for Mr. Palliseer, and said openly before them all, that it was very ungrateful in them to reject the son of a man, who had done so much for the college. Yet the father's liberality to it could not secure for the son the honour of being one of its representatives. The Provost's whim, inclining to the opposite side, was sufficient to turn the scale against him.

Skelton's conduct at the college election must appear, I should think, in a most favourable point of view. No threats of a tyrannic superior could prevail on him shamefully to break his word, and desert, at the hour of trial, the man to whom he had promised support. He would not follow a multitude to do evil. The whole tenor of his life was exactly suitable to the instance I have given, as he was always too strict an observer of virtue to yield to the fashionable current of the times.

It appears from Dr. Baldwin's influence at the election, that the university in those times was a mere borough of the Provost. If the candidate secured his favour, he was chosen; if not, he was surely rejected. For the honour of modern times,

we

we can boast, that the case is now quite altered, and that the freedom of election is fully restored to it. He that is acquainted with the nature of college politics for these some years past must be fully convinced of this. But the subject is too delicate for me to handle with safety. Yet Mr. Skelton's remarks to me, with respect to the college election, though they savoured somewhat of the courtier, may, I hope, be introduced, without giving offence. He said, that the college should always choose men of consequence, and high authority with government to represent them. "Such persons (he "observed) would be able to obtain for them "favours from government, which young hot-"headed men of narrow connections could not "possibly procure. The fellows of the college "(he continued) have often complained to me "that government never make bishops of any of "them now, as they used in former times; but "how can they expect this, when they choose re-"prentatives to oppose them in parlament?"

A part of the college, while he was there, being accidentally set on fire, he laboured hard in carrying water to quench it, which could not be effected till three buildings were consumed. He fatigued himself thus almost to death, while many of his fellow-students quietly looked on. His brother Thomas was once while a school-boy in imminent danger from an accident of this sort; being confined

confined by a fever in a room in Lisburn when it was on fire; but he was luckily carried out to the fields before the flames reached the place where he lay.

Skelton, finding it impossible for him to gain the Provost's favour, resolved to take his degree as soon as the proper time arrived, and quit the college. He accordingly took due care to prepare himself for the examination, which it was necessary for him to undergo previous to his obtaining his degree, and answered as well as he could wish; but still there was an impediment in his way. The Provost strove to plague him once more before they parted. Being well assured he would be glad to get free of the college, where he was subject to his power, which he had made him too sensibly feel; on that account, at commencements*, by some idle pretence, he stopt him of his degree. He was thus all at once disappointed in his hopes. His only remedy now was to wait with patience till the next commencements, which would take place in about half a year. When the time began to approach, he considered how he might play a trick on the Provost and get his degree. Accordingly, a few days before it arrived, he waited on him, and after paying his humble submission, said

* Commencements signify the ceremony of taking degrees, which is held twice in the year, viz. on Shrove-Tuesday, and the Tuesday next after the 8th of July.

to

to him, "Mr. Provost, I am extremely obliged to "you for stopping me of my degree last time, "because it was what I wished for above all "things, and I beg and beseech you may also "stop me now, as my friends are forcing me to "take it and quit the college, contrary to my de-"sire." "Ah, you dog," he replied, "what do "you mean, do you wish to stay here contrary to "your friends consent? Take your degree, Sirrah, "and quit the college, or I'll make you smart for "it." Skelton began then to cry and whine and sob, saying how greatly distressed he was at getting this unfavourable answer. "Dont be growling here, Sir," he said, "but go about your busi-"ness, I'll not agree to your request, you shall "take your degree in spite of you, Sirrah." Upon this poor Skelton with sorrowful countenance, though with joy at his heart, walked grumbling out of the room. "My scheme (he told me) hap-"pily succeeded, so I took my degree, and quit "the college, and a fig for the Provost." "He "commenced Bachelor of Arts in July 1728, and "had his name taken off the college books on "the 31st of May following, two years before "the natural expiration of his scholarship."

Though Dr. Baldwin treated him with such severity, yet he always spoke of him with respect, and indeed justly, for he was on the whole an excellent Provost. He possessed, Skelton said, a kind

kind of solemn gravity suitable to his station. His person and external behaviour were dignified and striking. He required a strict adherence to academic discipline, and first set the example himself. He attended chapel twice every day, at ten in the morning, and four in the afternoon. He was also unmarried and a clergyman, an austerity enjoined by the letter of the statutes. Yet he could not entirely overcome the propensities of human nature. His partiality for a certain fair one afforded subject of some scandal, and at length roused the indignation of the students, who rose up against her and turned her out of the college.

Baldwin, it is owned, had most of the qualities requisite for the station he possessed; but their effect was often destroyed by his tyrannical imperious conduct. His violent expulsion of Dr. Hughes, a senior fellow, for some disrespectful expressions against him in his absence, strongly marks the character of the man. In his political opinions he could bear no opposition. He had an utter aversion to Dean Swift, because he was a tory, and used to say jeeringly of him, that he was remarkable for nothing else, while in the college, except for making a good fire. He would not allow his college-woman, he said, to do it, but took that trouble on himself. He died, when he was above ninety, in 1758, having enjoyed the Prevostship forty three years.

Skelton

Skelton related the following story of old Baldwin's prowess. The students were formerly obliged by the statutes to go to Patrick's Cathedral every Sunday in lent, which produced shocking quarrels between them and the butchers of Patrick's market. At one of these horrid conflicts, the Provost ran out before them, and said, "follow "me, my lads, and I'll head you. I am appointed "by your parents and friends to take care of you, "and I'll fight for you till I die." "He would "have done so too," said Skelton, "for he was "as brave as a lion." It was at length found necessary, on account of these quarrels, to pass an act of parlament dispensing with their attendance at St. Patrick's.

I have been so much taken up with his academic scuffles with Dr. Baldwin, that I inadvertently omitted a few more of his juvenile exploits, which may, not improperly, be introduced here. Among his other accomplishments, he was also a most excellent dancer; he could both dance gracefully, and dance long, two rare qualities united. During the college long-vacations, he amused himself with various exercises at Derriaghy, such as throwing the stone, the sledge and the like. But long-bullets* was his favourite exercise, in which there

* Long-bullets is an exercise, wherein a metal ball of two or three pound weight is thrown along a public road. He whose ball, in an equal number of throws, goes farthest past a fixed point, is victorious.

was

was no match for him in the whole parish. Yet, though he excelled the generality of others in every exercise, he owned, he was beat shamefully by individuals in them all.

He went once in vacation on a visit to Mourne, and showed there at a public meeting many feats of activity; running up turf-stacks, like a cat, without stopping till he came to the top, which amazed every one present. When he saw them surprized at his agility, he challenged any of them to play long-bullets with him. They then produced, after some hesitation, a thin poor-looking body, who, they said, would play with him. Skelton viewed his puny antagonist with contempt. He looked down on him, as Goliah did on David. "Is it you," he said, "that's to play with me?" "Yes," the man replied. "Well, well," he said, "we'll soon settle this matter." Skelton then took the bullet, and made a huge throw quite confident of success. The little fellow then, in his turn, took the bullet, and threw it about twice as far as Skelton, who stood in amaze, as he imagined he could beat him easily. He declared he heard the bullet whizzing past him, as if it had been shot out of a cannon; he threw it with such force. Thus was he vanquished by the puny body he despised. People are not always to be judged of by appearance; hence too much confidence is often foiled.

The

The summer, in which he commenced Bachelor of Arts, he spent, as usual, in the parish of Derriaghy, where he met with a terrible accident, which he considered ever after as an instance of the Divine judgment. He was then, as he informs us, twenty one years of age*, and since he was eight years old, had never once omitted, morning and evening, to offer up his prayers to God, until one morning that two or three of his companions broke in on him while he was in bed, and carried him off with them to play long-bullets. While he was engaged in this sport, a three pound ball, thrown by one of his companions, hit a stone, and leaping back struck him above the left eye, and flattened the projecting part of his scull. He fell down seemingly quite dead, and was carried to the house of a Mrs. Granger, a woman that knew a little of surgery, who stitched the wound in five different places, and kept him for some time at her own house. A small splinter of a bone came out of his scull, before he quite recovered. This hurt, with extreme abstinence, and large evacuations, necessary to prevent a fever, greatly shattered, he says, his excellent constitution. He had always a grateful sense of the care taken of him by Mrs. Granger, and made her several presents during her life.

* Skelton's Works, vol. v. page 522.

He

He sent her (in 1774) a web of fine linen, part of which he desired her to keep for her winding-sheet. She lived until she was an hundred and five. The omission of his prayers on the morning it happened, he supposed ever after to be the cause of this unhappy accident. So early was his mind impressed with a lively sense of religious duty.

Having conducted Mr. Skelton, too tediously I fear, through the preparatory courses of school and college, I proceed to attend him in his progress after he entered into holy orders. When he got better of the hurt he received at long-bullets he lived for a while with his brother in Dundalk, and took on himself the management of the school, which by his presence rose to high repute. However he only staid there a short time, when he obtained a nomination to the curacy of Newtown-Butler in the county of Fermanagh, from Dr. Madden, usually called Premium-Madden, as by his means premiums were first established at quarterly examinations in Trinity College. He was recommended to the Doctor by Mr. Brook of Cole-Brook in the same county; and was ordained a Deacon for this cure by Dr. Sterne Bishop of Clogher, in whose diocese it lay, about the year 1729. He fasted and prayed two days previous to his ordination, doubtful whether he should get himself ordained or be married. His being ordained

dained for this cure might then prevent his marriage, as he was bound to become private tutor to the Doctor's children, and reside in his family.

On the night after he was ordained, he and the rest of the young deacons slept in the Bishop's house, and one of them lay in the same bed with him. In the morning another of them came to them while they were in bed with a rod in his hand, and began a lashing them in sport. At last, Skelton leaping up, took him by the neck, and threw him down stairs. The Bishop heard the noise, and came running to see what had happened. Skelton told him, the young deacon was so flushed with being ordained that he could not behave quietly, but must lash him, and he was forced to shew him the shortest way down stairs. The Bishop owned, as he was insolent, he could not blame him. When he was ordained a priest, he and the rest of the candidates were examined by this same Bishop and his assistant a whole week in Latin, for they would not allow them, all the time of this curious trial, to speak a word of English.

The following story of a Bishop's examining a young man for orders I heard him often tell, and once in particular when Dr. Thomas Campbell was in company, who, I dare say, recollects it even now. He happened to come to the Bishop's house

house too late to be examined by the Archdeacon with the other candidates. However his Lordship said to the youg man, "as I have a regard for "you, I'll examine you myself." Accordingly he brought him up to his study, which was lined with books, and made him sit down at a table that was covered with huge folios and quartos. Immediately his Lordship sat down opposite to him, and thus, as Skelton said, hostilities commenced. His Lordship's first question was, "pray, Sir, "how old is this world we live in?" The young man answered he could not tell. "A very sensible answer, (his Lordship gravely replied) for the septuagint says one thing, the Hebrew another, the Talmud another, the Targum another; in fact no two of them are agreed among themselves about the age of the world, and therefore your answer is the most sensible imaginable." He then asked him again, "how old is the new world?" The young man said, naturally enough, he did not understand the question. "I mean (his Lordship said) how long is it since America was discovered?" The candidate then answered at a guess, it was so long, but happened to be fifty years either in or over. "Very well, very well, (replied his Lordship) you are within fifty years of it, which is no great distance, upon my word: This is enough." Thus the examination concluded;

parturiunt montes. When his Lordship came down to the rest of the candidates, he said to them, "Gentlemen, I had some notion of making "each of you write a little piece of composition, "as is usual on such occasions; but I have "thought better of it now, and in place of it, "I'll only ask you to listen to a piece of advice, "I'll give you after dinner, relating to your be-"haviour as clergymen, which will be more use-"ful to you, and more pleasing to me, than any "nonsense you could write." His Lordship then, after dinner, according to his promise, gave them this advice. "You may think (he said) that good preaching will make you agreeable to your people; but here I must tell you, you are quite mistaken; it is not for this they'll like you; but I'll teach you a method of gaining all their favours. Look out for some humorous jest book, and pick out all the droll stories you meet with in it, and get them by heart. Then, if you be able, make up some new ones of your own with all the circumstances of time and place, and the like; indeed, if I had leisure, I could tell you a few of my own making, which might serve you on occasions. Take care also to recollect, if possible, every witty thing you hear in company, and fix it in your memory. Thus equipped, you will be well qualified to do the duties of your parish.

For

For when you go to christenings, marriages, or wakes, you may easily entertain every one present by your witty jokes and droll stories, with which, you know, your head will be full; so that your company will be sought for over the whole parish. With respect to your conduct in church (his Lordship continued) I have a word or two to say to you, if you happen to make a blunder in reading prayers or preaching, don't stop to rectify it; but go boldly on; for 'tis ten to one, if a single person in the whole church be listening to a word you say; but if you stop, and go back on the word, and begin to hum and haw, the hearers will immediately prick up their ears, and whisper to one another, Ah! the curate's out, the curate's out, and thus you'll be exposed to ridicule."

The living possessed by Dr. Madden is called Drummully, worth at that time about four hundred a year; but the church, of which Mr. Skelton served the cure, is adjacent to the village of Newtown-Butler. When the living of Drummully fell vacant, the Doctor was a colonel of militia, and was then in Dublin dressed in scarlet. The right of presenting to this benefice being divided between the Doctor's family, and some other: his family had presented on the last vacancy, and of course the other had a right to present now. His family, however, offered to give

up

up all right of presentation in future, if they were allowed to present on that occasion; which was agreed to, and thus the Doctor got the living.

The Doctor, beside his living, had a very good estate; but as he was in a manner entirely devoted to books, or acts of charity and public good, he left the management of his income, both ecclesiastical and temporal to his wife, a lady well qualified for the business, as she was happily of a different turn of mind from him. Mrs. Madden was also in a high degree possessed with what we call family-pride. Her grand-father, it seems, had been lieutenant of the tower of London in the civil wars of Charles I, which made her assume a haughty superiority over most people that approached her. The place of their abode was called Manor-water-house, and is situate three miles from Newtown-Butler. Here Skelton lived as private tutor in his rector's family, having three or four boys to instruct in English, and the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. His situation here was not over pleasant, for he had great trouble with his pupils, and especially with the mother's pet, who took great airs on him, and was very hard to rule. But Skelton would not be guided entirely by the mother's odd whims; he insisted on having the management of the boys to himself, and she on the contrary was very un-

 willing

willing to grant it. He thus had frequent bickerings with her, as ladies in such cases often interfere from a mistaken affection for their children.

Being confined with his pupils the whole day until evening, he then went out among the neighbours, when he used to say, "thank God it is evening, I have got loose from jail."

While he was thus busily engaged with his tuition, he was obliged every week to write a sermon, which he was forced to compose in the school-room among his pupils, who were constantly plaguing him with their exercises, lessons, or brangles with each other. His situation here, it must be owned, was not very favourable for study. To complete all, he durst not, in making his sermons, borrow a word from any book but the bible. For his pupils, he said, watched him with hawk's eyes, so that if he had any other book but the bible before him they would immediately have given it out through the whole parish, that he copied and preached other men's sermons; which would surely have prejudiced against him the common country people, who would rather hear any nonsense of our own, than the best sermons of the most famous writers. I remember a sensible man, a dissenting Minister, who attempted to read a chapter or two of the bible every sunday to his people; but they began all to cry out against

against him, saying, "Give us something of your "ain, we can read the bible ourselves at hame." Mr. Skelton was obliged then to draw all his sermons out of his own head, which was too much disturbed by his pupils to be in a state fit for composition. It cannot therefore be expected that these sermons were very perfect in their kind; indeed he often declared, that in a year or two after they seemed so very nauseous to him, that it was as good as a vomit for him to read them. It is fortunate for a writer to see the defects of his own offspring, to which so many authors are blind.

At that time he began to perform some of those wonderful acts of charity, for which he was so remarkable during the rest of his life. The salary derived both from the cure and tuition, considering the trouble he had, was but very small. Yet he gave at least the half of it away, hardly allowing himself clothes to put on. The following instance of his charity while there is well worthy of notice. Returning from church one sunday, he came to a place where a cabin with three children in it had been just consumed by fire. Two of the children were burned to death; the third shewed some signs of life, but was so horribly scorched, that the skin came off a great part of it. The poor people he saw in want of

linen to dress its sores, and touched with compassion, stripped off his clothes, and tearing his shirt piece by piece gave it to them, as he found it necessary, till he scarce left a rag on his back.

Dr. Madden was, if possible, as charitable as he; his wife who knew his turn of mind, and was of a contrary disposition herself, took care to keep his pocket empty of money, for she ruled him with absolute sway. A poor woman came up to him one day asking for charity; he put his hand in his pocket and found he had no money. At a loss how to relieve her he gave her a pair of new gloves he happened to have, desiring her to go and pledge them for bread.

Mr. Skelton, when he lived here, published an anonymous pamphlet in Dublin, recommending Dr. Madden's scheme for establishing premiums in Trinity College. This production, being probably the first of his that appeared in print, was sent immediately to the Doctor, who was highly delighted with the compliments paid him by the author, which he justly deserved, on account of his endeavours to promote the interests of literature and of the poor. When he had slightly looked over it he brought it into the school-room to Skelton, with joy in his face, and said, he had just now received from Dublin one of the finest pamphlets that ever was written, and must immediately solicit the acquaintance and correspondence

dence of the author. Accordingly, he prepared a very complimentary letter addressed to the unknown author, requesting he would tell his name and honour him with his acquaintance. This letter, being approved of by Skelton, was sent to the printer of the pamphlet, who returned an answer in a few days from the author, expressing the high sense he entertained of the great honour intended him by the good Doctor, but that he was under the necsssity, for some reasons he could not mention, of concealing his name at present. This answer was shown to Skelton, who was the Doctor's confidant on the occasion, and seemed in no wise concerned during the whole progress of the business. A second still more pressing letter was sent to Dublin, and an answer with a civil refusal, returned: As Skelton judged it for his advantage not to discover the secret. Thus the Rector and Curate, one from the study, and the other from the school-room, in the same house, continued for a while, by the medium of a Dublin printer, this odd sort of correspondence. All this time, he never suspected the person whom he complimented so highly, to be his own curate, and the private tutor of his children. If he had, possibly he might not have been so very respectful in his language, for people are not too apt to be over complaisant to those whom they look on as their dependants, however superior they be to

them

them in learning and abilities, which in this country are but little valued, unless dignified by the station or fortune of the possessors.

Dr. Madden, as I understood from Mr. Skelton, was a gentleman highly esteemed in those times. And justly too, if a life spent in the practice of every private and public virtue entitle a man to the esteem of those who reap the benefit of his services. To the exertions of this worthy man we owe the establishment of the Dublin Society, the advantages of which have been so often experienced. Mr. Skelton saw a letter of Swift's to him, he said, in which he set forth in his usual querulous strain, the miseries and calamities of this unhappy country, saying, that the Irish were the most lazy, roguish, worthless people on earth, and that he would do no more for them. The Doctor, as well as our great countryman, had a real regard for Ireland, and strove, as it appears, according to his abilities, to serve it. It being customary for him to go among the nobility and gentry soliciting subscriptions for useful purposes, he met with an odd reception in Dublin on an errand of this sort (as Mr. Skelton informed us) from a late nobleman, a famous member of the hell-fire club. His Lordship, on being told that the Doctor was in the parlour, shrewdly guessing at his business, immediately stript himself stark naked, and in this state, came running into the

room

room with out-stretched arms, saying, "worthy "Dr. Madden, I am glad to see you, how do "you do? shake hands with me Doctor, when I "heard you were here, I was in such a hurry to "see you, that I would not wait to put on my "clothes." The Doctor shocked at the wild spectacle, leaped up, and was for hastening out of the room; but his Lordship stopped him saying, "my dear Doctor, don't be in a hurry, tell me "your business, I would be glad to do any thing "to serve you." The Doctor pushed past him, but his Lordship accompanied him to the street door, where he stood for some time as a show to the people passing by.

He had the good fortune, when he lived at Dr. Madden's, to get acquainted with the Rev. William Leslie, Rector of the parish of Ahavea, a man of admirable sense, and complete knowledge of the world, for whose advice and friendship he was grateful ever after. His prudent and wise directions served to regulate the tenour of his youthful conduct. He called him his second father, and consulted him on every emergency. He declared he was the most sensible man he ever knew, and owned the many advantages he derived from his friendship. When he was Rector of Pettigo, this good clergyman on his death-bed recommended his grand-children to his protection, of whom he took a paternal care during his life.

At

At that time, his age and condition required a good advice. His situation at Dr. Madden's was not at all enviable. He was quite weary of his tuition. The lady of the house was proud and parsimonious, and ruled her husband with supreme authority, who seldom interfered in domestic concerns. She wished also, it appears, to extend her dominion over Skelton, and prescribe to him how he should teach her children. This, it may be supposed, one of his spirit would not tamely submit to. Besides, she was highly offended with Skelton for exciting the Doctor, by his example, to acts of charity, to which indeed he was sufficiently inclined of himself. Of consequence, she strove to vex him, and make his situation as unpleasant as possible. In this state of pennance he continued for two long years, but was at last, for the sake of quiet, forced to resign the cure and tuition, and depend on Providence for his support.

On leaving Dr. Madden's he repaired, as usual, to his brother's in Dundalk, where he staid but a few months, until he got a nomination (in 1732) to the cure of Monaghan in the diocess of Clogher, from the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton the Rector. He took his diet and lodging in the town of Monaghan with a Francis Battersby, and in five years after with a George Johnston. In obtaining this cure he succeeded according to his wishes. His active and benevolent mind could not brook being confined

confined to a school-room. He longed for leisure to pursue his favourite study of divinity, and to employ himself as a minister of a parish. His inclinations were all spiritual, and he only desired an opportunity of being more extensively useful; for long before he had fixed his thoughts on the rewards of a better world than the present.

Yet, at the very beginning, he was in danger of being turned out of his new cure. Dr. Sterne, the Bishop, whom Swift succeeded in the deanery of St. Patrick's, being rather an old man, of an odd temper, and a little credulous, was then imposed on by some one who told him, that Dr. Madden turned Skelton out of his family, for striving to entice his daughter to marry him. The Bishop, believing it to be so, refused to license him for the cure of Monaghan; on which he went to him to justify himself, hoping his Lordship was not offended at any conduct of his. "Ah, you're a sly dog (said the Bishop) "you wanted to gain the affections "of Dr. Madden's daughter, and get her to "marry you; you are a handsome fine fellow, like "your brother, who, you know, enticed a gentle-"man's daughter." Skelton requested his Lordship to apply to Dr. Madden himself, and inquire if he did so. The Bishop accordingly asked the Doctor, who said the whole was false, and that Mr. Skelton's conduct in his family was most honourable. He then gave him the license desired.

He

He related most candidly the whole of the affair respecting his brother alluded to by the Bishop. His brother Thomas, before he got the small living of Newry, happened to be tutor in the family of Mr. Lucas of Castle-Shane, a gentleman of fortune in the county of Monaghan. He was, it seems, a handsome agreeable young man, and the Squire's daughter fell in love with him. When he obtained the parish of Newry, he used to go frequently and see the family; but perceiving the young lady's partiality for him resolved to stay away in future. After an absence of four or five months, at last, on receiving many invitations, he paid them a visit again. The young lady took then an opportunity of openly declaring her passion for him, telling him, he was the cruellest of men. Skelton, who had a real affection for the amiable girl, assured her, he would suffer any thing for her sake; the matter being thus settled, he carried her off and married her. His brother Philip, who knew all the circumstances, said he would have been a bad man if he had not. The Squire was highly enraged at his daughter's marrying a person, whom he looked on as an inferior, and would never see either him or her, or give her a penny of fortune. The husband therefore, as he had no other income, was obliged to maintain on his small parish a grand lady accustomed to high life, which pinched him not a little. However she continued but a short time

with

with him; she died of her first child, and left behind her a daughter, that got her fortune amounting to 1300*l.* who is the present Mrs. Ennis, a lady eminent for her piety.

Thomas Skelton was afterwards married to Miss Huston, who, if now alive, would be aunt to the Lord Bishop of Down. By her he had a son who died of a fever after he arrived at manhood. His third wife, for he had three, was widow Carleton mother to Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester. Sir Guy's future eminence in the world was owing in a great degree, I am told, to the care which his step father Thomas Skelton took of his education. Philip Skelton lived also on terms of intimacy with that great General, so distinguished for valour, conduct, and humanity. He has recommended young soldiers to him, and his recommendation always proved of advantage to those who obtained it.

His brother John of Dundalk married a Miss Turkil. Doctor Skelton of Drogheda is his son, a gentleman highly esteemed in his profession, who has now forty pounds a year profit rent from a part of the family farm. His father made a decent fortune by teaching. Mr. Skelton had also a brother called Robert, an excellent scholar, who married some person of low station, when he was on the point of going to the college. This put a stop to him in his literary progress. He was a man of

a singular

a singular character, of strong natural parts, but too much addicted to drunkenness. His two other brothers, Richard and James, were decent country farmers. It is indeed surprising, that the father of these, who was but a plain honest countryman, should give such education to so many of his children. But this, among others, is a proof of his extraordinary good sense and prudence.

Mr. Skelton entered on the cure of Monaghan with that eager zeal for the salvation of souls, which a warm sense of duty only could inspire. He felt the weight of the obligation imposed on him. Well assured that he must be accountable hereafter for his discharge of the awful trust committed to his care, he resolved to act as became one, whose hopes and fears were placed beyond the grave. Having now got rid of a troublesome tuition, which before had obstructed him in his pious exertions, he gave up all his thoughts and time to the instruction of his people. Their spiritual and temporal welfare was, I may say, the sole object of his care. He laboured hard in his ministry; he visited them from house to house, without distinction of sect; he conversed with them freely, mingling entertainment with his instruction. The children he catechised every Sunday evening in the church, and when they became thoroughly acquainted with the original catechism, as in the prayer-book, made them learn the proof-catechism,

which

which confirms and illustrates the doctrines of the other by texts of scripture. On a particular evening in the week, which he appointed, he invited people of every age to his lodgings, that he might instruct them in religion. And thus, by his means, they obtained a knowledge of their duty. I was told in Monaghan, that the children there knew more of religion at that time, than the grown up people in any of the neighbouring parishes.

In the pulpit he displayed that strong and manly eloquence, which arrests the attention of the hearers. He was neither a dully drowsy lecturer, who sets the congregation asleep, nor one of your smooth pretty preachers, that tickle the ear of the frivolous and vain. No, he despised such modes of instruction. He explained to his hearers in plain and powerful language the threats and promises of the gospel; he declared to them the indispensable conditions of salvation; he placed, like a faithful servant of the Lord, heaven and hell before their eyes, and left them to make a choice for themselves. His large gigantic size, his strong expressive action, his clear distinct delivery, his power of changing the tone of his voice, and features of his face, to suit his purpose, and above all, the sincerity of his heart, made an irresistible impression on his hearers. They were insensibly carried away with him, they were astonished, they were convinced.

His

His life was conformable to his preaching. It was a pattern of every virtue, it was decorated with piety, chastity, humility, and charity. For this last mentioned amiable quality he was eminent perhaps above all others in Ireland. Being born, as he supposed, for the use of the poor, he exerted all his endeavours to mitigate their sorrows. A great part of his annual pittance he gave them, and often scarce allowed himself even the necessaries of life. Some particulars of his remarkable charities I shall relate in the sequel of this narrative. His life and preaching were attended with the success he desired. The manners of his people were in a short time greatly improved, and vice and ignorance retreated before so powerful an opponent.

His fixed salary for the cure was 40*l.* which, considering the cheapness of the necessaries of life in those times, was equal to double the sum now. The whole of this he got from his Rector, as the curates in assizes-towns had then, I am informed, no stipend allowed them for attending the jails. Yet with this he contrived to do wonders; for he avoided all unnecessary expence, accounting himself answerable to God for every penny he spent. He kept no horse, but performed in general the duties of his parish on foot. Now and then, however, when it was absolutely requisite, he obtained the loan of a horse from some of his parishioners, and especially from a widow in Monaghan who was

often

often kind to him on these occasions. After paying for his diet and lodging, he gave, I am told, his mother out of his pittance ten pounds a year, to help to support her and the children, and used to visit her at Derriaghy every Christmas, and give her this sum in return for a pair of stockings she made him. Yet this donation could not be always regular, as he was obliged, for some time, to pay his tutor Dr. Delany a certain sum every year. He usually travelled all the way to Derriaghy on foot, to save money for her, and the poor. His two brothers the clergymen were also liberal fo their mother. He generally preached two Sundays at Lisburn church, when he paid these visits of filial duty, and always brought thither a crowded audience; for the people flocked from all quarters to hear him. His mother died in 1748.

About the time he got the cure of Monaghan, he made up twenty pounds for his part of his sister Frances' portion, who was married (in 1732) to one John Arbuthnot near Dromore, who dealt in linen cloth. His brother Thomas gave thirty pounds more. Her husband died about ten years after. She bore him six children, all of whom died before they arrived at years of maturity, except one daughter, who was married to James Mussen a farmer. I was well acquainted with his sister the widow, who some time after her husband's death came to live in Dromore. In her person and features

tures she bore some resemblance to her brother, and was also agreeable, sensible, pious; admired for her conversation, and respected for her virtue. In the latter part of her days, she was afflicted with a disorder in her stomach, which she endured with christian patience, for, amidst her sufferings, she was cheerful, contented, resigned. This at length put an end to her life, in March 1783, in the seventy-fourth year of her age. It was remarkable, that until her death she could read the smallest print in a newspaper without spectacles.

A maiden sister, Mrs. Nanny, as we called her, who was older than Mr. Skelton, lived with her in Dromore. She had lost her sight many years before I was acquainted with her; yet, though she was quite blind, she wished to make us believe she could see. In company, she has remarked to a lady beside her, "this is a pretty colour in your "gown, it is finely shaded." She said to me once, "this is a pleasant sunshiny day, the volunteers "looked very handsome to-day, their arms glitter-"ed beautifully." Her vanity in this particular made her liable to mistakes; she has often, on my coming to see her, called me by a different name, yet, when undeceived, would never acknowledge her infirmity. She came once into a very small parlour, and pretending to look about her, said "this is a fine spacious room." Mr. Skelton, who was sensible of her weakness, spoke of her thus.

"I have

"I have a poor old blind sister living in Dromore, "who has the vanity to make us think she can see, "God help her poor creature." She died in October, in the same year with her sister Frances, having lost the use of her limbs some time before. Her funeral was decent, at her brother's expence, who had contributed sufficiently to the support of his sisters, all of whom, and of his brothers, were now dead. Immediately on her decease, I wrote to him in Dublin, and received from him a letter by return of the post, of which the following is an extract.

"October 16, 1783.

"Dear Burdy,

"He would be a cruel brother that "could wish his sister a longer continuance in "such misery, as my poor Nanny endured for the "greater part of her last year, at least. My "words cannot express the sense I feel of my dear "Hannah's * tenderness towards both my sisters, "particularly the last, that lay in such a miserable "plight so long on her hands. Half a year's rent "of the house I am still debtor for to 2*l.* 10*s.* and "for funeral expences, as before for poor Fanny's "remains, 5*l.* 13*s.* 9*d.* making in all 8*l.* 3*s.* 9*d.* If

* Hannah Arbuthnot, niece by the husband to widow Arbuthnot, his other sister.

" Mr. Agnew *, to whom my best wishes, will be
" so good as to pay her that sum, or the 2*l.* 10*s.*
" for rent, and draw on me in favour of any one in
" Dublin, his draft shall be honoured the instant
" I receive it. Probably he advanced the funeral
" expences himself, if she did not take them out of
" the fourteen guineas I sent her by him. Hannah
" is the best judge of the maid's attendance, and
" trouble, and may either give her the 11*s.* odd
" money included in the fourteen guineas, or keep
" them to herself. If she gives them to the maid
" she shall be no loser by so doing. If I shall die
" worth any thing, she will find herself entitled to
" a considerable proportion of it, and be punctu-
" ally paid by my sole Executor Dr. Hastings."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here he quits the subject of his sister's death, and mentions some particulars respecting myself, with expressions of resentment against certain persons, which it is more prudent to omit at present.

" However (he continues) the Dean is still our
" man, on whom we may build some hopes. On
" the good providence of God I still build higher.
" My poor endeavours shall never be wanting as

* A relation of mine, who acted like a son towards Mr. Skelton's two old sisters living in Dromore.

" long

"long as the old head shall keep above ground.
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"God bless my dear sister Hannah,
"I am most affectionately your's,
"PHIL. SKELTON."

He calls Hannah Arbuthnot his sister for her tenderness to his two old sisters in their sickness. Afterwards he thought it best to give her and James Mussen, who, as already mentioned, was married to his sister Frances' daughter, the sum, in his life-time, which he intended to leave them in his will. Having given this information concerning his sisters, which seemed naturally to succeed in the course of my narrative, I now return to his life.

The money which he gave his mother, or paid his tutor Dr. Delany, left him, we may suppose, but thirty pounds of his salary; with this he had to pay for his diet and lodging, and give charity to the poor; a duty, as is well known, he was most scrupulous in observing. These generally got all from him except what barely afforded him the necessaries of life, of which he often pinched himself to supply their wants. Upon urgent occasions, when the pittance he could give was not sufficient to relieve their distress, he applied to people of fortune who usually contributed according to his desire. For who could refuse a character so exalted,

that first gave all his own before he would ask any of theirs?

He was particularly attentive to the state of the prisoners in the jail, whose situation renders them so helpless. To quit the gay scenes of the world, and plunge ourselves into such gloomy cells to comfort the afflicted, is surely one of the most humane of all offices. On examining the jail of Monaghan he found, that the poor prisoners were often cheated of their proper allowance of bread. But he took care soon to rectify this and every other abuse; so that the condition of the prisoners there was in his time as comfortable as could be expected. To those who were condemned to die, he was a faithful instructor, affording such advice and consolation as was suitable to their melancholy state.

He was once very successful in his endeavours to save the life of a convict at Monaghan, of whose innocence he was well assured, that was condemned to be hanged in five days. He set off immediately for Dublin, and travelling without delay, on his arrival there went to the Privy Council which was fortunately sitting. He was admitted, pleaded eloquently before them the cause of the poor man, obtained his pardon, and like a good angel, returned to Monaghan, with the happy news, before the day of the execution arrived.

While he was thus seeking for opportunities of doing good, he met with one John Burns in that town,

town, a boy who was born deaf and dumb. Touched with compassion at his unhappy state, he instructed him carefully in the christian religion, for which he was prepared, by having been taught to read and write a little while before. Some years after, John Burns published a book by subscription, at six shillings price, entitled a Chronological History of the World, by which he made a good deal of money. Mr. Skelton, it is supposed, helped him to write this book, that he might thus get relief when he was in great poverty, and procured him many subscribers. I dipt a little into it, and found it to be a registry of remarkable events, which might be consulted on occasions, but could not be read over without disgust. He keeps now a little shop in Monaghan. Having the curiosity, when I was there, to go and see him, I perceived he was a remarkably intelligent man. I was told that Mr. Skelton taught him to read and write, but his wife undeceived me, assuring me, that he only instructed him religion, after he was prepared to receive it.

His endeavours to convert one Craven in the same place, a notorious sinner whose wicked life gave offence to every sober christian, were attended with equal success. When he went to him and told him his business, warning him of the danger of his evil ways, the man was so desperately wicked, that he took a spit, and ran at him to stick him. Skelton was forced then to make his escape. However

ever he had the courage to go back again, and at last, after much danger and difficulty, by long perseverance, by his awful lectures, and the divine aid, brought him to a sense of religion, and made him a good christian. He produced indeed a sensible reformation in the manners of his people, thirty or forty of whom usually attended prayers on a week-day; which, if one may judge by his own experience, seems almost incredible.

When he had acquired sufficient knowledge in divinity for instructing his people, he applied himself, as his father on his death-bed desired him, to the study of physic. For three years, he informs us *, he was employed at this useful science, and in this particular also was well qualified to serve his poor parishioners, whose lives were often sacrificed by ignorant quacks. Before he ventured to prescribe, he consulted a physician of eminence how he should conduct himself in so nice a point. The physician then gave him this advice, "Sir, I advise "you not to prescribe, unless you are sure you "understand the disorder, and that the medicine "will be of use. As for myself, physic is my "trade, and when I go to see a patient, I am "forced to prescribe something, should it be even "brick-dust, to preserve my character, otherwise "the people would imagine I had no skill; but as

* Skelton's works, Vol. vii. page 365.

"you

" you are under no such necessity, you may do " what is best." He took the physician's advice, and by this means was of great use to his parishioners, for he cured many, and killed none, which but few of our Doctors can boast of.

He used once an extraordinary application to effect a cure on a poor woman at Monaghan, who was somewhat wrong in the head. Being sent for to visit her in the capacity of a clergyman, he went walking with a long pole in his hand; and when he got to the cabin, was shewn into a sort of a room where she lay. " What ails you, my good wo- " man?" he said to her. " Oh, Sir!" she answered, " there is a little woman with a red " cloak and a black bonnet that haunts me night " and day, wherever I go, and gives me no peace." —" Where is she now?" he said to her, " Oh, " Sir! there" (pointing with her hand) " on the " bed-post, looking straight in my face."—" Stand " off all of you," he said to the people about him. Then he took the pole and whirling it round his head, hit the post a smart stroke with it, and made it crack again. " Where is she now?"—" Oh, " Sir! there, on that sod in the corner of the roof;" pointing to it.' " Stand off," he said again, then whirling the pole as before, he hit the sod a harder blow with it, and knockt the greater part of it down on the floor. " Where is she now?"—" Sir, " she is just on the cupboard there, looking at me." —" Stand

—" Stand off, all of you?" then he struck the cupboard with such force as to break the tea-cups on the shelves. " Where is she now?"—" Oh, " Sir! she just flew out of the window." Thus he cured her of her delirium.

He was also sent for again to visit a man in the same parish affected with a similar disorder. When he came into the room where he was, which happily had an earthen floor, he saw him sitting on it with the coals of the fire all about him in little heaps here and there, as if he were roasting potatoes. " What are you doing with the coals?" he said to him. " I am roasting devils," he answered. " You ought rather man," said Skelton, " to " get some water and duck them, for fire is their " own element."—" I believe so," replied he. However, he humoured him so well, that he got him both to eat and sleep before he left him, which he had not enjoyed the benefit of for some time before.

Having wrought these cures on persons disordered in their brain, he tried his skill upon an hypocritical enthusiast at Monaghan, a weaver, who, pretending a divine mission, set up to preach a new religion, and drew some of his people after him, chiefly by wearing a white hat. While a parcel of them were about him one day, Mr. Skelton came up to them and said, " David, why do you wear " the white hat?"—" Because, Philip," replied he,

he, "I have no money to buy any other."—"Well "well, David," he said, "if I buy a new half-"guinea black hat for you, will you wear it?" He returned no answer. "David, I say, will you "wear it?" Still he continued silent. "My "friends (Mr. Skelton said to the people) you see "all his religion is in the white hat, he'll not part "with it, take away that mark of distinction, and "then there will be no more virtue in his religion." The people being convinced by what he said quitted their new teacher, who was forced to go home to his trade.

Though Mr. Skelton was usually employed in the serious business of his profession, he could now and then relax from such severity, and partake of innocent amusements and exercise. There were few, it appears, equal to him in the manly exercises; for in size, strength, and activity, he was superior to most men. He told me he has lifted up some huge weights, which no ordinary person could move. In the walks of the plantation at Monaghan, he threw the sledge and stone, played long-bullets on the public roads, and performed many other manly exercises. He could wind a fifty pound stone round his head without any difficulty, which shows the amazing strength of his arms. He found it requisite indeed, even then, to make use of his hands to chastise the insolent.

One Sunday, after church, riding along with a lady

lady to a gentleman's seat some distance from Monaghan, he came up to a parcel of tinkers on the road, whom he heard uttering horrid oaths, for which he rebuked one of them in particular in these words, " Sirrah, it would be more fit you had been " at divine service than be thus profaning the " Lord's day." The fellow gave him a saucy answer, and continued cursing as before. He then threatened to correct him if he would not desist, which made him more profane and abusive. Skelton could bear no longer, but leapt off his horse and struck him ; the rest took his part, but he soon beat him and the whole troop of tinkers. He thus made them sensible of their crime by the only argument of which a tinker could feel the force. Then mounting his horse, he rode hastily off with the lady to the gentleman's house to which he was going, that he might be there before they should hear of it. But with all his speed it got there before him, and on entering, they complimented him on his boxing and beating the tinkers.

He exerted his courage again on a similar occasion. A young officer, proud of his red coat, which he had just put on, came into the hall of an inn, while he, being then on a journey, happened to be in the parlour, and to shew his cleverness, fell a damning the waiter, and let fly a volley of horrid oaths. The waiter then began a damning and cursing in his turn, and thus they were going on,

on, when Skelton, coming out of the parlour, told the officer, that he was a clergyman, and that it was very offensive to him to hear such horrid swearing, and begged he would desist. The officer then said to him, "G— damn you for a "scoundrel curate, what is it to you?" Skelton gravely replied, "young man this is not proper "language to one of my profession, merely for "giving you good advice." "Damn your pro-"fession, you puppy you, (for he thought Skel-"ton was afraid) you deserve to be kicked for "your impertinence;" and then uttered some blasphemous oaths. "Well Sir," said Skelton, "since fair means will avail nothing, I'll try what "foul can do." Upon this he fell to him with his fists, and cuffed him through the hall of the inn, and soon cooled the captain's courage, and made him quiet and submissive. Thus he chastised the military man for his profaneness, exerting his valour in the service of God and religion.

It appears indeed he was fond of paying visits, and, among others, sometimes visited Dr. Maul, that worthy Prelate, who, when Bishop of Dromore, lived in the old see-house at Maheralin *. He once borrowed a horse from a Mr. Wrightsome of Monaghan to go thither. This horse being slipt in the back by the carelessness of some of his Lordship's servants, the Bishop gave him

* A small village in the county of Down.

another

another one in exchange which was not quite so good. But afterwards, as a recompence to the man, he bestowed on him his sermons.

Mr. Skelton set out in his ministry in the character of an avowed champion of the orthodox faith. Deriving his religious principles from the pure source of information, the holy scriptures themselves, he could find in these no real ground for the opinions of our modern refiners. Consequently he declared open war against all Arians, Socinians, and the like, considering it his duty to attack boldly these adversaries to truth; and published several anonymous pieces against them. He found leisure, he said, amidst all the duties of his profession, "to switch the Arians now and "then." These little productions, and others of his on different subjects, were published by a printer's widow in Dublin, who having a just sense of honour, would on no account discover his name. She had therefore the talent of secret-keeping from which some morosely exclude the sex.

Some of his productions were of temporary nature, and of consequence were not republished by himself in his works, of these it cannot be expected I should take a regular notice.

In 1736, he published a pamphlet, the title of which is "A vindication of the Right Rev. the "Lord Bishop of Winchester, &c." A book entitled

titled " A Plain Account of the Nature and End " of the Lord's Supper" was ascribed to his Lordship. In this he asserts, that consecration of the elements is without scriptural precept or example, and that this sacrament is intended merely to commemorate our Lord's death. Here he insinuates, that no previous preparation, or resolution of amendment of life, is necessary for receiving the sacrament worthily.

Skelton, under a pretence of defending his character, exposes him. " It is very unjust," he says, " to suspect that a Right Rev. Prelate, who is " more pious, judicious, orthodox and learned, " than any that ever was, or ever will be, who " has sworn and subscribed to all our articles, " and has so tender a conscience, should be ca- " pable of writing so bad a book. It is a scan- " dalous age, that ascribes such a work of dark- " ness to such an apostolical messenger of light." Then he answers all the arguments produced by the Author in such a manner as to satisfy any reasonable reader.

This production was very pleasing, it seems, to Dr. Sterne the Bishop of Clogher. When he read it, he sent for him, and said to him, " Did " you write this Mr. Skelton?" shewing him the little piece. Skelton gave him an evasive answer. " Well, well" he said, "'tis a clever thing, you're " a young man of no fortune, take these ten gui-

" neas,

" neas, you may want them." " I took the money " (he observed to me) and said nothing, for I " was then a poor curate."

He published in the same year " Some Propo- " sals for the Revival of Christianity." The design of this piece is to ridicule the infidels and enemies of our church. The great objection, as they think, which many have to the christian religion in this country is paying tithe to support the clergy, who do not deserve them. He therefore comes into their scheme. The church must be destroyed, the clergy turned out, hanged or banished, or if some choose to have any, they must live without food or clothes, the Bible is then to be burnt, and Magna Charta of course. Then a pure christianity, free from any low, temporal motives, will take its place. This scheme might possibly suit the refined notions of the present day. His ridicule, however, is in general too clumsy to have any effect.

Some one of Swift's friends carried this pamphlet to the Dean in Dublin to find out if he wrote it, every anonymous production of any tolerable merit, on its first coming out, being then fathered on him. He was like a country squire famed for getting children, who has generally all the bastards in the parish laid to his charge. Yet he formed a determination to which he strictly adhered, not to acknowledge or disavow any anony-

mous

mous performance, on his being asked if he wrote it, and therefore, when Skelton's piece was brought to him, only said, after reading it over, " the author of this has not continued the irony to the end."

In 1737, he published a Dissertation on the Constitution and Effects of a Petty Jury. Trial by a petty jury, according to the present mode, is, as he imagines, a temptation to perjury, and the chief cause of the general corruption of manners which prevailed in these kingdoms. He therefore advises, that a curious sort of ballot should be substituted in its place, which he thinks would produce most happy effects, and recommends it to parliament to have his scheme made a part of our constitution; the members who would be active in effecting this should, he says, be justly called the preservers of their country. This piece is written with sufficient sense and perspicuity; the inconvenience that attends forcing people by hunger and other uneasy sensations to be of one opinion is clearly pointed out. Yet I doubt if the chief corruptions, of which he complains, be owing to a petty jury; for we see other countries, where this mode of trial does not subsist, at least as faithless and wicked as our own.

Soon after this pamphlet was published in Dublin, the Attorney General, stopping his carriage at the printer's, inquired who the author of it was?

The

The woman, as she was desired, refused to tell. "Well," he said, "give my compliments to the "author, and inform him from me, that I do not "think there is virtue enough in the people of this "country ever to put his scheme into practice."

Mr. Skelton had, I understand, a ready turn at composition, having often composed, as he told me, a long sermon in twelve hours, which was no ordinary day's work. To write a sermon well is possibly more difficult, than to compose equally well any other piece of prose of the same length. The biographer and historian have materials provided for them; their business then is only to arrange with skill, and express with perspicuity. The sermon-writer, beside this, must find out materials for himself. He must therefore exercise his invention, no easy employment, which the others need not. While he is thus employed, he must use also his judgment, in choosing or rejecting amidst the wild variety his imagination presents. He must examine into the different motives and actions of men, restrain their unruly appetites by showing the consequence of indulgence, set before them their real interests, apply to them by powerful arguments, and find out if it be possible, the avenue to their hearts. He must fight against the passions and prejudices of the human race; he must strive also to make a man war with himself, and tear out from his breast every corrupt

rupt desire. A biographic or historic composition, though but indifferently executed, often engages the attention of the reader by the facts it contains; but in sermons, or works of morality, or disputation, which consist more of arguments than of facts, the readers' attention must be secured chiefly by the ability of the composer.

His fame as a preacher and a writer, his extraordinary care as an instructor of a parish, and his wonderful acts of charity and goodness, began, about the year 1737, to be the subject of conversation, not only in the diocess of Clogher, and other parts of the North, but also in the metropolis. He had then some reason to expect a degree of attention from his Bishop suitable to his deserts. But here he was unhappily disappointed. He saw living after living given away; but there was no notice taken of him. The Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Sterne, usually sent for him, after he had bestowed a good preferment upon another, and gave him, by way of a sop, ten guineas, which Mr. Skelton frequently made a present of to a Mr. Arbuthnot, a poor cast off curate, who was unable to serve through age and infirmity. He never asked, he said, his Lordship for any thing, but he thought his works should speak for him. "Men of real merit (he remarked) are always "modest and backward, but blockheads tease "Bishops, and give them no peace, till they get

"something; they therefore usually prefer them to "get rid of them."

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

About the year 1738, his first Rector the Hon. Francis Hamilton left Monaghan, on obtaining a benefice in the same county, and the living of Dunleer. A Mr. Douglas then got Monaghan by exchange, a man of a weak constitution, whose death, it was expected, would soon make a vacancy.

Dr. Sterne, the Bishop of Clogher, gave it appears but little encouragement to literature. Mr. Skelton said, that he promised some clergyman in his diocess a living, upon condition of his writing a treatise to prove, that man could scarce know more of his duty than a brute without the asssistance of revelation. The clergyman who, I believe, never wrote the piece, advised Skelton to do it as he had a ready pen; but Skelton, though his opinions inclined that way, having no offer of the same sort from the Bishop, thought it best not to volunteer himself in the cause. He had little or no expectations from his Lordship; the preferments were given away to persons whose qualifications were different from his. Of this neglect he could not be insensible; for a man of learning and abilities must surely be offended to see the dull and the illiterate placed over his head in a literary profession. He resolved therefore to

quit

quit his diocess, where his merits were overlooked, as soon as an opportunity offered. This happened in a short time.

Dr. Delany, who, as I mentioned before, was his tutor in the college, perceiving his unpleasant situation in the diocess of Clogher, procured for him an appointment to the cure of St. Werburgh's in Dublin. This was extremely agreeable to Mr. Skelton because he would then have a wide field to display his eloquence, which before was confined within too narrow a compass. His friend Dr. Delany could also more conveniently recommend him there, on account of his abilities, to the notice of the great. These reasons struck Mr. Skelton very forcibly, and inclined him to go to St. Werburgh's. He had then, he said, a fair opportunity of speedy promotion, if he had embraced it, but unhappily he did not. Who can foresee every instance of human infidelity? When he was just on the point of quitting the diocess of Clogher, the Bishop perceiving it would be to his discredit, that a person of such abilities should leave his diocess for want of due encouragement, and influenced also by another motive, which I shall mention afterwards, sent a favourite clergyman to him with a message to this purpose, "that if he "staid in his diosess, he would give him the first "living that should fall." Skelton depending on his Lordship's word (for what could be more

sacred than the promise of a bishop?) informed his friend Dr. Delany, that he would not take the cure of Werburgh's, but that he would continue in the diocess of Clogher, on the Bishop's promise of the first living vacant. Accordingly, the cure of Werburgh's was otherwise disposed of. Skelton's only dependance now was upon the Bishop of Clogher, who was bound by every tie of honour to provide for him. But his notions of honour were not over nice. I am sorry that my regard to truth obliges me to own his Lordship broke his word. The first living that fell was that of Monaghan (in 1740) where Mr. Skelton was Curate, and his Lordship, disregarding his promise, gave it to his nephew Mr. Hawkshaw, a young gentleman who had lately entered into orders.

When he bestowed the preferment on his nephew, he said to him, "I give you now a living "worth three hundred a year, and have kept the "best curate in the diocess for you, who was going "to leave it; be sure take his advice, and follow "his directions, for he is man of worth and "sense." Hence it appears, that his Lordship made his promise with a fixed determination to break it. He expected from Mr. Douglas's state of health that the living of Monaghan would soon be vacant, and he was resolved in his mind to give it to his nephew, but he wished to have Skelton to assist him, and feared, lest his leaving the diocess

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in a huff might bring censure on himself; he therefore fixed on the scheme of sending the divine with a promise in his mouth, which he never intended to perform. Every circumstance relative to this affair I mention upon the authority of Mr. Skelton himself, from whom I have heard it above twenty times. Mr. Hawkshaw, who is still alive, is a gentleman of too much honour to deny it. Yet it is but justice to own, that no blame can be laid to him. Possibly he did not know of the Bishop's engagement with Mr. Skelton; or if he did, where is the man that in such a case would refuse a good living when it is offered to him? But by his conduct afterwards to Mr. Skelton it appears, that he thought him injured, or at least well worthy of a higher station in the church, for he treated him with singular respect and esteem.

Mr. Skelton did not bear his Lordship's breach of promise with remarkable temper. He expressed his resentment with great plainness, "God "forgive me," he used to say, "I railed against "him most violently, but he did not regard it; "his station placed him far above me, and what "did he care for the censure of a poor curate?" He never attended a visitation during the remainder of his Lorship's life, which continued for a series of years. The Bishop never asked for him, nor seemed surprised at his absence, for his own breast told him the cause of it. After his

promise

promise to him, he disposed of many livings without offering him one of them. "I saw then," said Skelton, "sorry fellows, time after time put "over my head, but I could not mend myself, "though it vexed me more than it ought." It appears that the sense of his injury had some effect on his patience. He was then a young man; his temper was warm, his notion of honour just and pure; he expected that the conduct of so dignified a personage as a Bishop should be regulated by the same principles as his own. His disappointment in this particular, especially as it touched him so closely, made him express his resentment against the person that deceived him. All this was the natural and necessary effect of the injury he sustained.

The respect, which Mr. Hawkshaw entertained for Mr. Skelton his curate, was shown on his first obtaining the living. He said to him, "Sir, I am "but a very young man, and you are fit to direct "me, give me your advice and I'll do whatever "you desire me." This showed him to be a young man of a noble and ingenuous disposition, which he displayed in the whole of his subsequent conduct towards Mr. Skelton. Under such a Rector, he must have been as happy as the condition of a curate situated as he was could admit.

Mr. Hawkshaw, who was himself scrupulously attentive to his duty, told me, Mr. Skelton gave him

him the clearest ideas of the duty of a clergyman that could possibly be conceived. He was often forced, he said, to steal to attend the sick, as Mr. Skelton would be angry at him if he would not let him go himself. A noble emulation between a Rector and a Curate.

Though Mr. Skelton strove to act so consistently with the character of a clergyman, yet he could not escape the censure of a sour fanatic. One John Porter, a presbyterian church-warden, coming in on him on a Sunday morning, when he happened to be shaving himself, seemed surprised, and told him it was a shame for one of his coat to shew such a bad example. "Well John," said he, "if you think it is your duty, present me." "I believe I will," he replied. At the visitation, he asked the Bishop, if a clergyman could be presented for shaving himself on a Sunday? The Bishop said he thought not; this made John stop his proceedings,

However he was actually presented to the Bishop for abusing a Mr. Wrightsome at a vestry, where parishioners usually display their eloquence. A vestry being held at Monaghan a short time before to bring an overseer to an account, who had the management of some repairs in the church, Wrightsome (who formerly lent him the horse) openly insulted him there before all the people. Skelton then told him, shaking his fist at him out

of

of the reading desk, that if he had him out of that place he would chastise him for his insolence. This gave rise to the charge laid against him, which set forth, " that he was a wrangling, bully-" ing clergyman, and a dangerous man to deal " with, as he would readily strike any one who " seemed offensive to him." The Bishop disregarded their accusation, which was drawn up by one Little, who was rebuked by Mr. Skelton and Mr. Hawkshaw for getting bastards. The common report is, that he leapt out of the reading-desk, and cuffed Wrightsome in the aisle. But a person of veracity who was present assured me, that he only threatened him in the manner I have mentioned.

At another vestry he was almost involved in a serious quarrel with a Major of the army. The Major having affronted him there, as he thought, when he came out of the church, he threw off his gown, and challenged him to fight him, " but the " Major (he remarked to us in conversation) " though he was one of the bravest men on earth, " treated me with contempt; for he scorned to " fight a clergyman." He thus candidly allowed him his merit. He always spoke with horror of his conduct on that occasion, and begged God's pardon, pleading as an excuse the violence of passion, which hastily hurried him on to give the challenge. For in his serious and sober days he

had

had an utter aversion to duelling, which he considered as sacrificing one's soul at the shrine of false honour.

He related a curious remark of Swift's upon an affair of honour of this nature. A friend came one morning to see the Dean in Dublin. The Dean bade him sit down. "No," he replied, "I cannot stay, I must go immediately to the "park to prevent two gentlemen from fighting a "duel." "Sit down, sit down," said the Dean, "you must not stir, let them fight it out, it would "be better for the world that all such fellows "should kill one another."

The strict attention that Mr. Skelton paid to the duties of his profession prevented his being engaged in the softer concerns of human life. I question if he ever was really in love, though it is allowed he had a variety of sweethearts. He seems indeed to have been proof against the fascinating charms of the fair, whose gentle weapons have conquered the greatest heroes and philosophers, and made them submit to their yoke. Monaghan was the scence of his loves, and possibly a short account of these may not be unentertaining to my readers.

He was once courting a young lady, and when they were just on the point of being married, she said to him one day, "my dear, as you are but a "poor curate, how will you provide for our chil-

"dren?"

" dren?" " Why my love," he answered, " sup-
" pose we have three sons, I'll make one of them
" a weaver, another a taylor, and the third a shoe-
" maker, very honest trades my jewel, and thus
" they may earn their bread by their industry."
" Oh!" she replied, " never will I bring forth
" children for such mean occupations." " Well
" then," said he, " I have no other expectations,
" and of consequence you and I will not be joined
" together, for between your pride and his poverty
" poor Phil. Skelton will never be racked." Thus the match was broke off. Soon after this one S** S** a fine fellow with a gold-laced waistcoat paid his addresses to the young lady, who was so much captivated with his appearance, and especially with the waistcoat, that she instantly married him without once inquiring how he would provide for her children. However, they lived very unhappily; he starved her, and she cuckhold him, and turned out a whore and a drunkard. Skelton often thanked God he did not get her, observing that he had a fortunate escape, for she would surely have broke his heart. If she had married him, he said, she would have got rough plenty, but she preferred the man with the gold-laced waistcoat, and was thus deceived by outward show.

He paid his addresses once, he told me, to a young lady, who, in her conversation with him, began

began to talk boastingly of her great family, saying what grand relations she had, and the like. "Upon this (he remarked to me) I found she "would not answer for a wife to me; because she "would despise me on account of my family, as "my father was only a plain countryman, and "therefore I thought it best to discontinue my "addresses for the future."

Again, he was courting another young lady, and was just going to be married to her; when he happened to find a gay airy young fellow in a private room with her, and then in his rage took the beau with one of his hands and held him up before her, as you would a puppet, and carrying him to the stairs, let him drop down. When he had thus punished my gentleman, he broke off from the lady in a passion, and would never visit her again in the character of a lover. His brother Thomas strove to dissuade him from this odd resolution, telling him he ought to think the more of the young lady for having many admirers. But his advice did not avail, for he was rather obstinate on the occasion, observing, that if she were fond of him, she would have no familiar intercourse with another.

He seemed indeed once to have had an ardent passion for a Miss Richardson, for in his eagerness to see her, he rode cross the lake of Coot-

hill

hill in the great frost, without perceiving he was riding on ice. However, we may suppose his fondness soon began to cool. His being a curate, I should think, made him cautious of plunging too deep into love. He knew that marriage must have confined him still more in his charities, which were always nearest to his heart; unless he could get a good fortune by it, a boon seldom conferred on one of his station. He therefore strove to keep down his passions by abstinence, and lived for two years at Monaghan entirely on vegetables. I was told indeed that he would once have been married to a young lady, had he not been disappointed of a living that was promised to him. He had however pure and refined notions of love; nor did he, like some others, affect to ridicule that gentle passion. He thought it cruel of a parent obstinately to thwart the affections of a child; unless there was a glaring impropriety in the choice. "Poor "things (he used to say of two lovers) since they "love one another, they should let them come "together, it is a pity to keep them asunder."

In 1741, he published the Necessity of Tillage and Granaries in a Letter to a Member of Parliament. The art of cultivating the ground, next to the care of our souls, is certainly the most useful to man. Consequently, any piece of writing, which has agriculture for its object, is worthy of attention.

attention. The estate of the member of parliament, to whom this letter is addressed, lay in the South of Ireland, which, though of a soil admirably fit for tillage, by a pernicious sort of management, was applied almost entirely to grazing; and its condition is yet too much in need of improvement. In this letter he shows by the strongest arguments the excellence of agriculture over pasturage, advising the gentleman of fortune, from motives of private interest, to encourage the one in preference to the other. As a consequence of the neglect of tillage, and the want of public granaries, he takes notice of a horrible famine that prevailed in this country for the two years before he published his letter. "It was computed, that "as many people died of want, or of disorders "occasioned by it, during that time, as fell by the "sword in the massacre and rebellion of forty "one. Whole parishes in some places were "almost desolate; the dead were eaten in the "fields by dogs for want of people to bury them." A shocking picture of national calamity. This letter proves his knowledge in agriculture, and contains many excellent precepts, which, if put in practice, would help to civilize the South of Ireland, that is sunk in idleness and sloth, and ready on every occasion to burst forth into acts of violence and disorder. Its style is remarkably perspicuous, though somewhat tinctured with vulgarity,

 which

which might possibly be owing to the nature of the subject it treats of. It has, however, been remarked by some judges of agriculture, that many of his calculations in favour of the farmer will not hold good in practice.

In the same year he published, in the transactions of the Royal Society, a piece entitled "A "Curious Production of Nature." It gives an account of a great number of caterpillars, that crawled (in 1737) on some trees in the county of Monaghan, leaving behind them a fine silken web on the bark of the trees. Some of these continued for two years, but were mostly all destroyed by the frost in the terrible winter of forty. Many distempers, he imagined, are owing to invisible insects.

About this time he was nearly brought into a scrape by an anonymous publication. His brother Thomas having a quarrel with one Steers, who first carried on the Newry canal, prevailed on him to write a pamphlet against him, which was very severe, and vexed Steers so much that he threatened a prosecution. The printer told him he must for his own sake declare his name; on which Mr. Hawkshaw advised him to conceal himself, until the storm would blow over, an advice which he found it prudent to take. However, the man's passion cooling after a while, he ventured then to come out from his retreat.

Having

Having now given up all hopes of preferment from the Bishop of Clogher, he accepted (in 1742) of the tuition of the present Earl of Charlemont. Mr. Hawkshaw advised him to make a trial of it, as it might tend to advance him in the world, offering in the mean time to keep the cure open for him. His tuition seemed at first so agreeable to him, that he wrote to Mr. Hawkshaw to dispose of the cure of Monaghan, for he would stay where he was on account of the civility he met with. Accordingly, Mr. Hawkshaw began to look out for a curate, and had nearly fixed upon one, when he received a letter from Skelton, informing him, he would quit the tuition and resume his cure. This sudden change of sentiment in him it is necessary to account for.

Mr. Adderley, who had married Lady Charlemont, and was guardian to the minor, on her death, would lose his place if he could not procure sufficient security. He applied to Skelton, who, by his acquaintance with one Law, Cashier to the Bank of Fede and Wilcocks, got that Bank to promise to give security. At this time, the Bank of Mr. Dawson offering the same, Mr. Adderley gave it the preference. Skelton was angry at him for putting him to so much trouble, and then making a fool of him. This was the beginning of their quarrel. He also it seems gave

Lord

Lord Charlemont some advice that was disagreeable to Mr. Adderley *.

This little dispute with the guardian producing some ill humour between them, Skelton determined to resign the tuition, and took the following method to give him warning of his intention. Mr. Skelton, and he, and some more company sitting one day after dinner over a glass of wine, Mr. Adderley said to Skelton, who was tedious in drinking his glass, "you are hunted Mr. Skelton;" "Yes Sir," said he, "I have been hunted by you this some time past, but you shall hunt me no more." Accordingly he gave up the care of his Lordship's education, and returned to his cure.

It appears, that even then Mr. Skelton had a very high opinion of Lord Charlemont. Soon after he left him he published (in 1743) "Truth "in a Mask," with a dedication to this Nobleman. At the beginning of it he says, "it was for "many and weighty reasons, which in charity he "forbears to mention, that he chose to quit him "so soon." Though he owns no blame can be laid to his Lordship. It is easy indeed to observe by the dedication, that he looked on Lord Charlemont in his juvenile years to be far supe-

* This intelligence relating to Mr. A. I received at Monaghan from a person, to whom Mr. Hawkshaw recommended me to apply for authentic information.

rior

rior to the generality of our young Irish Lords; nor has the maturer age of this venerable nobleman disappointed the expectations formed of him in his youth. The advantages derived to this kingdom from his exertions, and from those of the illustrious armed patriots, who chose him their commander, men who sacrificed private ease and profit to the public good, are too well known to be dwelt upon here.

His reason for writing "Truth in a Mask," which consists of thirteen Allusions, is thus ex-expressed in the dedication; "I have found by "experience, that the naked truth is displeasing "to most people, and even shocking to many. I "have therefore in the following Allusions given "religious truth such a dress and mask as may "perhaps procure it admittance to a conference "with some of its opposers and contemners." He mentions also the example of our blessed Saviour, who gained an admission to the human heart by his parables. His allusions however, he says, "cannot be understood without a competent "knowledge of Church History, and a near ac-"quaintance with the present reigning contro-"versies in religion; so that, as they are calcu-"lated for the perusal of the learned and judi-"cious alone, it is not to be hoped they will "please many." Yet I doubt if they ever proved as agreeable even to the learned and judicious

 reader,

reader, as the Author expected. Their meaning is often too dark; the things to which they allude are not shown with sufficient clearness. In compositions of this sort, which proceed wholly out of an author's own brain, it requires great art to make them palatable. Their intent is to expose the absurdities of Popery, and false principles of Arianism. Yet the dedication prefixed, which contains some admirable advice in very forcible language, is more worthy of being preserved than any of the Allusions.

On leaving the tuition of Lord Charlemont, he returned, as already mentioned, to his cure, which was kept open for him by his indulgent rector Mr. Hawkshaw, and applied busily as before to reading and composition. While he was a curate, and engaged thus at close study, he was offered a School worth five hundred pounds a year arising from the benefit of the scholars. But he refused it, as his accepting of this office must have put a stop to him in his progress to literary improvement. He had marked out for himself several useful compositions which he intended to publish, few or none of which could ever have been completed, had he embarked in the tumult of a public School. The noise and hurry of such a place are, it is well known, adverse to study, which requires silence, quiet and calmness. How could we settle ourselves

selves to composition, if a parcel of clamorous boys were bawling about our ears?

Inunc et tecum versus meditare canoros.

It was remarked to him by some of his friends, that he might sit in a private room at his studies, and leave to his ushers the chief trouble of the school, which he might visit occasionally, as it would suit his convenience. But he said, he could not in conscience take the money, without giving up his whole time and attention to his scholars; which would prevent him from executing the plan he had formed.

About this time he was walking on the road near Monaghan, when a fine dressed servant came riding up to him, and asked him if he knew a Mr. Skelton? He said he had a right to know him a little for he was the man himself. The servant then gave him a letter he had for him signed**** a lady of good fortune, who told him that her dear husband was just dead, and as she had more dependance on him than on any other man alive, she begged he would come to her family to teach her children for which she would allow him an ample salary, and also sufficient leisure to pursue his studies. The offer appearing advantageous required some consideration. He therefore informed the lady by the servant, he would give herf a positive answer in a day or two. The rest of

the day he passed in anxious thought; at night he lay sleepless in his bed, without forming a fixed resolution; towards morning he fell into a doze, and saw clearly, he said, a vision which determined his choice*. He saw, he assured us, the appearance of a wig-block rising by degrees out of the floor of his room, which continued thus to rise till it got above the floor, and then moving back and forward, said in a solemn voice, "Be-" ware of what you are about," and sunk gradually down. He was thus warned by the awful vision. Instantly he went to the lady, and told her he could not leave his cure. She expressed her sorrow at his determination, but requested he would look out for some one, who, he thought, would suit her purpose. He promised to do so, and in a short time brought her a gentleman every way qualified. When she saw him, she took Mr. Skelton aside, and told him, she had no objection to the gentleman but one; and that was, he was too handsome, which would probably cause ill-natured people to throw reflections on her character, as she was a young widow. She therefore requested he would get her some other one more ordinary. Accordingly he procured her one who answered her description. But, as Skelton remarked, "she married him in two years, in half

* This is somewhat on the marvellous, but I give it as I got it.

"a year

"a year after she cuckhold him, and then I saw "her with my eyes a beastly drunkard." Thus the wig-block warned him of his danger.

In 1744, he published the "Candid Reader, "addressed to his terraqueous Majesty, the World." This production is among the best of his short occasional pices. In his attempts at wit he is tolerably successful. The objects of his ridicule are Hill the Mathematician, who proposes making verses by an arithmetical table, Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Johnson, the Author of a play called Hurlothrumbo. The parallel he draws between the Rhapsody of Lord Shaftsbury and the Hurlothrumbo of Johnson appears somewhat pleasant and judicious.

In the same year, he also published "A Letter "to the Authors of Divine Analogy and the mi-"nute Philosopher; from an old officer." This is a plain sensible letter. The veteran, in a miliary style, advises the two polemics to turn their arms from one another against the common enemies of the christian faith.

The year 1745 was remarkable, it is well known, for an attempt made on the religion and liberty of these kingdoms. At this season of general commotion, Mr. Skelton published his short piece entitled "Chevalier's Hopes." It is a bold animated production fraught with excellent advice; but appears by its style to have been written in a hurry,

hurry, to suit the circumstance of the time, which was too confused to afford leisure for a polished composition. It shows, that the Pretender had no real hope of success but one—the horrible wickedness of these kingdoms, which might justly bring down on them the divine vengeance.

The people, he said, in many parts of the North were possessed then with a terrible dread of the Highlanders, whom they expected every day to come over on them. At that time, he told us, a doughty captain of militia and his men were parading and exercising on a rainy day to prepare for combat, and when they had finished their manœuvres, went to a public house to regale themselves, and dry their clothes, and were sitting at the fire burning their shins and boasting of what feats they would do, when the woman of the house, who happened to be out, opening the back door, shouted to her husband, "Johnny, Johnny, here "are the Highlanders at the back-door." On this the captain and his men all started up, and ran out of the other door in dread of their lives, leaving their arms behind them. They ran near a mile cross the country, without looking back, until at last, hearing no shots, nor any one pursuing, they ventured to look back, and all was quiet. Their fears it seems put a wrong interpretation on the good woman's words. Her husband had lately got from the Highlanders two Scotch ponies, which

which to distinguish them they called Highlanders. These having a few days before strayed to the adjacent mountains, could not be found until the rain brought them home; and the woman rejoiced to see them, shouted to her husband, "Johnny here are the Highlanders at the back "door;" which the militia men supposing to be the real Highlanders took to their scrapers to save themselves, and thus were frightened away by two Scotch ponies.

Bishop Sterne having about this time finished his earthly career, the See of Clogher was conferred on Dr. Clayton, the notorious author of the "Essay on Spirit." His Lordship being a professed Arian in principle, it could not be expected that there would be a close coincidence of opinion between him and Mr. Skelton. Whenever they happened to come into contact, they were generally in each other's hairs, to use a boxing phrase. The Bishop, as it may be supposed, always gave the first blow, and Skelton stood resolutely on the defensive. The polemic weapons were handled on both sides with sufficient skill; probably to the amusement of the standards by. But the Bishop in dignity of character and station had the advantage over poor Skelton, whose only dependance was upon the strength of his arguments. He told me, the Bishop once made a speech to him a whole hour long against the Trinity, to which he

was

was forced to listen with respectful attention. "I "was then on the watch," he observed, "to see "if I could catch hold of any thing the Bishop "said, for I knew I would not be allowed to "speak five minutes in my turn, as I was but a "poor Curate." Accordingly, he perceived some flaw in the Bishop's arguments, and when he had finished his oration, asked his Lordship how he reconciled that with the rest of what he said, for he appeared to contradict himself? His Lordship, who never suspected the weakness of his own reasoning, seemed startled at Skelton's objection; but when he pressed him, according to the Socratic mode, with the absurdity of his own arguments, his Lordship was left in a hobble, and had nothing to say. Mr. Skelton told me all the particulars of this dispute with the Bishop, which I cannot now recollect, but I know, I was convinced at the time, that Skelton had gained a complete victory. Yet, however honourable all this might be to Mr. Skelton, or consistent with his duty, it could not at all be conducive to his private interest. Every victory of this sort gained by a Curate over a Bishop, like that of Pyrrhus over the Romans, tends only to lessen his power, and may probably defeat him at last. The livings, as usual, were given away to others, and no notice taken of Skelton, who had then sufficiently distinguished himself by literature.

His

His constitution, he imagined, was impaired by the unlucky accident he met with at the long-bullets, and hence he became afterwards liable to the hips*, a disorder which continued to increase on him. Once, while curate of Monaghan, he was strangely affected by this imaginary malady. Mr. Hawkshaw and his lady going to Manor-water-house took him in their carriage along with him; but he had got only a short way on the road when he told them, that he was just on the point of death, and begged they would stop the carriage and let him out, that he might die in peace. He repeated his request three or four times without effect, for Mrs. Hawkshaw, who knew his little weakness, would not humour him in his notions. Her refusal, as it was expected, helped to cure him of his disorder, of which he got quite free before he arrived at the place appointed †. The most sensible men are liable to some infirmities, which shows they are not excluded from the general lot of humanity.

He used to pay frequent visits to old Archdeacon Cranston, who lived near Monaghan, and generally walked to his house with a cudgel in his

* Hips is a cant word signifying an Hypocondriac complaint, with which the person possessed imagines himself sick when nothing ails him.

† I was told this anecdote at Monaghan, but not by Mr. Hawkshaw.

hand.

hand. One day, while he was thus equipt, he was attacked at the door by a huge mastiff, which he kept off with his cudgel after many attempts to get on him. This amused the old Archdeacon and Mr. Hawkshaw, who were looking on at the diversion.

The old Archdeacon had weathered it out then a long time. His death it seems had been often wished for, but this did him no harm; he lived, if possible, the longer on that account. Mr. Skelton said to him one day, "you have lived a long "time, Sir, in the diocess of Clogher, and I dare "say you have seen many changes in it." "Oh "yes (he replied in a drawling voice) I have seen "a great many changes in it; I remember about "twenty years ago, the Bishop of Clogher of that "time had a fine young man a nephew, whom he "wished to promote highly in his diocess, and "and had given one good living already, which "it seems was not enough for him, for he was "going to get him married to Squire Knox's "daughter of Dungannon. Upon this he told "the Squire, that, beside the living he had, he "would get my living, as I was just going to die; "but you see I have long outlived the nephew, "and his uncle the Bishop too." "Well Sir," said Skelton. "would you be content to die now?" "Why, if I could live till after the next crop "would come in, for the sake of my friends, I "would

"would not care much." I then asked Mr. Skelton if he got the next crop? "Yes he did," he answered, "and another one too, and then he "died."

He also went as often as convenient to see Mr. Pringle of Caledon, about ten miles from Monaghan, where he spent his time very pleasantly. On his first coming there he had a curious adventure which deserves to be related. Mr. Pringle's father, who was then alive, being very old and doting, was unfit to manage his house, which was left to the direction of his son, who in fact was master of all. Consequently, he had a right to ask what company he thought proper. This gentleman invited Mr. Skelton to dine with him, and Archdeacon East, who had lately come to the parish, telling them that his father was doting, and not to be offended at any thing he said. When he introduced the Archdeacon to his father, he said, "father this is Archdeacon East the clergyman of "the parish, who has come to dine with us to "day." "Ay ay," observed the old man, "come "East, come West, come North, come South, "you all come here to fill your bellies." When the dinner was brought in the old man refused to sit at the table with them, but took his seat in an adjoining room with the door quite open, where he watched them to see how much they would eat.

Mr.

Mr. Pringle placed Skelton just opposite the door, desiring him to eat voraciously, and take large mouthfuls. Accordingly he began to devour up the dinner as if he were starving, stuffing his mouth with huge lumps of meat and bread. The old man staring at him a while, at last cried to his son, "Johnny, Johnny, see that fellow, he'll eat "you up." Skelton then shouted out aloud to the servant, "give me a tumbler of wine," whispering to him to put some water in it. "Ah ah!" the old man cried, "a whole tumbler of wine, Johnny don't give it to him; where did you come from, Sir,?" After dinner Mr. Skelton brought him a glass of wine, and bowing presented it to him, which he snapt from him, and drank up most greedily. When he gave it to him again, he said, to him "what trade are you, Sir?" "A gospeller," replied Skelton. "A gospeller, a gospeller, what "trade's that?" "A preacher of the gospel." "Ah man!" he said, "that a brave trade, I "thought you were a pedlar." In the evening a fine lady happened to be in company with him, who took great airs on her, but he soon said to her before a room full of people, "Madam, you are "flaunting about now with your fine dress, and "think yourself so great, but I remember your "father a poor servant in the country here." The old man, it seems, though he was doting, hit upon the truth.

Mr.

Mr. Pringle in his will appointed Mr. Skelton executor to his children, an office which he discharged with great fidelity, as his son the present Mr. Pringle of Caledon assured me. I question if he ever committed with his knowledge a single act of injustice.

Some years after, a Mr. Clarke, who had married his brother Thomas's daughter, made him executor, leaving his fortune at his disposal. To the widow, who I believe, had no child, he gave as much as he thought just, and the rest to the Clarkes. This lady was afterwards married to Mr. Ennis an attorney.

Lord Orrery, when he lived at Caledon-castle, often invited Mr. Skelton to come and see him. Once his Lordship did him the honour to dine with him at his lodgings in Monaghan, a short time before he went to London to publish "Deism "Revealed."

This was a work, he thought, of too great importance to be published in Ireland, and therefore resolved to take it to London. Accordingly, his Rector having offered to do duty for him in his absence, and pay him his salary, he set out for that metropolis (in 1748) to dispose of it. In this expedition he was accompanied by a Mr. Thompson a clergyman.

Having taken Oxford in his way, he shewed his production to Dr. Connebear. This good

man, who himself stood forth a strenuous supporter of our faith, after slightly looking over the manuscript approved of it as far as he went. He then took down from his library the Essays of Mr. Hume, whose curious method of weighing evidences, as a small dealer does his ware, is so much admired by his ingenious disciples. "Have "you seen these," he said, "that we lately pub-"lished?" Mr. Skelton replied he had not; but on reading parts of them here and there, he remarked that he had anticipated answers to the chief of Mr. Hume's objections. However, in compliance with Dr. Connebear's desire, he introduced Hume's cavils about a ballance, and answered them on the principles of common sense, which that gentleman, in his refinements, seems to have forgot. It is still to be lamented, that the enemies of truth are often superior to its friends in clearness of expression, and elegance of style, the chief requisites of an agreeable writer. The defenders of our holy religion, depending on the strength of their arguments, have sometimes paid too little attention to arrangement and perspicuity. Whereas the advocates for infidelity, who are destitute of solid arguments, endeavour to make amends for this defect, by the beauty of language, and allurements of eloquence, which, like the voice of the Syrens of old, are only designed to charm us to our ruin. "What's the

"reason,

" reason, Sir, (I said to Mr. Skelton once) that " these deistical writers Hume, Bolingbroke, and " Gibbon are so clever, while their opponents, " worthy good clergymen, are often inferior to them " in point of composition?" " Do you think," he replied, " the Devil ever sent a fool of his errand?" He then remarked, that God Almighty often made use of weak instruments, like him, in the support of his religion, to shew, that with the most puny defenders, he could overcome all the strength of his enemies. " For the weakness of God is stronger " than man."

Upon Mr. Skelton's arrival in London, he brought his manuscript to Andrew Millar the Bookseller, to know if he would purchase it, and have it printed at his own expense. The Bookseller desired him, as is usual, to leave it with him for a day or two, until he would get a certain gentleman of great abilities to examine it, who could judge, if the sale would quit the cost of printing. These gentlemen who examine manuscripts, in the Bookseller's cant, are called " triers." " Can " you guess (he said to me) who this gentleman " was, that tried my Deism Revealed." " No, I " cannot." " Hume the infidel." He came it seems to Andrew Millar's, took the manuscript to a room adjoining the shop, examined it here and there for about an hour, and then said to Andrew, print. By Deism revealed he made about two hundred

hundred pounds. The Bookseller allowed him for the manuscript a great many copies, which he disposed of himself among the citizens of London, with whom, on account of his preaching, he was highly famed. His powerful pulpit eloquence, which he displayed in their churches, brought him into notice. The citizens of London, to whom he afterwards dedicated a volume of Sermons, were, he said, at that time excellent men, and admirable judges of preaching.

Mr. Thompson and he took lodgings at a noted coffee-house, where it seems accommodations of this sort were to be met with. He had an opportunity, he said, of making many observations on mankind, during his residence in that great city, which affords such an amazing variety of characters, and found his understanding to increase daily by his conversation with people of good sense and knowledge of the world; whose observations made him discover many errors and deficiencies in his Deism Revealed, which he took care to rectify and supply, passing after his arrival there, a great part of his time altering and improving it. He spoke always with a degree of rapture of the citizens of London, from whom he received many public and private civilities. He had a letter of credit, he told us, upon a great merchant there, who, without regarding it, though it was very good, gave him money on his own account

account, saying, "Sir, I am to take as many of "your books as will nearly amount to all this."

One day he went to a jeweller's shop in London to look at some articles of great value, which he was commissioned to buy; and when he told him he could not purchase them, till he would get an acquaintance of skill to examine them, the jeweller, though a stranger to him, bade him take them with him, for he had an honest face, and he was sure he would bring them back. This was a degree of confidence which an Irish visitant but rarely experiences in England.

He remarked, that the London merchants seldom had company at dinner, as their business prevented them from staying to enjoy the glass. But they made sufficient amends for this seeming stinginess by splendid and elegant suppers, furnished with every rarity and luxury. At these, he said, he passed many agreeable hours with company fit to entertain and instruct him. It was pleasant, he observed, to see merchants, many of whom had the whole, or at least the greater part of their property on sea, liable to the mercy of the winds and waves, relaxing themselves in private with as much ease and complacency, as if they had not a ship exposed to the fickle elements.

At one of these entertainments, he happened to meet with the late Dr. Lowth, who was afterwards raised by his learning to the bishoprick of London.

Mr. Lowth was then, he said, a tall, thin, remarkably grave man. When he perceived Mr. Skelton was a clergyman from Ireland, he told him, he could have been highly promoted in the Irish church, but he refused it, as he did not wish to live in that country. "Well Sir," replied Skelton, "there are good pickings in the Irish church, "and some of your countrymen have no objec-"tions to come over and take a large share of "them, to the great sorrow of us poor clergymen "natives of the land." Mr. Lowth, like every man of genius, was sensible of his merits, which, he knew, must raise him in the English church, where learning and abilities are respected and rewarded. It was natural therefore, as he had a choice, that he preferred promotion in his own country. Mr. Skelton, with all the world, had a high opinion of that learned and ingenious prelate, the late ornament of the English church. "Lowth "on the Prophecies of Isaiah," he said, "is the "best book in the world next to the Bible."

When he was in London, there was a man from the parish of Derriaghy, he assured us, that passed there for a wild Irishman, and was exhibited as a public show, dressed up with a false beard, artificial wings, and the like. Hundreds from all quarters flocked to see a strange spectacle, which they had often heard of before; and among others, a Derriaghy man, who happened to be in London,

came in the crowd, and saw the wild Irishman, a hideous figure, with a chain about him, cutting his capers before a gaping multitude. Yet notwithstanding his disguise, he soon discovered, that this wild Irishman was a neighbour's son, a sober civilized young man, who had left Derriaghy a little before him. When the show was finished he went behind the scene, and cried out so as to be heard by his countryman, "Derriaghy, Der-"riaghy." Upon this the seeming wild Irishman, staring with surprize, spoke aloud, "I'll go any "place for Derriaghy." They had then a private meeting, when he told him, that being scarce of money, he took that method of gulling the English, which succeeded far beyond his expectations.

Mr. Skelton, while in London, once attended the levee, dressed in his gown and band. The King, he said, being unable to lift up his feet as he walked, was forced to sweep them along the floor. His Majesty as he passed him, stopped a while and looked in his face, which might be owing to his striking appearance. Some of his friends then whispered to him, "you are in the "way of promotion, the King has you in his eye." Possibly his Majesty in his reign promoted persons less worthy of the royal patronage than the great and good Mr. Skelton.

He spent a great part of his time in going through the city purchasing books at a cheap rate,

and laid out on these the most of the money he got by Deism Revealed, which afforded a good library for a curate. The managers of a Review offered, he said, at that time, to enrol him among their number, and give him a share of their profit, on condition of his staying in London. But he refused, for he thought an Irish curacy more secure bread, than the precarious subsistence to be acquired by criticism.

He went then, through curiosity, to a certain cheap place to get his dinner, which cost him three halfpence, for which he got a quart of thick soup and a piece of bread. The soup was made up of broken meat collected from cook-shops, kitchens, and strolling beggars. However he did not choose to try the experiment a second time. He told us of his cheap dinner when he was teaching a young man to live on little money in Dublin.

In London he continued about half a year, and then returned to his curacy in Ireland. At sea, I am told, he had a dangerous voyage; the vessel he sailed in being nearly lost. The newspapers indeed gave an account that it was wrecked, and that all on board perished. But it pleased God to preserve his life some time longer for the benefit of mankind.

The first edition of Deism Revealed, published by Andrew Millar, in 1749, is comprised in two tolerably

tolerably large octavo volumes. It consists of eight dialogues; in the first seven there are four, and in the eighth only two, speakers. At first three unbelievers attack one christian, who at last makes a convert of one of them, a young gentleman of great fortune, but of good sense and candour. In these dialogues, the most of the infidel objections against the gospel are introduced with their whole force, and fully and candidly answered. So that the book is rather a complete answer to deistical cavils, than a regular proof of the divine authority of the gospel. But if their cavils are proved groundless, christianity consequently is true.

The title of Deism Revealed shows it was intended to expose the craft of the infidels. In this book there is a great deal of good sense, sound argument, and original observation. It proves the author deeply read, and well acquainted with the subject of which he treats. But it is defective in point of arrangement; the matter is too loosely thrown together, the arguments do not follow each other in regular order. This remark, however, only holds good with respect to particular places. The style is also somewhat coarse; words are uselessly multiplied, and arguments drawn out beyond their proper bounds. The author, in his attempts at wit, frequently fails; he is merry himself, but the reader unhappily cannot join with him

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in the joke. True wit subsists where the writer is grave, and the reader merry.

This book was in high repute on its first publication. A second edition was required in a little more than a year. Among others, Dr. Delany admired it, well pleased with the growing fame of his pupil, to whom he had proved himself so sincere a friend. And even now, there is scarce any man of reading in this country that has not at least heard of Deism Revealed. A few months after its publication, the Bishop of Clogher happened to be in company with Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London; who asked him if he knew the author of this book? "O yes," he answered carelessly, "he has been a curate in my diocess, near these "twenty years." "More shame for your Lord-"ship," replied he, "to let a man of his merit "continue so long a curate in your diocess."

The ingenious Bishop of London sent a message once to inform Mr. Skelton, that he would promote him in his diocess, if he would write a book upon christian morals. On which he desired the messenger to ask his Lordship, what objection he had to the old Whole Duty of Man? To this question he never received any answer. The old Whole Duty of Man was one of his favourite books. The style, he said, was admirably qualified for instruction, being so simple as to be easily understood by the most unlearned.

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In 1749, he paid a visit to a distant northern Bishop of great consequence, whose lady was what you may call, a learned woman, and had such influence over her husband as often to dispose of the livings to her own favourites. So that, as Mr. Skelton remarked, the lady was a sort of a bishop herself. She was on this account courted by the clergy who humoured her in all her notions. She professed herself an admirer of Hutcheson's System of Moral Philosophy, and the clergy of consequence approved of her taste. As she had a respect for Mr. Skelton's judgment, she took the following method to find out his opinion on this subject. Having lately got a new book written by one of Hutcheson's disciples, she ordered it to be put in the room in which he slept, naturally supposing he would examine it a little, and he did so. In the morning, an Archdeacon, by the lady's directions, came to Skelton's room to sound him on the book, and asked him carelessly if he had read any of it? Yes, he told him, he had looked into it here and there. He then asked him how he liked it? He said but indifferently, for he thought there was a great deal of nonsense in it. This brought on a sort of scuffle between them. At last Skelton said he would lay him a wager, open the book at any page he pleased, and he would show him nonsense in it before he read to the bottom. The Archdeacon agreed; and while

while he was reading the page, Skelton stopped him now and then, and said, "that's nonsense;" "yes it is," he owned; and thus he was forced to acknowledge there was nonsense in every page of it. The Bishop's lady when she heard how contemptibly he spoke of the book which she so highly esteemed could scarce keep her temper; especially as she was accustomed to be flattered in her notions by the clergy, who would never oppose her. She therefore resolved to affront Mr. Skelton in an open company, supposing a poor Curate like him dare not say a word. Accordingly, after dinner, before the Bishop and a large company of clergy and others, she said to him, "Mr. Skelton, I heard you preached in St. James's "chapel when you were in London." "Yes "Madam, I did." "Well Sir, a lady, a friend "of mine who heard you, told me you preached "very absurdly, talking of hell's fire, and such "coarse subjects, as are never introduced in so "polite a place." "Pray Madam, who is this "lady, a friend of yours, that made these remarks "on my preaching?" "Such a lady, Sir," she answered, naming her. "Oh!" he said, "she "has a good right not to like sermons about hell's "fire, for she is whore to the Archbishop of York, "all London knows it."

This Bishop, whose lady was so learned, having a niece unmarried, some people advised Mr. Skelton

ton to court her and marry her, observing that he would get a good living by it; but they could not prevail on him to seek for preferment from a connection with that lady.

However, the time of his being promoted above the humble office of a curate at length arrived. In the year 1750, a large living fell in the diocess of Clogher; and immediately on the vacancy Dr. Delany and another Bishop waited on Bishop Clayton, and told him, that if he did not give Skelton a living now, after disappointing them so often, they would take him out of his diocess. The Bishop then gave him the living of Pettigo in a wild part of the county of Donegal, having made many removals on purpose to put him in that savage place, among mountains, rocks, and heath. In the living of Pettigo he succeded a Mr. Lindsay, who was removed to Enniskillen. When he had got this living he had been eighteen years Curate of Monaghan, and two of Newtown-Butler, during which time he saw, as he told me, many illiterate boys put over his head, and highly preferred in the church without ever serving a cure.

The name of the parish is properly Templecarn; but as the church is placed in the small village of Pettigo, the people by custom call it the parish of Pettigo. This village is situate on the extremity of the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh; a little river that runs through it, over which a bridge

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is built, separates these counties from each other. It has a sort of a market on a Monday, and some stated fairs in the year. Even then there was probably some culture about this village, but the parts of the county of Donegal adjacent, and to a great extent, in which Mr. Skelton's parish lay, were mostly wild, mountainous, covered over with heath. The parish of Pettigo is fifteen miles long, and ten broad; of this he had the whole tithes, and had also a glebe of a hundred and fifty acres situate in the county of Fermanagh. Yet, strange as it may seem, tithe and glebe did not on an average produce two hundred pounds a year. Possibly he might have scraped up a little more, had he been rigid in demanding his dues; though it is allowed that scarce a fourth part of the parish was arable. One Robert Plunket, brother to the Dissenting Minister, came with him from Monaghan, and got a cabin in Pettigo, with some land adjacent. He appointed him his tithe-farmer, and also agreed with him for his diet and lodging.

The nature of the people was similar to that of the soil; they were rough, uncultivated, disorderly, fond of drinking and quarrelling. Mr. Skelton, by the account he heard of them, which however was greatly exaggerated, was really afraid they would kill him in that wild country, and therefore took with him from Monaghan, by way of servant, one Jonas Good, a great boxer, to defend him; a man

man of a decent family, who had a small freehold near that town, and yet consented to go with him through respect for his character. When he was agreeing with Jonas, he said to him, " I hire you " to fight, at which I am told you are very clever." The man said he could do a little that way, that he had never served any one before but the King, and he would serve him too, he was so good a man. " Well Sir, you must fight bravely; when you see " me laying down my hands, be sure do the same, " then strike stoutly, and when I stop, stop you." The man promised he would do so. To make him look more terrible, he got him a good horse, and a military saddle with holsters, in which he put two large pistols, and equipt him suitably in other particulars; though he did not dress him in livery, but in plain grave clothes. All this made his appearance decent and formidable, for he was a large able-bodied man. In their travels he always rode before him to face the danger, and got all the bows, as the people mistook him for the master. Mr. Skelton gave it out through the country, to raise a terror of him, that he could easily beat three or four men, which excited the envy of some wicked people, who way-laid Jonas at night, and beat him most shockingly.

His parishioners were sunk in profound ignorance. One could hardly have supposed, on viewing their manners, that they were born and bred in a christian

a christian country. Yet many of them were nominally protestants. Mr. Skelton declared, they scarce knew more of the gospel than the Indians of America; so that, he said, he was a missionary sent to convert them to christianity. Like others in a rude state, their chief study was to supply their natural wants, and indulge their gross appetites. The most of them seemed ignorant of the use of books, which they thought very few applied to but for some bad purpose. Mr. Skelton assured me, that soon after he came to Pettigo he was reading one evening in his room by candlelight, with the window shuts open, and heard many people whispering in the street at his window, which brought him to the door to see what was the matter, when he found a whole crowd of people listening and watching him; for it seems they thought he was a conjurer he dealt so much in books. So true is the observation of Swift's,

> Thus clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
> And take a folio for a conj'ring book.

Such were the people whom he was appointed to instruct. To a benevolent clergyman like him it surely gave concern, to see them in this state of ignorance and error. He had a wide field for improvement before him, and began to work immediately. He visited them from house to house; he

he instructed them late and early; he told them of Jesus Christ who died for their sins, whose name some of them had scarce heard of before. In his journies through the parish he took down the children's names, desiring their parents to send them to church to be instructed in the catechism; and introduced the proof-catechism such as he had already made use of at Monaghan. During the summer, while he was thus employed, he explained the catechism on Sundays before all the people, which served to edify both young and old. At this lecture or explanation he spent an hour and a half every Sunday the whole summer season. He gave the people this instead of a sermon, as it seemed to please them better, being delivered without notes, and also remarkably plain and instructive. He was thus, like Job, eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. When he had reason to suppose that the grown-up people were tolerably acquainted with their duty, by means of his public and private lectures, and admonitions, he locked the church doors on a Sunday, when he had a large congregation, and examined them all to see what progress they had made under his care in religious knowledge. He would not intimate to them the day he intended to do this, well knowing if he did, that few or none of them would come. He thus endeavoured to work upon their shame, which is often a more powerful motive

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with men than the dread of temporal or eternal evils. In time, by his extraordinary care, he brought these uncultivated people to believe in a God who made them, and a Saviour that redeemed them.

Sir James Caldwell's residence being at the extremity of the parish, he preached once in the month, on a Sunday, in his parlour, where he had a tolerable congregation, and used also to examine the people there in religion. He was once examinining some persons of quality there, when one of them told him there were two Gods, and another three Gods, and so on. Such was their ignorance. One of them indeed who had nothing to say, every question he was asked, made a genteel bow, in which he was better instructed than in religion.

In Pettigo the greater number of the inhabitants were poor catholics living in wretched hovels among barren rocks and heath; of whom there were many real objects of charity, that required the assistance of the humane. In such a place the benevolent disposition of Mr. Skelton found full room for exercise; and I may safely say, that no human breast ever had more genuine charity than his. His wonderful acts of goodness will be remembered for ages in that remote corner of the North and be transmitted from father to son for successive generations. But a particular display of them is reserved for its proper place.

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On his first coming there, he made an agreement with his hearers to give as much in charity in the church, as the whole collection on a Sunday should amount to, But when he perceived the people began to give less than what they used, he said to them, "farewell conjunction for the time "to come; you are now falling short of what you "gave at first, but you shall not confine my "charity;" and then divided his own portion among the poor every month.

He also practised physic at Pettigo as at Monaghan, and bestowed on his people medicines that he had procured for the purpose. His medicines and advice must have been indispensibly requisite in a country so uncivilized, where such assistance could not be easily obtained. Yet in dangerous cases he would not depend on his own skill, but sent fourteen miles off to Enniskillen for his intimate friend Dr. Scott, to whom, for his trouble in attending his parishioners, he allowed, I am assured, rent-free, the whole glebe of the parish of Pettigo, already mentioned, which is now set for forty pounds a year.

Soon after he got this living, the Bishop of Clogher let him know by a message, that he expected he would preach the next visitation-sermon. Though he was unwilling, as some others, who were promoted before him, had not then preached, yet he promised to prepare himself for it. But his Lordship had soon reason to suspect he would

speak

speak some disagreeable truths in his sermon, and make some sharp remarks on those clergymen who enjoy ecclesiastic emoluments, though they disbelieve or oppose the principal doctrines contained in our articles. Consequently, as he was afraid, that some of the weapons the preacher would dart from the pulpit might hit himself, he he began to repent that he had offered to put him in a situation so convenient for him to make his attack upon others. His apprehension, increasing daily as the visitation approached, caused him to send to him a favourite clergyman, one happily of his own religious notions, to inform him, that the Bishop would not ask him to preach at the visitation. But having, in compliance with his Lordship's desire, made a sermon for the purpose, he told the clergyman, that he had prepared his sermon, and that he would preach it at the visitation. The Bishop, it may be supposed, did not interpose his authority, and therefore he preached his sermon entitled the Dignity of the Christian Ministry at the visitation in 1751. This probably is one of the best occasional sermons of this sort extant in our language. Its style is clear, forcible, animated with true piety. He makes in it a very proper distinction between the temporal dignity derived from the possession of worldly goods, and the spiritual dignity conferred by Jesus Christ upon the ministers of his gospel. To quote every excellent part

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in this sermon, would be indeed to quote the whole; and it is impossible to contract it, as it contains almost as many thoughts as words. The Bishop himself, and all double-dealers in the church got a gentle rub as he passed; but he made no personal application. For any further particulars the inquisitive reader is referred to the sermon itself.

The publication of the "Essay on Spirit," which made a great noise in the world, produced, as might be expected, some very severe answers. Mr. Skelton, who apprehended not without reason, that the Bishop suspected him to be author of some of them, wrote him a letter (in 1752) assuring his Lordship he was not. He used to say in private companies, that he would not write against the Bishop, as he considered himself under obligations to him for the living of Pettigo. Yet his solemn asseverations were not sufficient to remove his Lordship's scruples, who, notwithstanding, under pretence of being convinced by his letter, dined with him afterwards in Pettigo.

The want of rational company seemed to add to the natural gloominess of the place. Pettigo he called Siberia, and said he was banished from all civilized society. I heard him often declare, he was forced to ride seven miles before he could meet with a person of common sense to converse with. He found it necessary, in his own defence,

to take frequent excursions to hear some rational conversation, and to get rid for a while of the illiterate people of Pettigo, whose lingo was constantly dinned into his ears. Sir James Caldwell, Dr. Scott, Rev. Dr. Mc. Donnel, Rev. Mr. Wallace, and some other clergy of the diocese of Clogher, were the persons he used generally to visit.

Plunket, with whom he lodged, could give him but one room with an earthen floor where he slept and studied; in which he had a screen or curtain so fixed that he could let it down upon occasions to conceal his bed. Here Sir James Caldwell, and other gentlemen of the country, have dined with him; for he was always fond of polished society. His chief meal at that time was his dinner, as he eat but little breakfast, and no supper; a sort of abstinence he found requisite to keep his passions in due order. He was for the same reason equally abstemious in sleep as in food; for he took but four hours sleep, and passed the rest of the night in prayer and meditation. Being at that time unhappily afflicted with religious melancholy, to which many good men are liable, he was seized with doubts about his salvation, and in the middle of the night often fell a crying, imagining he should be damned, he was so sinful a creature. While he was in these gloomy fits, he used to raise the man of the house out of his bed, and beg of him to waken the rest of

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the family, that he and they might pray with him, as he stood in need of all good christian's prayers, his case was so desperate. I heard this from a Lady who slept in a room adjoining his at the time. The poor man of the house strove to comfort him, telling him he was a pious charitable clergyman, and that there were few or none as good as he; so that he had no reason to have such scruples about his salvation. These gloomy notions were partly produced by his lonely sequestered life, for solitude is the parent of melancholy.

He was also at that time, on the same account, more liable to the hips, imagining often that he was just on the point of death. One day he told his servant that his hour was approaching, and his thread of life spent, and desired him to get the horses ready, that he might go to Dr. Scott's and die there. The servant obeyed; but when he got a short way on the road, he began to whistle and sing, and said he was happy. The ride, it is to be supposed helped to raise his spirits, an effect which it is often able to produce.

However, a ride had not always this happy effect on him. He rode to Dr. Scott's again when he had the same complaint. The Doctor being then abroad, Mrs. Scott, on his appearing uneasy, offered to send for him; on which he began to hesitate, now he allowed her; then he re-

fused; and continued in this wavering state until evening, when he told her, he would die that night in her house. This dismal news frightened her so, that she could not sleep the whole night. She lay in a room adjoining his, and was always listening if she could hear him breathe, which he did stoutly and strongly. The Doctor, who came home in the morning, on his inquiring into his case, would prescribe nothing to him but a glass of wine.

Once more he came to Dr. Scott's when he was similarly affected, accompanied by Robert Plunket with whom he lodged, and assured the Doctor, as usual, he would die that night; but he cured him by a little wine, and company. In the morning he sent for a taylor to take his measure for a suit of clothes, when Plunket coming in observed, that he thought the undertaker would be taking his measure for a coffin. He told him he was growing better, but if he died the clothes would suit some one else.

Another time, while these plaguy hips were on him, and he was telling the people about him, that he was just going to die, one Robert Johnston of Pettigo who was present said to him, "make a "day, Sir, and keep it, and don't be always dis-"appointing us thus." This made him laugh, and shook off his disorder. It may be remarked, that all this tends to degrade the person whose life

I write; but in my opinion it only shows, that he had his own peculiarities, to which great characters are in general more subject than ordinary men.

The private stills in the parish of Pettigo being at that time innumerable, made the whiskey cheap and plenty, which caused the people to be addicted to drunkenness, a vice among others prevalent there. The catholics, who were most numerous, were chiefly remarkable for this; though the protestants, as they call themselves, were but little better. At burials in particular, to which they flocked from all quarters, they drank most shamefully. It was the custom then with them, as soon as the corpse was buried, to meet all in a field adjacent to the church-yard, and pour whiskey, like cold water, down their throats. Twenty gallons of strong spirits of whiskey have been often drunk at such a meeting. When their blood was sufficiently heated by the spirits, they then, as it was natural, fell a boxing with one another, probably the near relations of the deceased, and thus cut and bruised each other most terribly. Many have been killed at such riotous meetings, either by quarrelling or whiskey.

Mr. Skelton told a story that marks clearly the savage manners of the people. One of these Pettigo men came up to him one day with joy in his face, and said to him; "O! we had the finest

" drinking

" drinking ever was two or three days ago; we
" were all drinking in a field after a burial, and
" we drank two or three kegs of strong whiskey.
" While we were drinking the last keg, a poor fel-
" low (he said mimicking him) who sat on the
" grass near me, fell down on his back, and then
" gave a shake or two with his hands and feet,
" and stirred no more. We looked at him, and
" found he was quite dead; then we took an empty
" keg, and clapt it on his breast, and shouted,
" we'd have another fine drinking bout at his
" burial. Then we waked him that night; and
" next day, at the burial, we drank strong whiskey,
" as much as before. So we had fine sport."
The wild parts of Munster or Connaught could scarce exhibit such savage barbarity of manners.

Mr. Skelton strove with all his power to break them off from this brutish practice. Those he could prevail on he made swear against drinking, and in his own church he preached against it. A sermon he preached to them on this subject is printed in his works, entitled " Woe to the Drun-
" kard;" which, had they the feelings of common men, must have had an effect on them, especially when delivered by such a preacher as Mr. Skelton. Yet his advice and preaching produced in this instance but little reformation. Whiskey was plenty, and the vice was established by long practice. It is almost impossible to make people break

break off at once from customs of this sort, sanctioned by time, and pleasing to their appetites. The advance from barbarism to civility must, like every other improvement be gradual. His own hearers were probably in some degree reclaimed by him from beastly drunkenness. He strove also to limit the expenses of all his people at christenings and marriages; for they usually spent all they could scrape together at these, and afterwards were in a manner starving. I heard of a curious answer an old woman of Pettigo made him, when he was just going to marry her to a young man. "What's the reason," he said to her, "you're doing this; 'tis for your penny of "money he marries you, sure he hates you, for "you're both old and ugly." "Don't despise," she replied, "the Lord's handy work;" meaning herself.

He began himself indeed at that time to feel the want of a wife; not I believe from any unruly propensities towards the fair sex, for he was then bordering upon fifty. But he perceived, I should think, the use of having a gentle partner through life, as a partaker in his joys and sorrows, an assistant in sickness, and consoler in adversity. However, for some reasons or other he began then to repent, he had not married when he was young, and used frequently to exclaim, "would to God I had married a servant maid!" It was reported

then

then he was jilted in his younger days, which gave him a distaste to marriage. This indeed is not improbable, as men of sense are as liable as any others to be deceived by the arts of women. Yet in my various and familiar conversations with him he never gave me a hint of this, which is a misfortune that men generally wish to keep to themselves. Some time after, he owned in a large company at Enniskillen, that he never had carnal knowledge of a woman: on which an old lady, who was present, told him plainly she did not believe him.

Yet he was very sensible of the obligation that lies on parents to take care of their offspring. A man who had a numerous family of children, his wife having a child every year, being reduced to poverty by giving bail for another, came to him once to ask for assistance, setting forth this melancholy story. "What (he said to him) you had so many "children, and yet you bailed a man; you ought "not to have any, for you are not fit to take care "of them." He then supplied him with present aid, and promised to settle five guineas a year on him, upon condition his wife should have no more children; observing, that one so careless as he ought not to enjoy conjugal gratifications.

His eminent virtues and charities gained him the love and respect of most of his people, and his courage, strength and activity, made him dreaded by those who could be only influenced by

by fear. Upon his arrival at Pettigo he found the people, as I mentioned before rude and disorderly, fond of rioting and quarrelling. Among these there were bullies, who, ruling over the rest, wished also to bully Mr. Skelton, and keep him down; but they were disappointed in the man they had to deal with. He told me, that one of them called Acheson came into his room one day to insult him; but he fell on him, and cuffed him and turned him out of the house. This same man came once into his church when he was drunk, and disturbed him so in his duty, that he was obliged to dismiss the congregation.

It appears he had no objection at that time, as usual to try his strength on occasions. Some people raising stones at Pettigo came to one too heavy for them; upon which Skelton, who was present, told them they were a parcel of rats, and taking the crow-iron in his hand raised the stone but broke the crow-iron in the experiment.

One Graham a farmer coming up to him one day in a garden offered to wrestle with him. "What," said he, "you insignificant little fellow would you presume to wrestle with me?" And then took him by the collar, and threw him down among the keal.

His lonely situation at Pettigo gave him more leisure for study. In 1753 he published the "Consultation, or a Dialogue of the Gods, in "the

"the manner of Lucian;" *sed magno discrimine.* It is intended to ridicule the Arians, whom it represents as a sort of polytheists; because they hold one supreme and other inferior Gods. Jupiter of consequence and his clan are fond of the Arians, who, they say, are their friends, and may be the means of bringing them once more into fashion. His attempts at wit are certainly laudable, as employed in a good cause, but they are not so successful as I could wish.

In this or the following year he went to London again to publish his Discourses; the neighbouring clergy in his absence attending his church, as I was assured by an old clergyman who preached there in his turn. This clergyman told me, that he copied over his discourses for the press, an assistance he always made use of when he could obtain it; for he disliked copying, which is but a servile employment, especially, I suppose, as he was not very fair at it, if one may judge by his hand-writing in his letters. I could hear of no adventure on this second visit to London worth relating. We may suppose indeed he returned as soon as convenient to his parish, which was so much the object of his care.

In 1754, his two volumes of sermons were published by Andrew Millar, entitled "Discourses Controversial and Practical on various Subjects, proper for the consideration of the Present Times. By the Author of Deism Revealed." To his first

volume is prefixed a Preface addressed to "the Clergy of the Church of England, and to his second another addressed to the Citizens of London." The corrupt and dangerous opinions that were then beginning to prevail he makes, in his first preface, his apology for publishing his controversial discourses. In his second he expresses his gratitude to the citizens of London for their civilities to him, during the time he lived among them; and mentions, as I collect from his preface, that partly at the request of some of these, and partly to animate men, if possible, with some religious warmth, in this winter of christianity, he offers his practical discourses to the public. To the preface of each volume he signs his name.

In these discourses there is abundance of good sense and original thought. He is no servile copier of others, but draws his arguments from scripture and his own understanding, his picture of human motives and actions from a close observation of mankind. He read few sermons, he said, that those he wrote might, if possible, be his own; and I believe but very few can be more justly than his styled the real property of their respective authors. Of these sermons I could quote many passages striking and sublime, produced at once by his own fertile capacity. For he took too little care in his compositions, and depended mostly on his genius, whence chiefly arose

arose all his faults. Hence the vast inequality in his sermons; some of which are composed in a pure and elegant style, and others in one coarse and obscure. Yet there is scarce one of them that does not prove him to be a man of parts. It must also be observed, that they are all animated with a warm and genuine piety, and an ardent desire for the salvation of men's souls, which will be esteemed by a devout christian an excellence sufficient to make amends for their defects.

These sermons were remarkable for their orthodoxy; some of them indeed were written on purpose to prove the Trinity and Atonement; which he told us, gave offence to the Reviewers, who were very sharp in their remarks on him, and called him an orthodox bully. They quoted him he said, very unfairly, for they took a piece of a sentence in one part, and another piece in another, and then patching them up together, said, "this "is nonsense." He then made an observation on Reviewers, which it is not, I think, prudent to mention.

He told me, that soon after his Discourses were published, some one came into the present Marquis of L————'s chambers at Oxford, where he was then a student, and saw Skelton's discourses before him, which caused him to ask, why he troubled his head reading sermons, as he knew he was easy about any religion? He said,

he

he happened to look into a sermon entitled the "Cunning Man," which engaged his attention a little, as the Author was describing his father. Mr. Skelton said, he did not at that time know his father, who was a remarkably cunning man, and kept his son closely pinched at the university, which made him suppose that the character in the sermon alluded to him.

About two years after he came to Pettigo, Robert Plunket removed to a farm a mile distant from the village, whither Mr. Skelton accompanied him, and lodged with him two or three years more, until he and his family went to America to another brother, who had made a fortune on that continent. I was shown in the garden a seat in a tree adjoining a murmuring brook, where Mr. Skelton used to read. He then took lodgings with one Carshore, a low farmer in the village of Pettigo. His situation here was even more inconvenient than at Plunket's. He had indeed wretched lodgings. The floor of the room was not only earthen, but also so uneven, that he was forced to get a table with two long and two short feet to fit it. He also found it necessary to buy a pair of tweezers, to pick the dirt out of the keal which they served up to his dinner.

Some gentlemen who came to see him there, went out and killed a few wood-cocks, which they desired

desired the people of the house to roast for their dinner with the train in them, as is usual. A short time after when he had company to dine with him, they served up to them a turkey-cock roasted with the guts in it, which they imagined to be the most fashionable way. At length, he was obliged to send Carshore's daughter to Dr. Madden's, to get a little knowledge of cookery, which she stood much in need of.

Carshore had two sons, William and Thomas. William was born nearly blind; but in a few years after lost what little sight he had by the measles. However, Mr. Skelton perceiving him to be a young man of extraordinary understanding, and surprisingly acquainted with the scriptures, employed him to go through the parish during the winter, to instruct his people in religion, and in the summer examined them himself, to know what benefit they had derived from his instruction. The most of the time I was at Pettigo I spent in his company, and found him to be one of the most rational agreeable, sensible men I ever saw. The methodists strove to bring him over to their opinions; for they always wish to deal with persons that have some natural defect, that the interposition of the spirit may be more apparent, but he had too much good sense to become a convert to their odd notions.

His brother was by nature disabled in his limbs; he

he was reel-footed, as they call it; which signifies, that his feet were bent under him; by means of which he was unable to earn his bread by labour. Mr. Skelton, through pity, taught him to read and write, and also made him shave a wig-block in his room every day, giving him some curious directions, that he might learn to shave thus human faces, and earn his bread by it. He also sent him to Monaghan to learn the wig-making trade, and afterwards to Armagh to learn to sing psalms; upon which occasions he defrayed all his expenses. He and his brother at present serve between them the office of clerk in the church of Pettigo.

When he lodged at Carshore's, he became extremely fond of flowers, and used to send twenty miles off to get a curious one. These were planted in Carshore's garden; every scarce flower having a paper affixed to it with its name. Those who are at a loss for company often seek for amusement from things inanimate. He used then in cold weather to go through Pettigo with a straw rope about him, to keep his big coat on; being never very fond of finery; nor was it indeed requisite in that remote part of our island.

The course of my narrative leads me to one of the most conspicuous periods of his life. In 1757, a remarkable dearth prevailed in Ireland; the effects of which were felt most severely in the

rough

rough and barren lands of Pettigo. Mr. Skelton went out then into the country to discover the real state of his poor, and travelled from cottage to cottage over mountains, rocks and heath. He was then a witness to many scenes of sorrow, to which the gay world were insensible, and which could be only felt by a soul so sympathetic, as his. In one cabin he found the people eating boiled prushia* by itself for their breakfast, and tasted this sorry food which seemed nauseous to him. Next morning he gave orders to have prushia gathered and boiled for his own breakfast, that he might live on the same sort of food with the poor. He eat this for one or two days; but at last his stomach turning against it, he set off immediately for Ballyshannon to buy oatmeal for them, and brought thence with all speed as much as appeased the hunger of some of them. He also gave money to one Hanna to go through the parish, and distribute it among those who were in great distress. By this supply, some of the poor who were so weak with hunger that they could not rise out of their beds, in eight days grew so strong as to be able to get up.

When he had thus afforded them present relief, he went to Ballyhayes in the county of Cavan, and brought thence oatmeal which he could buy at a

* A weed with a yellow flower that grows in corn fields.

cheaper

cheaper rate. He then set out through the country to see what subsistence the indigent people had in their wretched hovels, and used to look into the crocks and chests in which they kept their meal, and count their number of children, that he might be a better judge of their necessities. To some he gave one peck, to others more, according to their wants, and to those who could afford to pay a little he allowed meal at about half value. He thus like his great Master went about doing good.

One day, when he was travelling in this manner through the country, he came to a lonely cottage in the mountains, where he found a poor woman lying in child-bed with a number of children about her. All she had, in her weak helpless condition, to keep herself alive and her children, was blood and sorrel boiled up together. The blood, her husband, who was a herd, took from the cattle of others under his care, for he had none of his own. This was a usual sort of food in that country, in times of scarcity; for they bled the cows for that purpose, and thus the same cow often afforded both milk and blood. Mr. Skelton tasted the odd mixture, the only cordial the poor woman had to strengthen her in her feeble state. His tender heart being touched at the sight, he went home immediately, and sent her a hundred of meal, a pound of brown sugar, and a bottle of brandy. He then visited her every second day in her cot

 among

among the mountains, bestowing on her such comforts as seemed requisite, until she recovered.

At that time, he and Jonas Good, the strong man, regulated Pettigo market on a Monday, standing among the meal-sacks, each of them with a huge club in his hand, and covered over with meal. They were obliged then, when the carriers were bringing the meal to Pettigo, to guard it with their clubs, as the people of the adjacent parishes strove to take it by force, and eat it themselves: in which they sometimes succeeded; for hunger makes people desperate.

When he had procured some meal to supply the immediate wants of the necessitous, he sent off to Drogheda for flax to them, and having it carried to Pettigo, bestowed on them in greater or less quantities, according to the number of people in a family that could spin. The yarn thus made was sold every market-day, and the money it produced placed in his hands, as also the earnings of the men, in return for the meal and flax he gave them for the succeeding week; but this far exceeded in value the pittance the women could earn by spinning, or the men by labour. He thus made them contribute their industry to their own support. On those who were unable to work he bestowed meal sufficient for their subsistence; and with the money produced by the earnings of the people, and what he could scrape together of his own,

own, he bought more meal and flax, and thus daily strove to preserve them.

For some time he was tolerably successful; but at last his money was nearly all spent, and yet he knew the dearth must continue many weeks more, until the new crop would relieve the poor. He was then very apprehensive, lest, after keeping them alive so long, he should see them at last dying of hunger. This forced him to an expedient extremely unpleasant for a scholar excluded, as he was, from all civilized society. He resolved to sell his books, the companions of his solitude, and relieve his indigent parishioners with the money. With this intent he sent them to Dublin to William Watson the bookseller in Capel-street, desiring him to dispose of them immediately; who, in compliance with his orders, advertised them for sale in the newspapers. But as buyers were tardy, and the wants of the poor very urgent, Mr. Watson bought them himself for eighty pounds, and instantly paid the money. Soon after the advertisement appeared in the newspapers, two ladies, who guessed at his reason for selling his books, sent him a fifty pound bill, requesting him to keep the books, and relieve his poor with the money. These ladies did not discover their names; but I am assured, that one of them was Lady Barrymore, who gave twenty, and the other a Miss Leslie, who gave thirty pounds. However, with

expressions of gratitude he told them, he had dedicated his books to God, and he must sell them. Consequently, the contribution of the ladies, and the money he got for his books, were both applied to the relief of his poor. This was a sacrifice to duty of which no one can have an adequate idea, except a scholar, fond of reading, situate like Mr. Skelton, in a coarse barren country, among illiterate people, with a number of agreeable books, the only companions of his many solitary hours.

Such were the exertions, and extraordinary charities, of this exemplary clergyman, employed in a time of scarcity for the preservation of his poor parishioners. He was indeed like an angel sent down from heaven to visit them in their distress. A few such primitive apostolic christians in this kingdom might almost be sufficient to avert the divine judgment off the land, which God knows how soon may overtake us for our sins.

In the disposal of his charities, he made no distinction with respect to the religion of the persons, as the only claim they had to offer was poverty and want. Indeed he frequently declared, that during the several dearths in which he had the care of a parish, his charities were mostly conferred on Roman Catholics; for these, when they got a little money, spent it all profusely in drinking and carousing, without laying by a penny for any unforeseen accident, and consequently, in

times

times of scarcity, would, many of them, have died of hunger, had they not been relieved. But protestants of every description being more œconomical generally had something saved, and of course, when a famine prevailed, stood in less need of assistance.

It is necessary to mention, that Mr. Watson sold a part of the books; those that remained, Mr. Skelton, when he could afford it, took from him at the price he sold them for, but insisted on paying interest for the sum they amounted to, for the time Mr. Watson had them in his possession.

He continued for a few years to lock the church door at intervals, while he examined the grown-up people in religion; but was at last forced to desist as a woman fainted in the church, because she could not get out. However he did not on this account leave off examining them, as usual. It was a fashion with them then to be still going out and coming in, during the time of service, which obliged him at length to speak out to them thus from the reading-desk, "remark the disturbers of "God's worship." This rebuke partly cured them of the irregularity.

All his exertions were indeed scarce sufficient to keep his people in due order. Among their other bad practices, they used to steal timber from the adjoining woods. One man, who was notorious for this, he forced with much difficulty to swear to take

take no more in future. A hearer of his who, he was told, had taken a bundle of scollops and some timber out of Rapee-wood in the county of Fermanagh, kneeling one Sunday at the sacrament, had got the bread, and was just getting the wine, when looking in his face, he perceived who he was, and then stopt short, and said to him, "you have "stolen a part of the Lord's sacrament, but you "shall get no more." The man replied to him very sharply. However he was afterwards reconciled to this man, and invited him to dine with him.

Doctor Clayton, the Bishop of Clogher, was, it is well known, a strenuous opposer of the most essential doctrine of the orthodox faith. He declared his disbelief of some of the articles of our church to which he had solemnly subscribed; though he had no scruple of conscience to enjoy the ample revenue it afforded him. His Lordship, it seems, was not content with the consciousness of having found out by his sagacity the right opinion himself, but, like some others of the same stamp, had a longing desire to make converts. When he was putting down on paper his strange notions in his study, his lady used to come in, and say to him, "My Lord, quit writing, or "you'll lose your bishoprick." But he would not be persuaded by her; the world was all wrong, he said, and he would strive to set it right. Accordingly, beside the Essay on Spirit, he published afterwards

afterwards some other pieces, in which he declared his sentiments too plainly on the subject of the Trinity. This gave occasion for an open attack on him in the House of Lords, when Primate Stone made a very severe speech against him. The House resolving to deprive him of his bishoprick, summoned him to appear before them. He then consulted a great lawyer on the subject, and asked him, if he thought he would lose his bishoprick? "My Lord," he answered, "I believe you "will." "Sir," he replied, "you have given me "a stroke I'll never get the better of." His apprehensions were unfortunately too true; for he was instantly seized with a disorder, and soon after died in 1758.

A lady, who usually had a correspondence with Mr. Skelton, in a letter she wrote him from Dublin, mentioned, among other transactions, the Bishop's death, and the probable cause of it. In his answer he lamented the Bishop's fate, and thought his gentle spirit could not bear the severity he experienced, but that it broke his heart. The world knows how strenuous an advocate he was for those religious opinions that are exactly contrary to his Lordship's; but his gratitude for the benefice he had conferred on him made him feel so sensibly for his condition. This Bishop, with all his odd notions, was a useful man to the poor. Being a member of the linen board, he got a great

many

many wheels and reels for the poor about Clogher, and thus kept the most of them employed. He also had the honour of giving Mr. Skelton his first living, which, if he pleased, he might have refused to his dignified solicitors.

In the see of Clogher, he was succeeded by Dr. Garnet, a prelate of great humility, and a friend to literature and religion. This Bishop, though he had but one eye, could discover, as I am told, men of merit, as well as some people with two eyes. Sensible that Mr. Skelton was a man of worth and parts, he treated him with the respect such men deserve. A superior, who treats a man of learning and abilities with coldness and indifference, shows he has no regard for literature.

About this time a pamphlet appeared in Dublin entitled An appeal to the Common Sense of all Christian People. This being an artful defence of the Arian opinions, which the author insinuated were alone consistent with common sense, was written with so much cunning, and such a show of candour, that it had a dangerous effect on many well-meaning people. An answer was published to it in about half a year, consisting of above two hundred duodecimo pages, which was ascribed to Mr. Skelton. It is really a masterly performance, and exceeding in style and manner any of his former compositions completely overturns, at least in my opinion, the author's objections, and proves the

the doctrine of the Trinity from the very texts he quotes against it. This piece is not contained in the five volumes of his works published in 1770. But as the appeal had sunk into obscurity, it was probably thought needless to republish the answer.

In the parish of Pettigo, about three miles from the little village, is situate Lough-Derg, so much famed over Europe for the holy exercises performed by the pious pilgrims that resort to it. From the twelfth of May, till the latter end of August, the village is crowded with pilgrims, either going, or returning from that place; and the public houses of Pettigo get many a good penny from these spiritual visitants, who are sufficiently liberal in spending their money on whiskey. Mr. Skelton wrote a description of Lough-Derg, so remarkable for its surprising qualities, in a letter to the Bishop of Clogher, which made its way into the newspapers without a name; but he afterwards thought fit to claim it as his property, and publish it in his works. It is needless to be more particular about a place that has so often employed the pen of the curious.

A poor blind man, called Petty, who lost both his eyes by boxing, had a cabin just adjoining Lough-Derg, and usually got a halfpenny out of sixpence-halfpenny Irish given by every pilgrim, or stationer, for the boat which carried them over to the island. On a complaint made against him

to

to the titular Bishop and Prior, his cabin was thrown down, and himself banished. Mr. Skelton, who pitied his case, when the Bishop came to Lough-Derg, invited him to dine with him, and got Petty restored, who continued there to the year 1786, when he died. A priest, who was also turned out, by his means got his place again. Such was his interest with the titular Bishop.

In 1759, the Bishop of Clogher, without any solicitation, removed him from Pettigo to Devenish, a living in the county of Fermanagh, near Enniskillen, worth about three hundred a year. Thus, by the kindness of the good Bishop, he was brought once more into civilized society, after continuing ten years in that rugged part of Ireland, where his virtues and charities shall long be remembered*. When he was leaving Pettigo, he said to the poor, "give me your blessing now before I go, and "God's blessing be with you. When you are in "great distress, come to me, and I'll strive to re-"lieve you." He used to say, "I want nothing "but as much as will keep a pair of horses and "a servant †."

* It must, however, be owned, in justice to the people of that country, that they seem at present very much improved in every particular.

† Jonas Good, the famous man, already mentioned, quitted his service on obtaining a farm at Pettigo, in which his widow and children now live; he himself having died some years ago.

He

He was fond of a good horse, and generally had the best saddle horses that could be got, though he was remarkably awkward on horse-back. For he turned out his toes, and took no hold with his knees, but balanced himself in the stirrups, like a man on slack-wire; so that when the horse began to trot, he jogged up and down like a taylor. A lady, who was riding along with him one day, near Pettigo, observed to him, that he turned out his toes too much. "O yes," he said, "my education was inverted, for I was "taught to ride by a dancing-master, and to "dance by a riding-master." Horace himself informs us very candidly, that he rode awkwardly on his mule.

It has been mentioned, that old Mr. Leslie, his father, as he called him, who died while he had Pettigo, recommended his grandchildren to him on his death-bed. He assured him he would be a father to them, and proved himself to be so, for, among his other virtues, he possessed, in a high degree, gratitude and veracity. A lady once asked him, if he had, as reported, kept the Rev. Alexander Leslie, a grandson of this clergyman, while a schoolboy, at Monaghan scool? He acknowledged to her he had partly. When Mr. Leslie's sister was left a widow with a large family, he sent her fifty pounds.

Once he gave thirty pounds as an apprentice fee

fee with a young man who was no way connected with him, except by being his godson.

As the living of Devenish lay near Enniskillen, he boarded and loged in that town, with his physician and friend Dr. Scott; where he had an agreeable and rational society, which must have been doubly pleasing to him, after nine years exile in the desert wilds of Pettigo. The Doctor and he used to sit up pretty late in the winter nights playing at piquet, of which he was very fond; but he seldom played higher than a farthing a game.

The whole living was then divided in two parts, placed at some miles distance from each other. The part that lay to the North of Lough-Ern was called Monea, that to the South of it Trory *. In the former was the parish church, and in the latter a chapel of ease. He usually preached in the chapel of ease, as it was only two miles distant from Enniskillen, and kept a curate in the parish church. However, he frequently changed places with his curate, extending his care over the people in every part of his parish. In both churches there was a large congregation, as is the case over the whole county of Fermanagh, where the church of England men exceed the presbyterians in the proportion of at least three to one. This is very unusual in the North of Ireland, where presbyterians of every species so much abound. In these

* This part of the living is now made a perpetual cure.

churches

churches Mr. Skelton had the sacrament administered once a month; a regulation he thought fit to make on account of the number of hearers.

His endeavours to instruct his people both in public and private were equally strenuous now as before. The children he catechised, as usual, in the proof-catechism, and lectured on these occasions. The grown up people he also examined in the church. At Trory he had a great many quality, whom he examined as well as the rest, but he was plaguily afraid they should miss any thing, for he wished to set them up as examples for the others to imitate. On this account he asked them always the easiest questions imaginable; yet they often did not hit on the right answers. When he was going to examine one of these he used to say to the rest of the people. "I only ask this gentleman a question "to show you I make no distinction, for I am sure "he is very well acquainted with his duty." One day he asked a man of fortune in his church how many commandments there were? and he answered nine: on which it was observed, that he forgot the seventh, thou shalt not commit adultery, as he was apt to stray from his wife.

The situation of his parish, which adjoined Lough Ern, made his attention to the morals of his people more requisite. In the Lough, it is well known, there are near four hundred little islands. These swarmed at that time with private stills,

stills, which, as being out of the reach of the revenue officers, made the whiskey too plenty, and in proportion the morals of the people depraved. It therefore required all his attention to counteract the corrupt influence of the place. Government have now, I am told, appointed a barge with officers and men to seize on these private stills, that are so injurious to good morals.

In 1763, Mr. Skelton, with the rest of the established clergy, was forced to make his escape to Dublin from the Oak-boys, who were then persecuting the church; all his virtues not being able to secure him from those enemies to religion. He thought it prudent to take a circular way, that he might thus elude the search of the villians who pursued him; and staid in Dublin till he could return to his parish with safety.

At that time, I think, he found at the Bishop of Clogher's, to whom he paid a visit, a grave clergyman, an author, who boasted to him, that he had written a large English grammar with one pen; which he thought a great feat; and probably he had more merit in doing it, than in writing the book. He then said, that he lately intended to write a translation of Suetonius, but was gravelled in the very first sentence, and forced to desist. The literary world has reason to lament the loss.

While Mr. Skelton was in Dublin, the Oak-boys seized on Arthur Johnston Esq. of Ennis-

killen,

killen, a gentleman of a stiff temper, worth five hundred a year. They then ordered him to swear to be true to their cause, and so on; but he refused obstinately; on which they put a rope about his neck, and were on the point of hanging him, when one Simpson, a supernumerary gauger, who afterwards got a commission in the army, bursting in on them with a pistol, rescued him out of their hands. Skelton, on his return, met Mr. Johnston in the streets of Enniskillen, and putting his hand in his pocket, took out a shilling, and gave it to him, saying, "here, take this, I gave a shilling to "see a camel in Dublin, but an honest man is a "greater wonder in the county of Fermanagh."

To a gentleman, who told him once he expected to represent that county in parliament, he said, "aye, they are all a parcel of rascals, and a rascal "is the fittest to represent them." These expressions of resentment proceeded from a temporary dislike, probably occasioned by his imagining them somewhat favourable to the Oak-boys. Yet if I could judge by my own little experience of them, I should give them a very different character.

A Mr. C. of the same county invited him to spend a fortnight at his house; but when he was there a day or two, his servant came and told him, he could get no oats for the horses. This he thought a hint to him, that his company could be dispensed with; so he hastened to set off immediately.

diately. When he was just going away Mr. C. said to him, " I am surprised you would leave me " so soon, after promising to stay a fortnight with " me." " Sir," he replied, " you have fed my- " self, but you starved my horses." He thus freely spoke his mind.

No hopes of private advantage could prevail on him to vary a tittle from the truth. Having a fine mare at Enniskillen, which happened once to fall under him, he resolved to part with her, and on a fair day in that town, sent her out with a servant to sell her, and soon followed himself accompanied by Dr. Scott, who told me the anecdote, to set off the mare. When any one who wished to buy her, asked him, " what sort of a mare is " this?" he answered, " she is a very bad mare, " she fell under me;" then he told all her faults, and many more imaginary ones. The people, of consequence, when he gave her so bad a character, went off without offering any thing. At last a Mr. Galbraith of Omagh, who came up to him, and heard the same bad account of her, said to him, " well what will you take for her with all her " faults?" Why, I don't doubt but she may be " worth eight guineas for drawing the car, but she " is not fit to ride." " Tis a bargain," said the other, and gave him the money immediately. But in a week after he sold the same mare for twenty six pounds. This shows Mr. Skelton was but a

bad

bad jockey, as these gentry make it a rule not to be so scrupulous in telling all the faults of the horses they wish to sell. It is a maxim now a days, I understand, that a man may be honest in every thing else but a rogue about horses. By these and many other instances it appears, that Mr. Skelton was void of hypocrisy, a quality which has often helped to insinuate ecclesiastics into favour.

A gentleman of great consequence near Enniskillen, who often invited him to his house, but was still disappointed of seeing him there, at last pressed to know his reason for it; "to be plain "with you, Sir," he answered, "you are too "great a man for me to be acquainted with."

Being informed one evening while he was in Dr. Scott's, that a methodist preacher was declaiming in the streets with the usual violence, he kindly invited the preacher to drink tea with him after preaching. The man came accompanied by all his followers, who pushed after him into the parlour, to hear Mr. Skelton and him arguing. "What commission, Sir," said Skelton, "have "you to preach the gospel?" "A commission "from above;" replied the preacher. "By whom "were you ordained?" "By the spirit," he answered. "Well Sir, suppose you have got the "spirit, as you say, it is still necessary you should "be ordained by the laying on of hands, before

" you attempt to preach; for you read in the Acts
" of the Apostles, ' The Holy Ghost said, sepa-
" ' rate me Barnabas and Paul for the work where-
" ' unto I have called them. And when they had
" ' fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on
" ' them, they sent them away.' These, it is al-
" lowed, had already got the spirit; but they
" were not permitted to go abroad to preach,
" till they were first ordained by the laying on of
" hands. Hence your preaching, without being
" ordained, is contrary to the practice of the
" apostles." The man being confounded by this objection, made his escape as fast as possible.

When he was arguing again with a methodist preacher, he said to him, " Do you advise Pres-
" byterians to go to Meeting, and Church-People
" to go to Church?"—" Yes."—" Well then," said he, " your religion is not the same as St. Paul's;
" for he says, ' Be ye all of one mind one with
" ' another.' "

Once a year he went to Lisburn to see his relations, when he generally took with him sixty guineas, which he divided among them. In Derriaghy, there is a handsome rural place called the Big Glen, near Collin Mountain, which has been so often celebrated in poetry, where he used every summer to give his friends a treat on the grass, who spent one day with him in innocent relaxation.

Returning

Returning once from Lisburn, with his hat tied over his face, he met with his tithe-farmer near Enniskillen, and lifting up the brim of his hat, he saw him, and said, "Is this you, George Ir-"win?" "Yes," replied George. "Can you "give me a guinea?" "I can." "Can you "give me a shilling?" "I can." "O then," he said, "I'm as rich as a Jew, I'm as rich as "a Jew."

Derriaghy, the place of his birth, belongs, it is well known, to the Earl of Hertford. Before that nobleman obtained the government of this kingdom, he used frequently to say, as Mr. Skelton told me, that it was a shame for the Lord Lieutenants of Ireland not to make Skelton a Bishop. It was reasonable then to suppose, that these sentiments should operate with his Lordship, if an opportunity offered of putting them in practice. Consequently, when he came over to us Lord Lieutenant in the year 1765, Skelton probably expected to be raised by him to that high office, for which, from his virtues and abilities, he was so eminently qualified. But he was disappointed, we know, in his hopes, if he had any.

On former occasions, when his Lordship paid a visit to Ireland, he used to send for Mr. Skelton, but, I believe neglected to do it then. However, soon after his arrival, he passed a few days with him at Lord Loftus's in the county of Fermanagh,

where his Excellency spent some time shooting woodcocks. Skelton then remarked to him, that he was happy to find a Lord Lieutenant that could govern the kingdom and shoot woodcocks. On this occasion, he asked him what sort of a living he had? "A very good living, a very good "living, please your Excellency, much better than "I deserve." Few clergymen would return such an answer to such a question from a Lord Lieutenant; for the most of them think they have not got nearly equal to their merits.

In the disposal of his ecclesiastic preferments, his Excellency took no notice of Mr. Skelton, which might be owing to his declaring himself content with his condition; for he might suppose, there was no occasion to heap favours on a man who did not seem to desire them, especially, when so many were gaping to snatch at them. However, Mr. Skelton mentioned to me another reason for the neglect he then met with, which I am forced to omit, lest I should give offence to persons of eminence, which one in my station should carefully avoid. In justice, however, to Lord H. I must own, that he gave his brother Richard's son a commission in the army at his request. The young man was soon obliged to go out on half-pay; but when he was preparing to join the regiment again, he took a fever and died.

His brother Richard had a daughter, who was married

married to one Magee; but in some time she parted from her husband, who appears not to have been without his faults. Mr. Skelton laid down rules for his niece to observe with respect to her husband, but she would not observe them. He sent her ten guineas, in 1780, on condition she would go and live with him, but she refused; he then ordered the money to be given to one of his relations at Dundalk. When any of his poor relations came to see him, he told them freely, they wanted to get something from him.

His charities, while he continued at Devenish, were equally extraordinary as before. They were even, if possible, more extensive, in proportion to the increase of his living. He was the same attentive friend to the poor, the same reliever of their distress and assuager of their pain. But a particular account of these would be too similar to that I have already given. It is necessary only to observe, that his memory is there also held in high esteem.

In 1766*, the Bishop of Clogher promoted him

* In his Senilia he says he was at Fintona about 1765, but I was assured there that he came to it in 1766. In his fifth volume he informs us, that he got the hurt at the long-bullets when he was twenty-one years of age; but in his Senilia he says he got it when he was twenty. In his sixth volume he tells us, his works were published in 1777; but the works themselves inform us they were published in 1770. Hence it appears, that through inadvertence, or defect of memory, he was liable to mistakes with respect to time and dates.

again

again to the living of Fintona, in the county of Tyrone, worth at least a hundred a-year more than that of Devenish. Neither Mr. Skelton, nor any one for him, asked the Bishop for this or the other living; so that a regard for his merit was the sole principle that induced his Lordship to bestow these benefices successively upon him. Such a Bishop was indeed an honour to the station he filled, and a blessing to the clergy who had the good fortune to be under him.

When Mr. Skelton visited his Lordship on his promotion, he said to him, "My Lord, I return "you thanks for your kindness to me, and for "putting so worthy a person in my room; but I "know, the chief pleasure you enjoy is in being "able to do good." "I am glad, Skelton," said the Bishop, "I have done what is agreeable to "you." "But, my Lord," he continued, "you "are only a puppet in the hands of God Al-"mighty. God sent one of the royal family to "the university in England where you were a "professor, that you might please him, and be "raised high in the church. Then God Al-"mighty, using him as an instrument, sent you "over to Ireland, and made you Bishop of Ferns, "and at length raised you to the see of Clogher, "where you have great power and many livings "to bestow, and a horrible account you must "give hereafter of the manner you dispose of "them.

" them. Thus God sent you over to us to do
" good, and to promote worthy men. He sent
" you also, my Lord, to promote me, who, I
" hope, will not shame you before him and the
" world. You see now, my Lord, you are only
" a puppet in the hands of God Almighty."
" You're right Skelton, you're right Skelton," replied the good Bishop.

When he got the living of Fintona, he was just fifty-nine years of age. " God Almighty," he used to say, " was very kind to me: when I be-
" gan to advance in years, and stood in need of
" a horse and servant, he gave me a living.
" Then he gave me two livings one after another,
" each of which was at least worth a hundred a
" year more than the preceding. I have there-
" fore been rewarded by him, even in this
" world, far above my deserts." Such was his humility.

Fintona is a market-town in the county of Tyrone, five miles distant from Omagh. The proper name of the parish is Donacavey, but as Fintona is the market-town, the parish by custom, as before observed of Pettigo, assumes that name. It is six miles square, and though of a coarse soil was even then tolerably well cultivated. It also has two hundred acres of glebe; seventy of which lie near the town, but the rest is mountainous, and consequently of little value. A third part of

of the parish is tithe-free, which made the living, though so large, and with such a glebe, worth scarce five hundred a year. However, he received but four hundred neat, as the curate's salary, which was at least sixty pounds, and the expense of collecting tithe, consumed the other hundred. Possibly he could have made more of it, had he been rigid in requiring his dues. There is a market in Fintona every Friday, and also some stated fairs in the year, when they usually have violent quarrels. The twenty-second of June is a remarkably quarrelling fair. But they were then even more furious quarrellers than at present, as the private stills were more numerous, and of course the people more disorderly. In this town he at first boarded and lodged with one Buchanan.

Upon entering on the care of this parish, he perceived that he had but few hearers, the most of the people being Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. In the town of Fintona, in particular, they were almost all Presbyterians, but in a short time he brought over nearly the whole of these to the established church; which was no easy task, considering the firmness with which they usually adhere to their opinions of nonconformity.

A clergyman, with whom he lodged a while, assured me he told him, that when he found, on first

first coming to one of his parishes, that his protestant parishioners were mostly dissenters, he used the following stratagem to entice them to come to church. Having invited their minister to dine with him, he asked his leave to preach in his meeting-house on the next Sunday, though he owned he could not with safety allow him to preach in his church. The man gave his consent; but his people were so pleased with Mr. Skelton, that the greater number of them quitted their own teacher, and came afterwards to hear him. He then sent for him, and asked him how much he lost by the desertion of his hearers? He told him forty pounds a-year; on which he settled that sum annually on him, and paid it out of his own pocket.

His practice of physic at Fintona was at least equally expensive to him; for his bestowing medicines on the poor, and prescribing to the people *gratis*, as at Pettigo, made Dr. Gormly, the physician of the place, complain, that by his means he lost a great part of his business; which caused him also to settle forty pounds a-year on him. In both these instances he not only took on him the toil of doing good, but also voluntarily paid for doing it.

At Fintona he made converts of a few Roman Catholics, as also at all his other parishes. At Devenish in particular, one Ann Develin, of that persuasion,

persuasion, being converted by hearing his awful lectures to a sick woman on her death bed, renounced the Popish religion; which caused her to suffer hard usage from her own family, who vainly strove by all harsh means to bring her back to Popery.

About the time he was advanced to his last preferment, he received a letter from the present Earl of Bristol, before he got his Bishoprick, informing him, that as he expected soon to be raised to a station of some eminence in the Irish church, he hoped then to be able to prove the high opinion he entertained for the Author of Deism Revealed. Accordingly, in 1767, upon his obtaining the Bishoprick of Cloyne, his Lordship sent him another letter to this effect, that having some time before made a sort of an engagement with him, he begged leave now to fulfil it, and therefore requested him to come up to Dublin and preach his consecration sermon, assuring him that, upon his compliance, he would promote him in the church as high as he was able. Skelton, in his answer, informed his Lordship, he would comply with his request, though he was content with the living he had; and if he would consent to go to the diocess of Cloyne, it would be only to be nearer the sun, and nearer his Lordship. He then prepared a Sermon for the occasion; but when the day approached, finding

finding himself somewhat unwell, and the weather very cold, he thought he could not with safety go to Dublin, and of course the Bishop was disappointed. However, he sent his Lordship the sermon, who, though astonished at the ability it displayed, was still offended with Mr. Skelton, as he imagined his excuse for his absence was not sufficient. Upon this, he informed him by letter, that the chain of their friendship was broke in two; to which Mr. Skelton replied, that if it were broken, it was of his Lordship's own forging, not of his. Yet the Bishop, after his promotion to the see of Derry, came to Fintona to pay him a visit when he happened to be abroad, and desired a young gentleman who was in his lodgings to inform him, that he had come fifteen miles out of his road to see him. Of this visit Mr. Skelton, it seems, took no notice. It is a pity that the disappointment of the sermon produced such a disagreement between them, for otherwise his Lordship, in all probability, would have promoted him highly in his diocess, as, it is well known, he is a liberal encourager of literature.

His brother John, of Dundalk, died this year. I have heard it mentioned to his credit, that he would not, like some others, use his influence over the landlord, to take fields from the poor people to suit his own convenience. His brother Thomas, of Newry, died some time before; for whom he

he had such an affection that he wore ever after, as mourning for him, a blue coat with black cuffs.

When he obtained the living of Fintona, he seemed to have arrived at the height of his wishes. He had no ambitious notions; he wished to do good here, in hopes of getting to heaven hereafter. In no human breast was there ever a more settled contempt for the vain pomp of all sublunary things. A gentleman mentioned him once with respect to Lord Townshend, during his lieutenancy, adding, that he was content with what he had; on which his Excellency observed, that he must be a very extraordinary man, and he would be glad to be acquainted with him; for he never knew any one in all his life content with what he had. Another gentleman of consequence, intimately acquainted with this nobleman, offered to introduce him to his Excellency, but he refused, assuring him, he did not wish for any higher preferment in the church. Besides, he knew he was not qualified to pay that humble attendance at court requisite to gain the favour of a great man in power.

His people at Fintona being but little acquainted with religion, though well accustomed to whiskey and quarrelling, he found it necessary, first to visit every house in his parish, and then collect to a particular place the people of each town-

town-land, that he might instruct them more conveniently. When he had thus gone round them himself, he afterwards called to his assistance blind Carshore of Pettigo, who spent the whole winter among them teaching them religion, for which he was paid by him. In summer he catechised the children in church as usual, bestowing on them Bibles, or Week's-Preparations, according to their answering, or the distance they came, and accompanied his examination with improving lectures on the catechism, introducing in these some of the most notorious bad deeds done in the parish the week before. Thus he strove to shame them out of their vices, and also out of their ignorance, by publicly examining, as usual, the grown-up people in the church.

One Sunday, some time after he came to Fintona, when he was examining them in the church, he came up to a woman, and asked her how many Commandments there were? She answered, Seven. He told her there were ten, and asked her what was the first? This was too hard for her, and when she was stammering about it, one John Patterson, a taylor, behind her, whispered to her, "Thou shalt have no other Gods but me." "Do you hear, Sir," quoth she, "what Johnny "Patterson, a taylor body here says to me? he "says, I shall have no other Gods but him:

"Deel

"Deel in hell take such Gods." This is an instance of the ignorance of the people.

He was examining there again an old gentleman, called John Hamilton, who could not answer him a word. When he found he said nothing, he thought he was deaf, and said, "Ah! "poor man, he's deaf." "Oh! indeed I am," he replied.

Though his people had himself, his Curate, and blind Carshore to instruct them, they were still very far from being perfect; and therefore he thought it requisite to appoint, as an additional instructor, one Armstrong, a miller of Tonagh, near Fintona, whom he supposed to be a very sober discreet man. To him he gave the charge of his neighbours, to keep them in due order, telling him, he expected, he would give a good account of them. Soon after this, he met Armstrong drunk in Fintona, on a market-day, and said, "Oh! Oh! Mr. Armstrong, is this the man "I have trusted the care of my people to?" "Why, I am a better man than you are," he replied. "How can that be?" "I'll tell you: "the people you gave into my charge, I have all "safe and sound; but there are you, the Priest, "and your Curate, and you have let the Devil "take a man from among the middle of you." "How so?" said Skelton. "Sure," he answered, "Dick Saggerton, you know, a day or

"two ago, cut his throat in the town with you, "and the Devil has carried him off in spite of "you all." This, it seems, was really the case.

The irregularity of his people required indeed every exertion. Their heads, it appears, were too often disordered, and their manners corrupted, by whiskey, which was too plenty by means of the private stills, that are so destructive of good morals.

One day he met a carpenter drunk, who was repairing the church, and checked him for his drunkenness, and neglecting the business he was employed about; he then said, the people of Fintona were all beggars, yet they were still drinking. "Sir," replied the man, "Solomon "gives us liberty to drink, for he says, 'Give "'strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, "'and wine to those that be of heavy hearts. Let "'him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember "'his misery no more*.' You see then poor peo-"ple should drink to keep up their spirits."

He saw a mill grinding malt for whiskey on a Sunday, and in his lecture took notice of it, as usual, saying, "We have malt on this side, and "malt on that side. Ah! my poor parishioners "lose their souls by it; the distillers are the "cause of this, who are hanging by the tongue

* Prov. xxxi. 6, 7.

in

"in hell." "By * *, he lies," (one of them who was drunk in church said to another one beside him), "for you're not there, and I'm not there."

Another Sunday he carried off a parcel of boys' clothes, who were stript playing ball.

In his own conduct indeed he always set an example of strict piety and morality. Beside his private prayers, which were at least twice a day, he had family prayers every evening, to which he summoned the people of the town by the ringing of a hand-bell.

His neighbours frequently resorted to his lodgings, being amused and instructed by his agreeable conversation. With some of them he used to play cards after dinner, to keep himself awake, for he was apt to slumber at that time, as is usual with some others.

Having a few of his parishioners with him one evening at his lodgings, he happened to fall asleep; and then, while one of them blowed his nose very violently with his handkerchief, another one pluckt the handkerchief smartly, so as to make the noise very shrill. This instantly awakened Mr. Skelton, who said, "What, you're blowing a "trumpet in my room to insult me;" and then starting up, he said he would beat them, and turned them out of the room. However, he received them again into favour, on their humbly begging

begging to be reconciled to him, for they did not wish to fall out with him, his company was so agreeable.

It may be supposed, that even before he got the living of Fintona, he had improved, as much as possible, his extraordinary talent for preaching. When he preached Charity Sermons in Dublin, as he often did, he always brought thither a crowded audience. It was remarked, that on these occasions he generally got more to the poor than any one else, and well might he enjoin charity to others, who set such a noble example of that virtue in himself. His manner in the pulpit was unusually vehement, suitable to the warmth of his feelings. Some degree of vehemence in a preacher is absolutely requisite now a days, when mankind are so careless about religion; indeed, it requires no ordinary skill in one of these to make an audience listen to him for twenty minutes with tolerable attention. He never made use of spectacles in the pulpit, not even in his old age; in which he justly consulted the feelings of his audience: for surely it is disgusting to see a preacher mount the pulpit, and clap a pair of spectacles on his nose, to snivel out his dull lecture to his drowsy people. But when he turns up his eyes off the paper, and looks at us through the spectacle which we see glittering on his nose, his appearance for an orator is really burlesque.

To avoid all this, Mr. Skelton first made his own sermons, so that he had the marrow of them already in his head, and next, he had them copied in a large fair hand, which a young man could read at three yards distance. Consequently, in his very advanced age he could easily read them without spectacles. He generally hired a servant who could write a tolerable hand to copy, at leisure hours, his sermons and other writings, in which he always improved by practice. Surely our beneficed clergy could at least afford to do this; and then they would no longer contribute by their spectacles to set their congregations asleep; to which indeed they are sufficiently inclined of themselves.

Being in Lisneskea Church one Sunday, where the Rector spoke in a low squeaking voice, he remarked to him after dinner, before some others, "Sir, you speak in company loud enough, but "you squeak so in church, that we can't know "a word you say."

In Fintona church he took down the pulpit, and in its place raised the reading-desk to such a height, as to serve both for reading-desk and pulpit. This gave him more room for action, with which, as already mentioned, he always set off his Sermons.

In 1770, he published his works by subscription, in five volumes octavo, for the benefit of the

Magdalen

Magdalen Charity. The first volume contains Deism Revealed, the second and third, the Sermons he published in England, the fourth, an additional volume of sermons never published before. To these four volumes he prefixed a dedication addressed to Lady Arabella Denny, the illustrious patroness of the charity above mentioned, dated Fintona, June 7, 1770. The fifth volume, which consists of Miscellanies, he dedicates to the Rev. Dr. Henry Clarke, who had some time been his tutor in the university. These five volumes were printed by William Watson of Capel-street, and obtained for the charity five hundred pounds.

The additional volume of Sermons he preferred to the others, as his understanding was more mature when he wrote them. His Sermon on these words, "the children of this world are in their ge-" neration wiser than the children of light," I have always admired for its just observations on mankind.

In the fifth volume, there are a few pieces not published before, of which it may be necessary to take notice.

First; Reasons for Inoculation; in which he mentions, that, some time before he wrote this little piece, seven children, on an average, died each day of the small pox at Lisburn.

Second; An Account of a Well or Pool near Clonis in the county of Monaghan, famous for curing the jaundice. The cure he supposes not

owing to the virtue of the waters, but to the mode of application.

Third; Observations on a late Resignation. It alludes to the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Robertson, late of the established church, a short account of whom may not be unnecessary. He had the benefice of Rathvilly, in the diocess of Leighlin and Ferns; but as he could not believe in the Trinity, resigned it through a scruple of conscience. On his resignation, he published his reasons entitled an Enquiry &c. which Mr. Skelton thought a book very agreeably written. He then wrote to Mr. Robertson requesting he would come and spend the remainder of his life with him, and take part of what he had; if not, he offered him a large share of his income to support him. In his letter to him he said, "we should often argue, but never "dispute, if we could not concur in one creed, we "should at least coalesce in one heart." Such were his proposals to a man whose religious opinions differed so widely from his. But Mr. Robertson nobly refused, and preferred retiring to a country part of England, where he kept a school for his bread. They were intimate ever after, and continued a regular correspondence with each other. When he sent his grandson afterwards to our university, he committed him chiefly to the care of Mr. Skelton, who would not allow him, on urgent occasions, to be in want of money.

This

This was a man that, without any pompous display of principle, quietly resigned a good living for conscience sake. Skelton assured me that Mr. Lindsey, who made such a parade about his honesty, was not influenced by motives as pure as his, as the society which he established in London brought him more yearly than the vicarage he resigned.

Fourth; A Dream. This is intended to expose the folly of fashion. In imagination it is not deficient; but it is too long, and its style stiff and affected. It requires no ordinary skill to make fiction appear pleasant.

Fifth; Hilema. By this he means a copse, or shrubbery. It consists of a variety of short observations, some of which, if written in an easy style, would be agreeable. There are also in it a few anecdotes well worth reading.

His good friend the Bishop of Clogher coming to visit him at Fintona this year, arrived at his lodgings on a Sunday morning, when he had his hat on in his room, and was just ready to go to church. The Bishop, it was observed, on entering, took off his hat, but he kept his on. Yet no one had a higher respect than he for his worthy patron, though he might not strictly observe every little ceremony.

At Fintona, this year, there were some remarkable events. One or two people killed themselves;

selves; others were murdered; one man in particular was murdered in the street opposite to his window; which had such an effect on him, that he instantly made his escape from the place in dread of his life, imagining, if he staid, that he also should be murdered. He durst not venture back again for three months, it was so long before he could shake off his apprehension.

The county of Tyrone, he said, was remarkable for many murders, the perpetrators of which generally escaped unpunished. However, it has at last been thought expedient to punish them. In April 1788, I saw three of their heads fixed on Omagh Jail for a barbarous murder lately committed.

It is to be hoped, for the honour of humanity, that Mr. Skelton was in no real danger of his life at Fintona; for they must have been worse than savages, had they attempted to injure a man, who was constantly doing good among them. Even in plentiful times he gave nearly the half of his income to the poor; or should he on an odd year happen not to give so much, he only reserved his money to be more liberal to them at a season of scarcity. At the division of the poor's-money every Easter, he always joined to the whole collection twenty or thirty pounds of his own. Besides, he very often put a guinea in the poor-box, and seldom less than a crown. He also gave

money

money to buy flax-seed to those who stood in need of it. Indeed he was constantly dividing his charities, either publicly or privately, among the necessitous. Yet in the distribution of these, he was scarce ever imposed on by improper objects, he examined so strictly into the condition of those he relieved. To the strolling beggars he was not, I must own, very liberal, for he suspected the most of them to be impostors. In one of his pieces he says, "of all nuisances and grievances "incident to poor Ireland, strolling beggars are "the worst."

His strict and rigid œconomy enabled him to give so much away. His curate, who lodged many years in the same house with him, told me, he often saw him sitting up in his bed in the morning mending his breeches. He had a trash-bag, as they call it, in which he kept needles, thread, and such like articles, to put a few stitches, if necessary, in his clothes.

Yet he was obliged at last, on account of his age and infirmities, to be at the expense of buying a chaise, which, as he got it, not for show, but convenience, was very plain. He used to say he would put asses to his chaise, if he could get any, that he might, in this at least, bear some resemblance to his great Master.

About 1773, there was a dearth in that part of Ireland, at which time, as usual, he kept his poor

alive

alive by his own money and the assistance he got from others. The land about Fintona was tolerably fertile, but cadgers bought up the oatmeal, and carried it off to the barren parts of the county of Derry and Antrim, which made the dearth be felt more severely at Fintona. It was therefore requisite at that time to bring meal thither from other places; but this was attended with some difficulty, as the people of the adjacent parishes, who were in a manner starving, strove to take the meal by force from the carmen. Of consequence, the people of Fintona found it necessary to arm themselves, and go in a body to meet the carmen, and conduct them to the town.

About this time, he left Buchanan's, and went to board and lodge with James West a shopkeeper, in whose house Mr. Eccles, the squire of his parish lodged along with him awhile, when they lived very agreeably together, as Mr. Eccles, who is a gentleman of real piety, was fond of a religious conversation. He was indeed so remarkable for this, that Mr. Skelton used often to say, he had too much religion for a gentleman. However, we need not be apprehensive that others of his station will catch the infection.

Mr. Eccles had a brother a clergyman, the Rev. Charles Stewart Eccles, who offered to preach in Fintona church, but Mr. Skelton refused him leave, as he suspected him to be a methodist; and seemingly

ingly with good reason, for he preached publicly in the conventicles of those religionists. However, they had a friendly communication at Mr. Skelton's lodgings, and staid in a room together a whole week, all which time he spent examining into Mr. Charles Eccles principles, and was at length convinced, that, strictly speaking, he was not a methodist. Of consequence, he then allowed him to preach in his church. Two parts out of three of the whole parish belong to Mr. Eccles, yet he would not allow his brother to preach in his church, till he was convinced, he was not tinctured with false principles.

Mr. Eccles told me, that his brother had been in Georgia, where he was head of the college of Savanna. While he was there, he and another clergyman went among the Indians to convert them to christianity; but their preaching was unhappily not successful. In one town, in particular, the savages chased them away with stones; on which they shook the dust off their feet as a judgment against them. But in a day or two after they heard, (strange to tell!) that another body of Indians came on them, and destroyed the town, and put them all to death. This indeed was a signal event.

This clergyman met with his death (in 1780) in the following manner. While he was studying a Sermon near the banks of a river in England, he

he saw a boy just drowning in the river; upon this, he ran to it, and leaping in to save him, was drowned in striving to preserve his life.

It appears, Mr. Skelton was not over fond of the methodists. A few years after he came to Fintona, some of his people began to adopt their religious notions. A man, who had lately turned methodist, coming somewhat late into church on a Sunday, while he was walking up the aisle, was thus addressed by Skelton, "I suppose, Sir, you "have not come to hear me, till you had dis-"missed your own congregation; but you do not "come here to be instructed; it is only to make "your remarks." At that time he preached against the methodists on this text, "by their fruits "you shall know them."

One Browne, a methodist preacher, rebuked him at Fintona for playing cards. He pleaded as an excuse for himself, that he only played for a farthing a game; but the man still insisted it was a heinous sin. When the methodists told him, they could live without sin, (a doctrine peculiar to their sect) he said to them, "ah, you are very "different from me, for I am sinning every hour." "He that exalted himself shall be abased, and he "that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

In his private conversation with Mr. Eccles, he remarked, that if men preached the gospel now with the same dispositions as the Apostles, miracles would

would follow. Again he said to him, "between "you and me, I'll pawn my salvation on the "Truth of the Trinity." He once declared to me, that he would resign his living, if the Athanasian Creed were removed from the prayer-book; and I am sure he would have done so. Few, I suppose, of the established clergy were so sincerely attached to it.

It has been mentioned, that he always kept a curate at Fintona. Mr. Hawkshaw's son was curate to him a short while, until he got a living. About 1773, Mr. Auchinleck became his curate, and still continues there. Upon his getting the cure, he gave him grass for his horse in the glebe, and desired him to lodge with him in James West's, when he told him, he might give twenty pounds a year for his diet and lodging, &c. and he would pay the rest he should be charged out of his own pocket. But this gentleman imagined, Mr. Skelton would have to pay too much, and therefore declined accepting for some time of his kind offer, until he made, what he thought, a more reasonable agreement with Mr. West. He then went to lodge in the same house with Mr. Skelton, who insisted on giving him share of his own wine after dinner, and also on paying for whatever company Mr. Auchinleck chose to invite to dine with him. He considered, he said, all these as his own guests, and therefore would pay for them.

them. For the cure he gave him sixty pounds a year, while he resided at Fintona, and seventy afterwards. He also allowed him advantages from the management of his tithe, and set him a part of the glebe at a low rent when he removed to Dublin.

Being often, on a vacancy, appointed sequestrator to a living, he always raised the curate's salary from forty to fifty pounds. This he did at Rossery, where he was sequestrator, when he had Devenish.

To the poor curates indeed he was always a sincere friend, as also to all others, whose condition made them stand in need of his assistance. While he had Fintona, he went once to recommend to a certain eminent Prelate, an old Curate who was remarkable for his morals, learning and abilities. After some conversation, he told his Grace he had come to him on business. "What "business?" his Grace quickly replied. "I "am come," he answered, "to recommend to "your Grace, Mr. Johnston, an old curate of "great merit in your diocess, who will soon die, "and its a shame he should die a curate. I beg "therefore you may give him a small living." "He is an odd sort of man," his Grace said, and then gave him a refusal. On which Mr. Skelton spoke to him thus, "I agree with your "Grace, he is a very odd sort of a man, for he

"has

" has more learning, and knows better how to
" apply it than the whole diocess of * * *."

Some dignified clergy at the Bishop of Clogher's were remarking one day before dinner, that Skelton himself was an odd sort of a man, mentioning the oddity of his dress, and the like. "Aye, aye," observed the old Bishop, " Mr. Skelton may wear
" a rusty gown, and a brown wig, but he is such
" a jewel, that we should overlook his little pe-
" culiarities."

The Bishop of Clogher wrote him once a letter to Fintona, to inform him, that the same eminent Prelate, just now mentioned, would, be at his house on such a day, and said, he expected he would come and wait on him. Immediately he returned an answer to this effect, "that if his
" Lordship desired him to come to him on the
" most frivolous occasion, he would obey; but as
" for the other (naming him) he was out of his
" books, and he would not turn his heel where
" his toe was to pay him a compliment." Of this illustrious person he also remarked, that he was very careful to build churches, but did not care what sort of clergymen he put in them.

At Drogheda, he was told once, that the same eminent Prelate would be there the next day. Upon which he hastened immediately out of the town, declaring he would not see him or speak to him, as he neglected his old curates. In the re-

cital

cital of these anecdotes I have observed as much delicacy as in my power, but it is not, I think, the duty of a biographer to conceal the truth.

In 1771, he went to live, during the winter, with his nephew Dr. Skelton in Drogheda, and continued to stay there in winters, till about 1774, when he parted from him in a huff, on an imaginary insult. He had written a letter to the Rev. Dr. King in Dublin, inviting him and his two sisters to spend some time with him in Drogheda. This letter lying with another on his table, sealed, but not directed, he by mistake directed the wrong letter to Dr. King, and his to the other person. When he did not get an answer from the Doctor at the usual time, he imagined, that his nephew, by his wife's directions, had detained the letter, and having, on this account, treated him and Mrs. Skelton, a lady of great gentleness and goodness, somewhat roughly, he hastened away from the house; nor was he afterwards, which is very odd, sufficiently reconciled to his nephew, though he found out the mistake.

To this mistake indeed he was sometimes subject. Dr. Scott told me, he received a letter from him at Enniskillen from Dublin, which was intended for the Rev. Mr. English in the county of Armagh, who of course got his letter.

His portmanteau was stolen from him once at an inn in Drogheda, in which he had some Sermons,

mons, and other curious articles he valued very much. But the villains, I dare say, expected something more substantial in it than Sermons, or the like: otherwise, they would not so easily have snatched it away, for such fellows are easy about divinity.

The air of Fintona being now too keen for him in winter, he was at that season forced to go to a place more suitable to his constitution. In 1775, he went to lodge in Dublin with William Watson, the Bookseller, where he staid two or three winters. As yet he returned to Fintona before Easter Sunday, when he began his lectures on the catechism, which continued sixteen weeks.

Even in his old age he preserved some remains of his juvenile strength. Two fellows were boxing at an inn at Fintona, and he happened to see them; on which he ran in between them, to part them, which he accomplished with difficulty; this vexed him and made him say, "O, if I were "as strong as when I was young, I could easily "master you both." When he got them asunder, he held them at arm's length, and said, "now "you dogs spit your venom at each other."

He was always angry at any one who showed himself cowardly, and once gave a woman half a crown for beating a man who strove to take a child from her.

While he lodged with William Watson, he

preached a Sermon at St. Andrew's, on Friday December 13, 1776, being the day appointed for a general fast and humiliation. Some time before, the Rector of that parish waiting on him, requested him to preach on the ensuing fast; he pleaded his age and infirmities as his excuse, but desired the Rector to block out a Sermon himself, and he would correct it. Accordingly, a few days before the day appointed, he brought him the Sermon which he had made, to have it corrected by him. But on examining it, he found it would be easier for him, as he told me, to make a new Sermon of his own, than to correct his nonsense, and therefore bade him take his Sermon home with him, and he would preach himself. His appearance on that day was suitable to the occasion. His wig was quite brown, it had not even the colour of powder in it; his gown was old and rusty, his face furrowed with wrinkles, and venerable by age; his person tall, though somewhat bent by years. In fact he bore a resemblance to one in mourning commissioned to remind the world of the judgments of God brought on them for their sins. In the pulpit, old as he was, he displayed his universal vehemence; he spoke with abhorrence of the corruptions and infidelity of the age; he seemed to retain his wonted eloquence, and he had an astonishing effect upon his hearers.

After

After service, Mr. Skelton, the Rector of the parish, and some more clergymen were sitting in the vestry, when the Rector, who wore a very fine powdered wig, said to him, by way of compliment, "I wish I could exchange heads with "you;" "would you," said Skelton, "wig and "all?" This raised a loud laugh.

The Sermon, at the desire of the parishioners, and many clergymen who were present, was published for the benefit of the charity schools of the parish. It is an animated composition, but displays evident marks of hurry.

The regular series of events conducts me to another conspicuous period of his life. At Fintona there was no trade or manufacture but that of yarn, from the sale of which, and of some oatmeal after a plentiful harvest they derived the little money they had. Their mode of subsistence was therefore very precarious, of which the poor in that place were made too sensible about 1778, when they were in a very distressed state. The yarn for a year before had been remarkably cheap, and the provisions for three years constantly rising in price. Hence he perceived a famine must ensue, and was anxious to provide against this calamity. But he was scarce ever so ill prepared for it as then, for with difficulty he had scraped up, on account of the general distress, even a small part of his parochial income;

all of which, except what barely afforded him subsistence, he had already given away to the poor; their necessities were so urgent. When his money was all gone, he still saw their wants and the price of provisions increasing daily to an alarming degree. This forced him, about the beginning of spring, in compassion to their unhappy state, to borrow sixty-four pounds to buy oatmeal for them; which sum, being sent to Drogheda for that purpose, produced but four tun of meal including the expense of carriage; a supply that was sufficient for some months to relieve those poor that stood most in need of it. But in time this charitable donation began to fail, while the necessities and the number of the indigent were daily increasing. He was then obliged, as the last resource, to write a circular letter setting forth their distresses, a copy of which he sent to each of those gentlemen who had landed property in the parish. Of this letter I obtained a copy at Fintona, and thus got some satisfactory intelligence respecting the dearth. He tells them of the afflictions of the poor, by the cheapness of the yarn, and the growing price of provisions, which had now produced a famine; "that this famine, which was in a manner general through Europe, was attended in his parish by two epidemic distempers, the small-pox, and a purple fever, that raged with great violence; that from one or

other

other of these scarce a family was free; so that in many houses, out of seven or eight inhabitants, there was not one able to attend the rest, or to search the fields, or ditches, for sorrel and nettles, to relieve a perishing parent or child; that some months before he had borrowed sixty-four pounds to buy meal for them, all of which was almost expended now, though the dearth had not as yet arrived at its height; that he had no other prospect but of a broken heart, nor his numerous poor any hope of redress but in death, unless the gentlemen who had estates in the parish would lend their aid; that the tenants on his glebe, and his tithe-farmers owed him more than would be sufficient to preserve his poor, but should he attempt to force payment, he would do it in vain, or increase, instead of mitigating the calamity."

This letter had the desired effect. To each of the gentlemen he appointed their quota, in proportion to their quantity of land in the parish. The portion assigned Sir George Saville, who had two hundred a year in it, was *2l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; which sum he thought so moderate that he ordered his agent to give it annually to the poor of Fintona during his life. Mr. Eccles, his squire, and Miss Ecklin of Stephen's Green gave the most.

A great part of this money he laid out immediately on oatmeal, which was bought in Drogheda, and conveyed by carmen to Fintona in certain

quantities as necessary. On Friday, which was the market day, he appointed to divide it among the poor. Part of it he intended to give away, and part to sell at a lower rate. The former was placed in the parlour of his own lodgings; the latter in the street. On the first day of the division, having dressed himself in his gown and band, he asked Mr. Eccles, who was present, if he had a fine suit of clothes, who told him he had, and put on a suit of green and gold. Thus equipt they both walked out into the street, when the poor, anxious for food, gathered about them in crowds. Mr. Skelton then spoke to them thus; "My good people, don't despair; after all the "meal we bought, we have still money remain-"ing. You see Mr. Eccles here ready to help "you; the rest of the gentlemen of property have "also contributed, and I your minister, as usual, "will assist you. Those that have money will "get meal for three pence a peck lower than "the market price, and those that have no money "will get it for nothing; but the poor that have "no money must be served first."

During that summer, from May till September, he distributed gratis among his indigent parishioners an hundred and twenty-five pecks of meal every week. In this account the meal sold at a low rate, which was far more, is not included.

For

For that time there were on the poor's list from an hundred and sixty to two hundred, all of whom used to assemble on the market-day in the street opposite his parlour window. When he was ready to divide the meal, he put his head out of the window, and shouted to them, "come all of you "and get your shares." Then each of them was handed his share out of the window.

A decent-looking woman, he told me, came to him then one day to his lodgings, and falling down on her knees to him declared she and her family were starving; but she was ashamed to take meal with the rest, having never been accustomed to ask charity before. Moved by her tender tale, he relieved her privately, and kept her alive.

One poor man a Roman Catholic, to whom he offered meal, refused to take any of it, saying he had a lock of potatoes at home which would keep him from starving, and bade him give the meal to those who had more need for it. It is rare to meet with such an instance of self-denial even among those who pretend to finer feelings than this poor illiterate man.

The meal being once all spent before a fresh supply arrived from Drogheda, Mr. Skelton was then just sitting down to his breakfast on a Friday morning, when he asked the people he lodged with if the meal had come from Drogheda for the poor?

poor? They answered, "no." "What, you "thieves," said he, "will I feed myself while my "poor are starving?" and sent off immediately before he would eat a morsel himself, and bought as much meal at a dear rate as was sufficient for that day's division.

Having some suspicions that both meal and money should fail before the dearth would end, he starved himself, I may say, of the common necessaries of life, to buy more meal for those in need. As a substitute for snuff, which was also very dear, he made use of a sort of snuff of heath, which he had manufactured on that occasion, and also pinched himself of food, eating only a little slink veal every day for his dinner, as much as was barely sufficient to subsist on. The most indulgent father could not have the welfare of his family nearer his heart, than Mr. Skelton had that of his people. He used to say triumphantly, "they all came through, and none of them "starved."

At this season of calamity, the lady of Mr. Knox, formerly a pupil of his at Monaghan, who was then deputy secretary of state, sent over money to his poor. Upon which he and his congregation publicly prayed for her and her husband. It is to be supposed, that they were not unmindful in their prayers of the rest of their benefactors.

In this year, or in the one immediately before

or

or after, he sold his books, which consisted of seven hundred volumes, for a hundred pounds*, to his intimate friend Dr. Woodward, Dean of Clogher, who is now the well-known Bishop of Cloyne; a Prelate whose arguments are able to convince, and his eloquence to please and reform. The defect of his faculties, which made him unfit to take care of them, was his ostensible reason for parting with them; but the real cause of it was, that he wanted money to give his poor, and the year after he bestowed on them sixty pounds. Some books that the Doctor did not choose to take he gave his curate Mr. Auchinleck.

In hard times he made a present of half a year's rent to his poor tenants on the glebe, and, if absent, wrote to his tithe-farmer to give each of them a receipt for that sum.

In times of moderate plenty, he used to distribute money among indigent housekeepers, who yet strove to preserve a decent appearance. James West, with whom he lodged, often conducted him by his own desire to the dwellings of such, that he himself might examine into their state. Yet he at last made it a point not to give any thing away in charity in any house where he was called upon to visit a sick person; having been deceived

* At Fintona they assured me he got but a hundred pounds for them, though I thought he told me he got more.

by

by those pretending to be sick that they might get money from him. He was once sent for to visit a sick woman, but when he came near the house, he saw her running hastily in, that she might get into bed before he would come.

It might be mentioned here, that Miss Ecklin of Stephen's Green, who was always so liberal to his poor, in the spring of 1788, bestowed on her poor tenants of Fintona thirty pounds to buy flax-seed, which with her is a usual donation.

In 1778, he went up to Dublin in his chaise, and drove on to St. Mary's church, where Mr. Jameson one of the curates happened to be at prayers. After prayers he said to him, "you "must take me in, I am come to lodge with "you." Mr. Jameson told him it would be very inconvenient for him, as his house was too small, and so on. But Mr. Skelton still insisting, he was forced to submit. He lived there some time very happily, until one night, that he went early to bed, there was a good deal of smoke in the house, which caused them to open the windows in the story above him to let out the smoke. This it seems disturbed him, and made him suppose they rattled the windows on purpose to make the house disagreeable to him. Next morning he told them his mind, and would not be convinced by their account of the smoke, but left the house imme-

diately,

diately, nor could they prevail on him to come back to lodge with them again.

On the ensuing summer he returned to Fintona; but as he was then on the point of leaving it entirely, it may not be improper to introduce here a few more particulars of his conduct while there.

He not only assisted his poor by his charities, but also strove to promote his decent parishioners' children, if they got a suitable education. He told me, he wrote a whole quire of paper in letters, striving to get ordained a widow's son in Fintona, who was educated in the university of Edinburgh; but at last effected it by the kindness of his friend the late Dean of Down. For this young gentleman, who was worthy of every attention, he soon obtained a very beneficial cure, which he holds at present under a clergyman * who, in point of character and fortune, is one of the most respectable persons in our church.

There was one Joseph Moore a miller's son at Fintona, whom he discovered to be a boy of great genius, and therefore sent him at his own expense to the school of Enniskillen, where he lived in the house with Dr. Scott, and afterwards had him entered in our university; but he died before he had completed his education, having naturally a tender constitution.

Dr. Gormley, the physician of Fintona, dying in very low circumstances, left behind him a help-

* Dr. Leslie of Tanderagee.

less

less family of daughters. On which, Mr. Skelton, who was always a friend to the distressed, took the poor orphans under his care, and supported them till he put them in a way of supporting themselves. Those of them, that were of an age fit for it, he recommended for waiting-maids to ladies of fortune. One of them lived in that capacity with Miss Brooke, who afterwards informed him by letter, that the girl, who was bred a catholic, had voluntarily conformed to the protestant religion; which intelligence, it may be supposed, was very agreeable to him; though he had always, through a principle of delicacy, avoided speaking to her on the subject of her religion, lest he might appear to use his influence on her in so nice a point, where one should be directed, not by complaisance, but conscience. One of these came to see him in Dublin, about the year 1782, and kneeled down on her knees to him to ask his blessing. Many indeed has he supported that were left desolate on the world.

Having toiled now fifty years in the office of the ministry with as much diligence as ever man did before, he found himself at length, through age and infirmities, incapable for the discharge of his public duty. His frame was now unable, as mentioned already, to withstand the keen sharp country air, especially in winter, as every blast pierced through him. He could not bear, he thought,

thought, the fatigue of travelling ninety miles every summer, from Dublin to Fintona, and of returning thence on the approach of winter. He therefore took his final departure from it, about 1780, and removed to Dublin, to end his days. His carriage and horses he made a present of to Mr. Leslie, of Nutfield, in the county of Fermanagh. At that time he boarded and lodged with Samuel Watson, the bookseller, who lived in Dame-Street. For himself and servant he paid him about seventy pounds a-year, and provided his own wine.

My acquaintance commenced with this most excellent man in January 1781. A relation of mine, whose pleasure is to do good, took a filial care of his two old sisters living in Dromore; for which kindness he being very grateful expressed his desire to do as much for my friend, who only asked, that he would shew some countenance to me who was then a student in the university. Upon this he told him plainly, he could not promise to be of any use to me in the church, having but little interest in it, but he would assist me with his good advice. In compliance with his desire I waited on him at his lodgings, and found him in his bedchamber, where he always sat unless when he had company he could not make free with. He was a remarkably tall large man; his eyebrows were quite grey; his shoulders somewhat bent

bent by age; and his bones nearly twice the size of those of an ordinary man. He wore a brown wig, a blue coat with black cuffs, the breast of which was covered over with snuff, black velveret waistcoat and breeches, yarn stockings made of black wool, and small silver buckles in his shoes. His countenance showed he had been handsome in his youth, and visibly displayed in it that genuine philanthropy which he possessed in such an eminent degree. He received me with kindness free from ostentation; but began soon to rally me for having bright steel buttons on my coat, which he thought too gay for one of a bachelor's standing in the university. "You're finely dressed," he observed, "with your fine bright buttons; I "thought you were a man of sense and a scholar, "but I have been deceived, I find: I believe you "are but an indifferent sort of a body; I always "judge of a man by his buttons." However, in a few minutes he became more civil, and, after conversing on different subjects, we parted on good terms. I renewed my visits, to which I was enticed by his agreeable and instructive conversation; but took care never to show him the bright buttons again.

His manner of living then was simple and regular. He rose at nine o'clock in the morning, and took a breakfast of herb-tea, having not drunk foreign tea for thirty years before. Then he

he passed about an hour at prayer. After prayer he read two chapters in the old testament, two in the new, and four psalms, which latter, as he told us, conduced to enliven his piety. Then he generally amused himself at entertaining books until dinner, and after spending an hour at it, read until nine o'clock at night, when he took a supper of bread and whey, and then summoned the people he lived with to family-prayer; after which he employed himself at his books until eleven, and went to bed. His bed-chamber was like a stove, he kept it so close, and burnt in it, except in the heat of summer, night and day such huge fires. This was his general way of living. Now and then indeed he went out to pay visits to those he esteemed, and attended church regularly every Sunday, where he still sat in the reading-desk. At his lodgings he was visited sometimes by ecclesiastics of consequence, and others; but more usually by poor curates and readers, to whom he preached up content with their condition, and submission to superiors. Indeed he was always giving them good advice, reminding them of the sacred obligation laid on them, and telling them how they should be useful to the souls and bodies of the people under their care. He also now and then offered a little advice to his superiors, some of whom were not offended at his freedom.

Among

Among these may be reckoned the Archbishop of Dublin. His Grace having paid him a visit at Mr. Watson's he ventured to give him some advice, and at the same time begged pardon for the liberty he took. On which this Prelate politely replied, " Sir, it is usual to look up to " Bishops, but I look up to you." He recommended once a candidate for holy orders to his Grace, observing, that he was only acquainted with him for one year, but knew more of him during that time than others could ordinarily do in three years. " I'll ordain him," he rejoined, " on this recommendation." The Archbishop, who was fond of his company, often pressed him to come and dine with him, but he declined his kind invitations, as he did not choose to be out at night, which he found hurtful to his constitution. His Grace offered then to send his carriage for him, and home with him. Once he seemed to consent to go, but when the hour of the day approached, he sent an apology, apprehensive of getting cold. It is pleasing to see the second character in the Irish church pay such attention to so good a man. Mr. Skelton was sensible of his kindness, and used to say that this Prelate was a good-natured man, and a friend to religion. " He is warm," he remarked, " but that " is a concomitant of good-nature." He then mentioned an instance of his Grace's conduct, in

his public capacity, highly to his honour; but it is not, I think, prudent to publish it, lest it should seem to reflect on a certain eminent layman. On another occasion he observed, that no one read the service of our church with so much solemnity and devotion as the Archbishop of Dublin.

His first visit to the Archbishop at his palace put him in mind of a sharp remark of the famous Archbishop King's, which he mentioned to his Grace the present Archbishop. When he was last in that room, he was just going, he said, to take his degree, having, with some more candidates for degrees, accompanied the proctor who brought them, as usual, to present them to his Grace. They found the old Archbishop sitting on a chair, and propt up with pillows on every side of him, having before him a table with two or three folios on it. After the ceremony of introduction, his Grace being informed that one of the candidates was a young Lord who had been very attentive to his books and was a good scholar, he said to him in a drawling voice, "My Lord, I "am happy to find you have been so diligent, "and have made such proficiency in your learn-"ing; but I have a piece of advice to give you, "which I hope you will take, be as unlike the "rest of the Lords of Ireland as you can, and "then you'll do very well, you'll do very well."

Mr. Skelton, I believe, commenced his acquaintance

quaintance with the Bishop of Cloyne when he was Dean of Clogher, for whom and for his family he had a high respect. His opinion of this Prelate's great abilities, both as a preacher and a writer, was such as is generally held in this kingdom, and even acknowledged by most of his opponents. His Lordship, he said, exceeded all preachers in tones, and Dr. Campbell in propriety of action; which latter he ascribed to his extraordinary skill in drawing. The Bishop of Raphoe he esteemed for refusing, when he was a Dean, on a scruple of conscience, another good living when it was offered to him. With respect to himself, he prayed God might strike him dead when he formed a thought of taking two livings. Once, he said, he could have obtained a second living, but he refused.

Yet we must not suppose that he spoke always in a strain of high panegyric of dignified ecclesiastics. But it would not be safe to touch on this delicate subject, and therefore at present every reader must strive to form a supposition for himself. I might produce here some of his sharp remarks both on persons and practices, which, however agreeable to others, would probably be injurious to myself. He used to advise Bishops to take care of their old curates, and reward their faithful services. To one in particular, to whom he gave this advice, he said, "My

"Lord,

" Lord, if you do so, the curates will be more " attentive to their duty, for I must say, to the " shame and scandal of the clergy, that there is " scarce one of them who would not do more for " a living of a hundred a-year than for the whole " Kingdom of Heaven." However, his advice was so disagreeable to the Bishop, that he could never after gain an admittance into his Lordship's presence.

His late Rector Mr. Hawkshaw, whom in jest he called Measter, when he came to Dublin, paid him frequent visits. Indeed, from their first acquaintance they had lived on the most friendly footing, in the mutual exchange of every kind office.

In February 1781, the late Dr. Forsayth, of Trinity College waiting on Mr. Skelton informed him, that the university, sensible of his great merit, had sent him to offer him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, if he would accept of it. Yet he declined this intended honour, with expressions of gratitude to the university, observing that he was too old to assume any new title. He told me, he was unable from age and infirmities to go through the collegiate exercises appointed on such occasions, and otherwise he would not take the degree. Besides, he said Jesus Christ forbade him to be a Doctor, quoting a text of

scripture which he imagined to favour this odd opinion.

If a Doctor of Divinity ought to be deeply read in the science he professes, there were but few so well qualified as he to obtain that distinction. The perusal of the holy scriptures employed a great part of his time, to which he was excited by a sense of duty, making use of all human means necessary to assist him in that spiritual study. His knowledge in divinity was equal to his diligence, of which he has given evident proofs by his learned works upon that subject. For the assistance I received from him in that most useful science I have a right to be grateful. He advised me to read Leland's View of the State of Religion in the Heathen World, which, he said, was the best book extant on the subject, candidly acknowledging that that author showed the necessity of revelation even more clearly than he did in Deism Revealed. "When "you have read that book," he said, "you may "take the Bible into your hand, for he proves it "to be the word of God." He told us it was he that first proposed the plan of this book to Dr. Leland, but he did not acknowledge it, though he returned thanks in his preface for the assistance he got from others. He recommended the study of the Septuagint rather than the Hebrew; which

which was not, he said, sufficiently understood by the critics who revived it. He also advised me to read the Greek testament without a comment, that I might hence perceive the meaning which the original language naturally presented; and explained to my satisfaction some passages which I could not fully understand. In the margin of his bible he wrote many curious explanatory notes, the most of which he afterwards published in his Senilia.

His knowledge, however, was not confined to divinity. He was a complete master of every subject literary men usually converse on. I have gained more information by two hour's conversation with him on an evening, than I did by studying hard at books a whole day. A young gentleman, a member of a debating society in the university, who was obliged to be prepared on a certain night in a part of the Life of Philip of Macedon, told me, that he happened to call on Mr. Skelton a day or two before the time, who acquainted him more accurately in an hour's conversation with every particular he wished to know, than if he had spent a whole day reading on the subject.

Beside the assistance already mentioned, he gave me some useful advice with respect to composition. In compliance with his desire, I showed him some little pieces in prose of my own composition, which he found great fault with for want

of perspicuity. I was therefore forced to pluck out of them many fine flowers which served only to conceal the sense. He advised me to copy some parts of Swift, of Robertson's History of Scotland, and of Blair's Sermons, to improve my style; of which I found the advantage. It is, however, necessary to observe, that every man of genius writes in a style peculiar to himself; he has a just confidence in his own powers, and dares to judge for himself. Many writers of inferior abilities have made themselves completely ridiculous by attempting to imitate the peculiarities of great authors. Of all writers, Mr. Skelton said, Lactantius was the most clear, for in perusing him you seem to read only ideas not words.

Having left Mr. Watson's, about the beginning of the year 1782, he went to board and lodge with a Mr. B—, in B— Street, a curious character, with whom he thought he should be very happy, as he was a man of a serious turn, and fond of talking about religion. He formerly kept a snuff-shop in C— Street, but having made a lucky hit at the tobacco, as he thought, at the beginning of the war, he then, quitting the snuff-shop, became all at once a grand tobacco merchant. In his religious opinions he was somewhat fickle, for he generally changed them once a-year; having been in his time a Church-of

England-

England-Man, Moravian, Anabaptist, Presbyterian, Quaker, Seceder, New-light-Man, Old-light-Man, Mountain-Man, and the like. Skelton and he were then often together, for he used to break in on him to argue with him on religious matters. They argued then furiously whole hours at once; but B—, he acknowledged, beat him at quoting scripture, as he had it all by heart. He had odd notions then about the influence of the Spirit, and forms of prayer, supporting them with great vehemence; which made me ask Mr. Skelton if he were a Methodist? "Oh yes," he said, "a powerful Methodist, he is inspired." Yet, with all his religion, he was a little fleshly given, as I am assured, though he had a wife of his own. Indeed you would not suspect this from his appearance, for he was a gross little man, dressed in a blue coat, with a grave melancholy face; somewhat bald; having a few grey hairs scattered on the back of his head, and hanging stiffly down. You would rather, indeed, on looking at him, suspect he was a Methodist Preacher, an office, I believe, he sometimes used; at least if he did not preach publicly, he exhorted the brethren in private.

Mr. Skelton's situation here was not over pleasant. He was by nature of a social turn, and from age often stood in need of company; therefore he now and then asked his friends to dine with

with him, when he always paid for their dinner. But this, it seems, was not agreeable to Mrs. B—, who set up for a grand lady, and did not choose to entertain the persons he asked to her house, though these were such as might amuse and instruct her. He told me once he was sorry he could not ask me to dine with him, as Mr. B— had sent him a letter into his room a day or two before, informing him, it was inconvenient for his wife to entertain his company; so that, if he could not be without these, he must change his lodgings. He said, he would provide other lodgings for himself before winter; but he would soon go out to the Phœnix-Park to spend one or two of the summer months at the Hibernian School*.

He had boarded and lodged the summer before in the same place, at the house of the Rev. Mr. O'Neill chaplain to the school, who, having a relish for his conversation, used every means to make his house agreeable to him. About June of this year he went out to live at this gentleman's during the summer, having left Mr. B—'s in consequence of the letter he received. Soon after his arrival here he got a terrible fall which might have killed an ordinary person of his age, but it did

* A School for educating the orphans and children of soldiers, in Ireland.

him

him no harm. However, he took it into his head about the end of July, that he was just going to die, and was visited then, among others of consequence, by Dr. Hastings, and the Bishop of Cloyne. His disorder at that time was, I believe, mostly the effect of imagination. At least his physician Dr. Fleury seemed to think so. Yet it was observed, that in the latter part of his life he was not so much affected with imaginary complaints as before. Experience had probably in some degree convinced him of the inanity of his gloomy conjectures, and therefore he did not yield so much to the influence of imagination.

A few weeks after he was attacked by this disorder, I wrote him a letter from the North of Ireland, requesting his assistance in a particular affair; on which occasion he applied in my behalf with the sincerity of a friend. In his answer he mentioned, as the business seemed to require, what a high respect the late Dean Bailie had for a certain illustrious lady, who was so eminent for her charities, and then made use of these words; "The Dean knows me too, but affects to revolve "in an orbit so far above me, as scarce to see me "twinkling below him; the distance equally di-"minishes his magnitude to my eyes."

While he staid at the Hibernian School, he catechised the children every Sunday in the chapel at the communion table, and lectured most in-

structively

structively on the catechism. One of his lectures I had the happiness to hear, and was pleased and improved by it. He was indeed remarkably fond both of soldiers and seamen, and once gave this advice to Miss Bruce, " marry a soldier, my girl, " for you will find more honest soldiers than ho- " nest parsons."

He offered ten guineas to make a reservoir to keep water in for the benefit of the school, on condition it should be built with stones alone without mortar, which he thought would make it more durable. But the mason refusing to comply of course did not get the money.

On his return to Dublin about the beginning of October, he took up his abode in Trinity Street, at the house of Kinahan and Gregg, grocers, with whom he had agreed for his diet and lodging. The Dublin Evening Post being published next door to him, I once asked him if he ever read it? " No," he replied, " I have not read a news- " paper these five years past, I have nothing to " do with this world; for I am just on the point " of leaving it. Besides, they are all full of ma- " lice which must offend a christian to see." When I remarked to him that he seemed to know all that was in the papers, he observed, that he heard it from those who came to see him, as they were often talking of politics.

His antagonist Mr. B—, at whose house he lodged

lodged before, used to visit him in Trinity Street, and argue with his usual violence, being very stiff in the opinions he adopted for the time. He had then, it seems, assumed some new notions, as he was not so much of a methodist as formerly. One evening I was sitting with Mr. Skelton when his servant brought him in a letter, which, on opening, he perceived to come from B—, stuffed with texts of scripture, on some of the points they were disputing about a day or two before. For B—, as it suited him, attacked his adversary either in close fight, or threw his darts at a distance; so eager was he for victory. He was strenuous in asserting the necessity of extempore prayer, despising all forms, as is usual with fanatics.

A few more particulars of this original character may, not improperly, be introduced here. In January, 1787, having come to Dublin after two years' absence, I saw him walking through the streets with a long grey beard, like that of an old Turk or Rabbi. On inquiry, I found he had appeared in that trim some time before in a coffee-house, when the people, gathering about him, asked him why he wore the long beard? He replied gravely, he would not shave his beard till he had paid his debts, having failed in the year 1785. Soon after his failure, on a meeting of his creditors at his house, they asked him how he could account for the great deficiency in his affairs? On which

which he called for the bible, that he might reply scripturally, and read to them the first verse of the thirtieth chapter of Job in a grave solemn voice; "but now they that are younger than I, "have me in derision, whose fathers I would have "disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock." This is the only answer he would give them. When one of them a Mr. L— said to him, "these "are two handsome pistols over the fire-side." "Yes they are," he replied. Then taking them down, he put one into his hand, and kept the other to himself, and said to him, "will you take a "shot?" Which made Mr. L— run out of the house in dread of his life. Thus did he settle accounts with his creditors.

Some time after my return to the country I received a letter from a friend in Dublin, a man of real original humour, informing me, that Mr. B—, who had so often changed his religions before, had now at last turned Papist. He enclosed me B—'s apology to the public for so doing, with his name annexed. It was printed and spread through Dublin to justify his character which was maliciously attacked by some evil-minded persons. In this he candidly owns his having adopted at different times the religious opinions of almost every species of protestants. On his becoming a Papist he shaved his beard, and resumed his usual appearance; on which my friend's little nephew, who

who heard him declaring in the coffee-house he would not shave his beard till he had paid his debts, came running up to him one day with joy in his face, and said, "uncle! uncle! B— has "paid his debts, for I see him walking through the "streets without the beard."

Having been drawn naturally into this short digression, I return now to the course of my narrative.

In 1782, Mr. Skelton was deprived by death of his old friend and patron the Bishop of Clogher, who lived until he was above ninety; so long did it please God to bless the world with this good Bishop, who, to the honour of his country, was born in England. He had the satisfaction of having promoted some worthy men of great merit, but little interest; among whom, beside Mr. Skelton, is Dr. Thomas Campbell, who has paid a just tribute of praise to him in the Philosophical Survey of Ireland. The Bishop was a pious, humble, good-natured man, a generous encourager of literature, kind to his domestics, and justly esteemed by all those who had an opportunity of knowing his virtues.

This same year produced also another event, which affected Mr. Skelton even more sensibly than the death of his good friend the Bishop of Clogher. It being uncommonly wet and cold both in seed-time and summer, the poor scanty crop,

crop, that escaped from the inclemency of the weather, was not fit to be cut down until winter approached, and then it was mostly destroyed by the rain. Mr. Skelton foresaw, with many others, that a dearth would be the consequence of all this, and endeavoured, like the Patriarch of Egypt, to provide against this calamity. In the winter he first sent a large sum of his own to Drogheda to buy oatmeal for his poor, and then applied, as usual, to those who had landed property in the parish; all of whom contributed except a Mr. D— who holds a bishop's lease. With these contributions, and an additional sum of his own, he bought more meal at Drogheda, where the whole was stored during the winter, in order to be conveyed in certain portions to his parish, when the dearth should require it. He was not deceived in his apprehensions. The famine that prevailed in the summer of 1783, was the most severe that even history records to have taken place in Ireland. The poor in many parts must have died of hunger, had they not been relieved by the liberal donations of those whom Providence blessed with riches. While the famine was advancing towards its height, Mr. John Latouche carried a message to Mr. Skelton from his father to this effect, that if he wanted money to buy meal for his poor, he might draw on his bank for any sum he stood in need of, which he would willingly bestow for so

good a purpose. Mr. Skelton, who had never seen the good old gentleman, being surprised at this uncommon liberality, replied, that he was very grateful for his kind offer, but that he had sufficient to keep his poor alive without taking money from him, who employed his wealth in doing good. The generosity of this truly charitable man, who is now gone to reap the fruits of his labours, and of his worthy family, whose purses have also been always open to relieve the distressed, is sufficiently known in this kingdom without any commendation of mine.

Mr. Skelton, during this dearth, intrusted the distribution of the meal to his curate Mr. Auchinleck, who assured me, that this good clergyman laid out on it, beside the contribution of others, two hundred pounds of his own. At dinner he used to say to us, I cannot suffer my poor parishioners to starve in hard times, for they have fed me on good fare these many years past. His first toast now after dinner was the family of the Latouches, who had souls, he said, of a superior nature to the generality of men. His next was Richmond the dancing-master, which he usually prefaced with these words; "I give you the health "of a hero, Richmond the dancing-master." He then told us of the noble exploits performed by this brave old man, a short account of which I transcribe from his Senilia.

"One

" One night, after his seventy fifth year, having
" read prayers with his family, he heard, as he
" was going to bed, a loud cry of murder in a
" female voice, repeated from an house, not far
" from his own, in Prince's Street, Dublin. This
" hurried him down to his parlour with a case of
" pistols in his hands, followed by his daughter.
" The cry still continuing, he opened a window,
" but it was too dark without to see any thing.
" Having a providential apprehension for his
" daughter, though none for himself, he had just
" time to push her from the window behind the
" adjoining pier, when one of the robbers, of whom
" there were six, fired on him, and the ball passed
" through the place where his daughter stood.
" Richmond, by the light of the villain's discharge,
" shot him dead. He and a brave servant-boy
" of his then sallied into the street, where per-
" ceiving by the woman's cries, that the rest of the
" gang had got into the house of a neighbour con-
" fined to his bed by sickness, and were by re-
" peated wounds murdering the servant-maid, he,
" his boy, and some of the watch then coming to
" his assistance, soon cleared the house, fought
" the gang in the street, knocked one of them
" down with a clubbed pistol, pursued the rest,
" and took two of them, whom he lodged in New-
" gate, before he returned to his terrified family.
" The prisoners he afterwards prosecuted to the
" gallows.

" gallows. It was but too plain, this was the first
" time the brave man had been concerned in
" blood. It was with difficulty that the minister
" of his parish could prevent his sinking under
" the grief of having sent a fellow-creature into
" eternity with a load of guilt on his head. Some
" time after, this undaunted man going homeward
" at night, found a servant boy crying in the street,
" who had been just then robbed by three foot-
" pads of a tankard, which he had been sent out
" with for some drink. These Richmond instantly
" pursued into a close back-yard, being joined by
" a stranger of a spirit like his own. They were
" fired upon by the villains, but they took two of
" them, and afterwards had them convicted and
" executed. It has been said, that my hero ac-
" quitted himself with similar honour in a third
" adventure with robbers, the particulars of which
" I am not acquainted with."

If Richmond had lived in heroic ages, he would have been crowned with laurel, he said, as a public benefactor of mankind; and then accused this country of ingratitude for not rewarding his useful services. The Duke of Rutland, during his lieutenancy, once met Mr. Richmond in the park, and asked him, if he were the person mentioned by Mr. Skelton in his last volume? He answered he was. His Grace then promised to provide for him, but died before he was able to effect it.

A few

A few months before the dearth already mentioned, a young man from Fintona, who was then a journey-man apothecary in Dublin, being attacked by a violent disorder, Mr. Skelton paid a nurse-tender half a guinea a week to take care of him, and employed a physician to visit him twice a day. When he grew a little better, he sent him to Fintona for the advantage of his native air, and on his return to Dublin had a place provided for him. His father, who was then dead, had been a great favourite with Mr. Skelton, as he dealt extensively in linen-yarn, and was thus very useful to the industrious poor at Fintona.

While he was employed in supplying the wants of his indigent parishioners. he had an interview, in May of the same year, (1783) with the late missionary Mr. Wesley, who was then also engaged in his work of charity. This being their first meeting, they had no religious altercation. A few days after, Mr. Wesley paid him a second visit, and on the evening of the same day I happened to visit him. He informed me then, that that gentleman had been with him in the morning, and told him something which he thought a little extraordinary. A woman had come over to him from England, he said, who was plagued with a strange disorder in her belly; on which, being pressed to speak plainly and tell her complaint, he owned, after some hesitation, that it was the Devil, she said,

said, she had got in her belly, and had applied for cure to many protestant bishops, popish priests, and presbyterian teachers, but all to no purpose. "What will you do then?" he asked him. "I "expect," he replied, "to cure her by prayer and "fasting, and the like." "Take care, Mr. Wes-"ley," he remarked, "of what you are about; "you want, I perceive, to support your new reli-"gion by the force of miracles; but if you once "set up for working miracles, the people will "flock to you from all quarters, they will meet you "in the streets and high-ways, as they did our Sa-"viour, and perhaps they may take you short; so "that you may lose more than you'll gain by pre-"tending to work miracles." He could not swallow Mr. Wesley's story about the woman with the Devil in her belly, and this gentleman thought it better to send her home to her own country, without attempting to take the Devil out of her.

However, if we can believe what he tells us in his journals, he has been very successful in effecting some cures of this sort. He went once, as he informs us *, to see a woman in this melancholy state, and when he got to her, stoutly asked the Devil how he dare enter into a Christian? On which the Devil spoke thus to him out of her belly, "She is not "a christian, she is mine." But Mr. W., it seems, soon forced my gentleman to shift his quarters.

* 3d Journ. p. 95.

Mr. Skelton, in his conversation with him, talked lightly of the common stories we hear about devils and ghosts, and mentioned to him in a ludicrous way, that some people in one of his parishes, who were wrong in the head, imagined they were haunted by these. But Mr. W. he said, was very grave, and did not seem willing to join in the joke. He would indeed have been inconsistent with himself, if he had; for there was scarce a magazine he put out, that had not some marvellous story in it of this kind. Yet he probably considered these and the like as so many pious frauds necessary to serve the cause of methodism, which usually has most effect on weak minds. And indeed it is but reasonable to think, that this extraordinary man had too much good sense to believe every absurdity he countenanced by his authority.

In June, Mr. Skelton shifted his lodgings again. Leaving the grocer's in Trinity-street, he went to board and lodge in Peter's-row with the Rev. Richard Drury, a young clergyman whom he recommended for a cure to the Archbishop of Dublin. His reasons for going to live with this clergyman were such as had always an effect on his benevolent mind.

His strenuous applications for me at this time to certain persons of consequence, the disappointments he then met with, and the excuses that were

offered

offered, I am obliged to omit, lest I should seem to obtrude myself or my affairs on the public attention, which of late has been the practice of some biographers, who had not prudence enough to conceal their vanity. Yet I shall not, I hope, be accused of this weakness by quoting a part of a letter he wrote me then, especially as it contains a general advice to every young clergyman on undertaking the care of a parish.

"You see I have lost no time nor ground which "I could use for you. And you see too how I "am made accountable for you to Lord * * *. "But pray consider, how awfully, and even fear-"fully I am made accountable for you to an infi-"nitely greater Lord. You cannot blast me "without blasting yourself in the sight of God "and man. You are rather to derive fear than "vanity from the high character given of you, and "from the struggle made for you among the most "considerable men of the time, excited by the "providence of God. Let therefore a warm zeal "animate you to the service and glory of God, "and to the salvation of souls. Let the wisdom "of the serpent and the innocence of the dove "direct all your exertions. Let your words be "few, slow, and articulate, that the hearer, whether "in church or company, may have no trouble in "taking your meaning, nor have occasion to find "fault with it when he understands it. Maturely

" consider, that Lord * * *, Dean * *, and many
" others, before whom you are to appear either
" publicly or privately, have a thousand times
" more sense than you. Think therefore before
" you speak, and speak but little, enough for the
" occasion, whatever it may be, and not a syllable
" more. God direct and bless you. You can-
" not conceive how great an object of apprehen-
" sion you are, to your poor old friend

PHIL. SKELTON."

It was indeed with propriety he prescribed to others, who was himself so eminent for his abilities in the pulpit, and his conduct in private life.

About the end of the same year, his ears were stunned with the fame of the pulpit-orator, Dr. Peckwell, who preached through Dublin in meeting-houses, methodist-houses and churches. Crowds followed after him enticed by novelty, as he preached without notes, which is a sure way of captivating the multitude, who are always taken with strange appearances. I went to Bride's Church to hear him, and sat in the reading-desk with Mr. Skelton, who though he complimented him when he had finished on the orthodoxy of his sermon, yet afterwards remarked to me, that his action seemed more violent than proper. " When I
" looked up at him," he said, " I saw his arms
" from my seat under the pulpit moving over my
" head,

"head, like the arms of a windmill." He also observed, that he was too handsome for a preacher, as the women, instead of profiting by his sermons, would be only wishing to be in bed with him. Our Saviour's person and face were, he said, on that account, rather ordinary, as some of the Fathers inform us. About three months after, he sent him from England a Sermon he had just then published, the merits of which I thought not extraordinary. But a cold phlegmatic reader is not so easily pleased as a hearer who is warmed and captivated by the voice, gesticulations and countenance of the extempore preacher. *Adde vultum habitumque hominis.*

To remedy in some degree the inconvenience that attends the use of notes, Mr. Skelton advised me to follow his method of copying my sermons in a large fair hand. It was indeed his ardent wish, that the clergy of our church, in their public and private conduct, should afford no pretence for the cavils of sectaries, some of whom tell us we read our sermons like a ballad. Yet he was possessed, I think, with an unreasonable dread of the presbyterians; for he imagined they would have taken his living from him before he died; one of them, he said, who was a volunteer, told him so. But his apprehensions, we may suppose, were partly the effects of old age. *Senectus falsâ formidine ludit.*

If

If the people of our church were allowed to adopt the Presbyterian mode of choosing their own clergy, it would produce, he said, more harm than good. For in that case, the landlords would oblige them to vote for those they pleased, as they do now at elections, because it would then be worth their while to interfere to get a friend or a relation a good living. "If so," he continued, "I should never have got a living, for my father "was only a plain countryman." But if there were opposite interests in a parish, this would produce boxing, quarrelling, and ill-will. It appears then, that injustice would be done according to that mode; injustice, it is owned, is also done now, and since injustice must be done, let it be done quietly.

He was not only qualified for sober reasoning of this kind, but could adapt his conversation and behaviour to his company. I never found him out of temper, but always gay and good-humoured. He was never sour or sullen with the young, but made a proper allowance for the levities peculiar to their age, having nothing of the old man about him, except that he was a little deaf. Of children he was remarkably fond, and could spend hours with them partaking of their little sports.

Some time after this he consented to dine with a certain Bishop, on condition he would have dinner

dinner on the table at two o'clock; but Mr. Skelton came exactly at twelve, when his Lordship and his lady were going out on business. The Bishop told him he was very sorry he came so soon, as Mrs. * * and he were obliged to go out, and could not be home until two. But he observed, that his Lordship need not be concerned, as he would amuse himself with "these "sweet little things," pointing to the children. Accordingly, he diverted himself with them, at ball or marbles, or such like childish sports, until his Lordship returned, when he told him he was charmed with their company, and that they only wanted wings to be angels.

A part of a letter he wrote me, when I complained of being too much disturbed by the noise of children, may serve still more to illustrate his character in this particular. "Play with the "children," he said, "now and then, the best "method of conciliating their father and mother; "and then little laughing children are, of all "others, the sweetest and most pleasing compa-"nions. Give one of them an apple, and ano-"ther a fig, and settle with them not to be too "noisy when you are at your book or pen. At "other times, invite them to be noisy with your-"self, and to ride on your back."

Though his company was so agreeable, yet he frequently spent his evenings alone, and often

told

told me, when I called to see him, that it was a charity to come and sit with him a while, he was so much deserted. Of his conversation, however instructive and amusing, I was deprived in the beginning of the ensuing year (1784) but still enjoyed the benefit of his letters.

In the same year he published by subscription his sixth volume, entitled, "An Appeal to Common Sense on the Subject of Christianity, &c." This volume, the profits of which were, as the former ones, to be applied to the Magdalen Charity, is also dedicated to Lady Arabella Denny.

The Appeal is, in my opinion, superior in style and arrangement to any thing he wrote before. It is in general plain, sensible, void of false ornament, from which his sermons and other pieces are not entirely free. It contains an historical proof of the truth of christianity, and shows his faculties were in their full force at the age of seventy-six. To this are added, "Some Thoughts on Common Sense," in which there are some attempts at wit not always successful; for his wit, though excellent in company, seemed to evaporate when communicated to paper. The rest of this volume consists of Thirteen Hymns, with a poetic introduction to them, and a Latin Poem, which appear rather calculated to enliven his own piety in private than to excite devotion in others.

A few

A few days after the publication of this volume, he received the following letter.

"Reverend Sir,

"I have read your Appeal to Common "Sense on the Subject of Christianity. I wish "all the world could say the same; but at present few can have that advantage. If you will "permit a less expensive edition to be published, that may be the means of rendering "the circulation more extensive, and of promoting the great end for which you laboured.

"I am your humble Servant,

Summer-Hill,
Sept. 21, 1784.

"SARAH STRINGER."

In compliance with this proposal, which, it may be supposed, was very agreeable to him, a cheaper edition was published soon after at her expense, with the foregoing letter prefixed. When it was in the press, he sent her twelve pounds to pay part of the expense of printing, but she refused to take it. Of this edition, he bestowed about two hundred on each of the parishes he had the care of either as curate or rector.

Mrs. Stringer having earnestly requested him to permit her to have his picture taken, he at last consented, on her promise of allowing no one to take a copy of it, and of destroying it before she died. This lady then employed a Mr. Holmes to

to draw it on canvass, who made as exact a likeness as I ever saw*. Formerly, a Mr. John Eccles, of Fintona, took his picture in profile, but he would not sit to have it taken in full.

He was accused this year of being the author of a political pamphlet called the "Alarm," which he publicly disavowed in a newspaper.

The favourable reception of the Appeal induced him, even at so advanced an age, to continue writing for the public, which he offered partly as an apology for not writing to me as often as he could wish, as appears by the following extract of a letter I received from him in October, 1785.

"My not answering your letters so soon as "both you and I wish, is not by any means ow- "ing to my forgetfulness of, or indifference to "you. My esteem of you, and my friendship "for you, are still the same. But my health is "precarious, and my spirits for the greater part "low. Besides I am even yet hammering out a "seventh volume, and have near enough to fill "it up, of matter extremely miscellaneous and "unconnected. Every thing I happen to think "of goes into the farrago; but it consists mostly "of short answers to infidel arguments, inter-

* She died in the latter end of March, having destroyed the picture three months before.

"mixed

" mixed with strokes of humour, and even natu-
" ral curiosities. The new mode of franking
" letters is yet a greater obstacle to my corre-
" spondence with you; for as the franks must be
" dated, when I have got one of them, indispo-
" sition or business, or visits run me beyond the
" date, and the cover is lost. I can have no frank
" for this, and therefore send the postage with it,
" that my poor curate need not pay for that
" which is not worth a farthing."

In the following year his seventh volume was published, entitled, " Senilia, or an Old Man's " Miscellany." The purport of it is in some degree explained in the foregoing extract. Its materials are indeed very various, and wrought into a style tolerably natural and agreeable; but the most valuable part of it all is, in my opinion, " Brief Observations on some Passages of the " New Testament," which are useful, intelligble, consistent with scripture and common sense.

This volume, being also octavo, was published by Sleater, to whom Mr. Skelton, when he gave him the copy, agreed to pay twenty pounds to purchase the paper, being diffident of its success, as it was written in extreme old age. But this bookseller informed him, when it was in the press, that he was of opinion it would be attended with the sale desired, and that he would not take the money. This is an instance of generosity somewhat

what extraordinary, as but few men of business, in such a case, would have any scruple to take whatever sum should be offered them.

A part of these twenty pounds, and also of the twelve pounds which Mrs. Stringer refused to accept of, he bestowed on the poor in Dublin, and the rest on those in Fintona, who had a more natural claim on him than the others. Yet a great city affords such innumerable objects of charity, that a man of a benevolent mind, who lives there, is excited both by his feelings and his duty to relieve some of them. A young clergyman, who was intimate with Mr. Skelton, went once by his desire to a bank in Dublin, to know if they would exchange for him eleven light half-guineas, which they had sent him; but on his return from the bank, he found that he had given them all away to the poor.

Yet, in the distribution of his charities, he seldom gave any thing to those we call genteel beggars, who tell us, they lived formerly in a genteel way, but by crosses and losses were brought to their present distresses. A woman of this sort came to his lodgings in Dublin one day, asking for charity; but when he began to speak to her in his usual tone of voice, she requested he would speak low, for, being a gentlewoman, she did not wish it should be known that she asked charity. "O then," said he, "you may

"go

"go about your business; for I never give cha-
"rity to a gentlewoman."

He published this year (1786) a short Answer to a Catechism, used at Sunday Schools, written by one Watson, a Yorkshire vicar, which he supposed to contain an erroneous doctrine with respect to the state of men immediately after death. This Answer he sent to all the Bishops in England and Ireland, that they might exert their authority against a book of such pernicious tendency. Accordingly, the Archbishop of Dublin stopt the use of it in his diocess.

The summer and autumn of this year was remarkable, it is well known, for the ravages of the Right-boys, who, without any pretence of justice, robbed the established clergy in the South of most of their property. These insurgents, though barbarians themselves, contributed to serve the cause of literature, as they gave rise to many most excellent pamphlets, which otherwise would never have been produced. The rights of the clergy thus invaded became a general subject of conversation, not only with themselves, but also with the laity. Every newspaper gave some new account of the horrid doings of these rioters, who feared neither God nor man. The newspapers also abounded with many wild proposals for a commutation of tithe, communicated to the public fresh from the heads of essayists or paragraph-

writers,

writers, residing in aerial habitations. Amidst this general fermentation, I wrote to Mr. Skelton to get his opinion on these matters, and received the following letter, which, for evident reasons, I give entire.

"DUBLIN, Bride Street, No. 45, Nov. 4, 1786.

"Dear Burdy,

"No more than one letter of yours to "me, beside this of the present month, occurs "to my declining memory, and in that you kindly "excuse my answering every letter. The infir- "mities of a man approaching near to his eigh- "tieth year, makes such an indulgence indeed "very requisite; especially, as since we saw each "other, a sixth and then a seventh volume of "my works have been published; and I am now "republishing the Sermons of Robert Walker, a "Scottish presbyterian minister, which have de- "servedly had five previous editions in Great "Britain. To this sixth edition, I prefix a long "letter of my own, to encourage both the Dublin "bookseller, and the Irish reader. The sermons "of this worthy author, deceased two or three "years ago, are most excellent in themselves, and "greatly wanted in these times.

"Any advice you may have received from me, "it was but a small part of my duty to impart "to one so much younger than myself, and but "a poor proof of my friendship for you. You "do

" do better in remembering it, than I should do
" in thinking of it.

" The inquiries you make in this letter show
" to me, that you purpose addressing the public
" by somewhat, and on a subject not a little
" ticklish. Take care, while you think you are
" treading only on ashes, that there is not a great
" deal of fire under your feet.

" I cannot more exactly than you do repeat
" the resolution of the House of Commons con-
" cerning the rights and demands of the clergy;
" nor the year of its date, but I know it was
" made when Boyle was speaker, I believe about
" forty years ago. The demands of the clergy
" for tithe-agistment was so founded on common
" law, that they carried all the causes in the
" Court of Exchequer which they commenced
" before that vote, but never durst since com-
" mence another. Who spoke for, or who against
" that vote, in the House, I do not remember,
" and hardly guess at the time.

" The southern insurgents are sinking the
" rights of our clergy, wherever they prevail,
" to a third of what had been formerly received,
" which could not have been much more than
" half of what was due. The immediate cause
" of this is obvious to every body. The primary
" cause is equally intelligible to me. We clergy
" (I include myself) are objects of displeasure

" in

" in the eyes of God. Our luxury, pride, and
" neglect of duty must be punished. We must
" be put in mind, that there is a God. Poverty
" and oppression must bring us to ourselves, or
" extermination must follow. When church
" livings shall no longer be worth struggling for,
" the shameful market made of them will cease;
" and here I cease, with an assurance that I am
" still your real friend

PHIL. SKELTON."

This was the last letter he ever sent me. In January I saw him again in Dublin, where I found him in Bride-Street, living with the same family, who had removed thither. He appeared visibly on the decline, but a severe cold, from which he was recovering, probably made him look worse: this he imagined would be the cause of his death, for he told me he would die in eight days. But in a day or two after, having shook off these gloomy notions, he regained his usual gaiety. Yet he was still saying he could not live long, as he would be eighty years of age, if he lived to the end of the next month. He complained then, as before, of the lonely manner he spent his time, observing that every one seemed to be tired of him. No one indeed could be tired of his company, who had a taste for rational, agreeable, and improving conversation, for even then his social qualities were scarce any wise impaired.

paired. But it is the fate of man to experience neglect in the decline of life, when it is suspected he can be no longer useful.

At that time I attended his family prayer one or two evenings, when I found he had made an additional prayer about the Right-boys, in which he prayed that God would turn these infatuated insurgents, who had risen up against his church, from their wicked ways. Indeed they stood in need of all good Christians' prayers. He really believed that the presbyterians of the north, and the catholics of the south, had formed a combination against the established church to destroy it, which he supposed would soon be effected. These apprehensions, however, for the safety of the church, to which he was often liable, were not then the mere effects of imagination, as the gloomy complexion of ecclesiastic affairs seemed to threaten some destructive revolution. The pamphlets published afterwards by the abettors of the opposite parties clearly displayed their cordial dislike to our church establishment.

His opinions upon every subject he communicated then with as much facility as when I saw him before; but the duties of my profession hurried me away from his pleasing and instructive company. In February, 1787, I parted for the last time from that dear and worthy man, of whose friendship I shall always retain a grateful remem-

brance. When I was just going away, he said to me, with tears in his eyes, "I know I shall never "see you again, but God be with you, trust in "Christ, and he will preserve you; when you "meet with afflictions and disappointments in "this world, as you surely will, ask for his gra-"cious aid, and he will give it to you, he will "comfort you in your sorrow. Preach the gos-"pel to your people without any false refinements, "and act as it becomes a minister of the gospel, "and God will reward you." At these words I left him with a sorrowful heart, still reflecting as I passed along on this solemn expression of his, "I know I shall never see you again."

He prophesied at length too truly of himself. On Good Friday the 6th of April he was attacked with a suppression of urine, a complaint of which he had often felt symptoms before, on account of his taking so little exercise. The professional skill of his physician Dr. Fleury, and of Surgeon Bowes was unable to remove the disorder, which wasted him gradually. Yet he rose every day, and felt little or no pain, but just dozed away. While he attempted to read at his table, he usually fell asleep over his book and continued thus for some time. The disorder, which was owing, as the physician told me, to a total relaxation of the parts, was for a while in some degree abated by the use of a catheter, but even this at length proved

proved inefficacious; he was then convinced it would be the cause of his death, though at first he did not imagine it would be so fatal. About this time a young man from Fintona called to see him, and found him dozing with his head on his table. Having inquired of him most affectionately concerning his parishioners, he lamented with tears in his eyes the irregularity of their conduct, but especially their unhappy propensity to drunkenness, of which all his instructions could not cure them. The disorder, though it daily consumed his constitution, had no effect on his understanding, so that he saw death approaching with a calm and steady mind. The Rev. Doctor Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin, attended him carefully during his illness; which, having confined him to his bed only two days, put an end to his life on Friday the 4th of May, 1787. When he breathed his last you would have imagined he was just falling asleep, he died so quiet and resigned. The evening before he repeated intelligibly the Lord's Prayer, and never spoke after.

He had always a horror of coming to life in his coffin, and therefore, when he was even in good health, often requested his physician to cut his throat before he should be buried. It being accordingly thought necessary not to bury him, until some marks of corruption should appear on his body, he was kept until the Tuesday following,

when he was buried privately at six o'clock in the morning, near the west door of St. Peter's churchyard, the place he had appointed for himself. His funeral was attended by six or seven Dublin curates, and by Dr. Hales of Trinity College. The short funeral service was read over his grave by Mr. Queal one of the curates of the parish.

He left behind him, after all his just debts were paid, near seven hundred pounds, of which at least five hundred and forty was due by his parish, including one hundred and twenty chargeable on his successor, for building part of a glebe house which lay in an unfinished state for some years previous to his death. So that he had hardly an hundred and fifty pounds, clear in his own hands. The whole he disposed of by will * in the following manner. To his nephew Dr. Skelton, he left an hundred and fifty pounds; to his servant John Swap, forty, and the rest to Miss Leslie, daughter of Henry Leslie, Esq. and granddaughter of the late Rev. William Leslie, his old friend. He appointed the Rev. Dr. Hastings, his sole executor. As an apology for his making his will in this manner, he mentions in it, that he was indebted to the Rev. William Leslie, under God, for his preferments in the church, and to his family for many kindnesses during a series of

* He begins his will thus, "In the name of the glorious and eternal Trinity, &c.

years.

years. To his own relations, he declares, he owed nothing, as he had given them at different times above fourteen hundred pounds.

His manuscripts and his works he left to Dr. Hastings, whom he styles his excellent friend, and to his servant his clothes, his watch worth about thirty shillings, and all his other utensils, except four articles to Mr. Drury, with whom he lodged. His servant, who came to live with him in 1783, received from him in presents during the last year of his life, beside the sum left him in his will, twenty three pounds, for he had the art of insinuating himself into his good graces. He was a Scotchman, and an old soldier, but sober, wise, and remarkable for his discretion, a very useful talent. He also wrote a fair hand and copied for him the greatest part of his two last volumes.—"Sweet Aberdeen," his master used to say, "that produced John and Dr. Reid."

Philip Skelton, it has been shown, was of a tall stature and majestic appearance; his countenance was agreeable and placid, displaying evident marks of a mind replete with humanity. His strong athletic frame enabled him in his youth to excel in the manly exercises, of his skill in which and of his bravery sufficient specimens have been produced. But it was the chief business of his life, he considered, to perform the sacred duties of the ministry with conscientious care,

wherein he was hardly exceeded by any clergyman of any age. Sincere, strenuous, vehement in his admonitions, he was truly sensible of the importance of the glorious end he had in view, the eternal happiness of his fellow-creatures. He told them of a heaven and a hell where the virtuous shall be rewarded and the wicked punished, exciting them by the most powerful arguments to seek the felicity of the one, and avoid the misery of the other. He declared open war against vice and impiety in every station, careless of the event, and only influenced by conscience. To instruct the ignorant, rouse the indolent, rebuke the obstinate, rectify the misguided, and turn the disobedient to the wisdom of the just, was the great object of his labours.

His abilities were equal to his zeal. The natural powers bestowed on him by Providence he improved by an attentive application to almost every species of literature, but chiefly by a careful perusal of the Holy Scriptures. His sermons, fraught with good sense, and animated with the sacred truths of the gospel, were composed in a strong, nervous, oratorial style, that suited the forcible manner of his delivery. His action in the pulpit, which flowed from the sincerity of his heart, was either violent or temperate according to the nature of his subject. An argument he used in favour of this mode of preaching may not improperly

improperly be introduced. "Men," he said, "who are born deaf and dumb have the thoughts of others communicated to them by external signs, those who are born blind have them communicated by words, and therefore those who have them communicated both by words and signs must receive them more forcibly.

His descriptive faculties, and his command over the passions, were very powerful. A gentleman told me, he heard him describing in Werburgh's church the torments of hell in a manner so terifying as made him shiver in his place. He preached once two Sundays successively in Lisburn church. The first Sunday (I was assured by a person present) he made his audience all laugh, the second he made them all cry. While he was delivering his awful lectures in his church, he has been often so much affected by the subject, that the tears trickled down his cheeks, which produced a similar effect on his hearers.

The purity of his life gave an additional authority to his preaching. He prescribed no duty, enjoined no mortification, of which he did not first set the example in his own private conduct. His charities, which, if not well authenticated, would be incredible, seem to lead us back to the pure and primitive age of the gospel when christians had all their worldly goods in common. Even in plentiful times he gave, it appears, the half

half of his income to feed the poor; but in a year of scarcity he did not allow himself the usual necessaries of life. His forgiving his indigent tenants their rent at such a season of calamity, his denying himself the use of snuff, his living on scanty fare for the sake of his poor, and above all, his selling his books to procure them subsistence, eminently display his unbounded and uncommon charity. In their sickness he supplied them with medicines and medical aid, and in their necessities with food. He had a horror to think of any one dying of hunger, and once gave this advice to his poor during a dearth, we may suppose before he got a living. "If you have not food, beg it; if you "can't get for begging, steal; if you can't get by "stealing, rob, and don't starve*." The fatherless, the widow, and those who were in real want, found him a benevolent assistant; yet he examined so carefully into the condition of those he relieved, that he was seldom imposed upon by improper objects of charity. It may be said, that having no wife and children to support, he had nothing else to do with his money but give it away to the poor; but on examining the conduct of mankind we shall find, that those who have no children are at least as avaricious and uncharitable

* This advice is countenanced by the authority of Solomon, Prov. vi. 30. "Men do not despise a thief if he steal "to satisfy his soul when he is hungry."

as

as those that have. The feelings of the latter are indeed more delicate than those of the former, as their tenderness for their own offspring contributes to excite in them a sympathy for the distresses of others. To his relations he was sufficiently munificent, though his charity obliged him to give them only a part; had he not indeed used extraordinary frugality, he could not have been so liberal to these and to the poor.

He was also eminent for the virtues of humility, sincerity, and gratitude. A clergyman, who professes himself the follower of a divine Master so distinguished for humility, should be decorated, he thought, above all others, with that amiable virtue. He therefore severely censured that pride and insolence so conspicuous in the conduct of some churchmen, who show themselves so very unlike the meek Author of Christianity. The term gentleman, which is usually affixed to that of clergyman, he considered as highly improper, it being a title of worldly origin unsuitable to the spiritual nature of his office. Our Saviour, he remarked, was no gentleman, the Apostles were no gentlemen; but, he said, our fine genteel clergy now a days do not wish to resemble our Saviour or his Apostles in any particular. Very different was the conduct of this humble pastor, who looked on his poorer brethren as his friends and fellow-creatures, as children of the same univer-

sal

sal Parent, and candidates for the same blessed immortality.

His sincerity was at least equal to his humility. In his private dealings he would take no advantage of his neighbour, nor even rigorously require his due, having a soul superior to every thing mean. He was entirely divested of hypocrisy and dissimulation; he strictly kept his word, and spoke the truth publicly and privately, without apprehension, dreading only the reproaches of his own conscience, and the resentment of his Maker. On no occasion would he tell a lie himself, or even allow another to do it for him. When it was inconvenient for him to receive visitors, he would not order his servant, according to the fashionable mode, to say he was not at home, but bade him tell any one who called, that he was in his room but could not see company. I remember he once excluded almost every one from him for a fortnight, expecting then a visit from a certain dignified person whom he did not wish to see.

It may naturally be supposed he was not well skilled in the science of flattery, often more useful than real science for a man's promotion in the world; for he could not say one thing, and think another, applaud that with his lips of which his heart disapproved. He was not fit, like a supple dependant, to sooth the vanity, or soften the crimes of the great; nor could he, by a tacit consent, or smiling

smiling rebuke, give countenance to vice. He openly declared his abhorrence of every mean and ungenerous deed, of every base compliance of principle for the sake of private advantage. As he would not admit of duplicity in himself, he could not bear it in others. He was remarkable indeed for a total disregard to his temporal interest, when it interfered with his duty; a virtue, it is said, not always prevalent among churchmen.

Yet he was sufficiently respectful to his superiors, ready to pay them every compliment they deserved, and grateful for the favours they conferred on him. His determination not to write against Dr. Clayton Bishop of Clogher, who gave him the first living, though he disliked his religious opinions, and his lamenting his unhappy fate already mentioned, proceeded from the same laudable principle. He entertained, as might be expected, a grateful esteem and sincere affection for his worthy patron Dr. Garnet, the late Bishop of Clogher, who was orthodox in his belief, and gentle and benevolent in his mind. His donations to the family of the Leslies were owing to the friendship he experienced from old Mr. Leslie of Ahavea.

In his own friendships he was faithful and strenuous, always exerting the little interest he had in favour of young men of merit, or at least of those whom he supposed to have had merit. For

some

some of these he has been able to obtain curacies, and when he could not succeed, endeavoured to make them submit patiently to the disappointment. Upon their engaging in a ministerial employment he usually gave them an advice how to conduct themselves. To a young man who got a curacy in Dublin some years ago I heard him give this salutary advice. "Your parishioners "will invite you to their public entertainments, "and will press you to drink intemperately, but "don't do it for them, for if you do, they will "afterwards expose you." When a curate complained to him of not being rewarded in the church according to his merit, he strove to console him by this quotation from the Psalmist. "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from "the west, nor from the south; but God is the "judge; he putteth down one, and setteth up "another." He was indeed warm and affectionate to his friends, and mild and forgiving to his enemies, if it were possible for such a man to have had an enemy.

His mode of communicating his advice was extremely agreeable to those who received it; for he was not one of those haughty advisers, who only wish, by assuming imperious dignity, to show their own importance; his sole object being the good of the person to whom he gave the advice. His manner, conversation, and social qualities

were

were indeed highly pleasing, and his wit in company so excellent as to extort a smile from the gravest countenance; which caused his presence to be still eagerly desired. While he lived in the country he often spent whole weeks together at the houses of his friends, and at his own lodgings, particularly in Fintona, usually had company every day he was at home, being also remarkable for his hospitality. I was told at Pettigo, that the horses of some gentlemen who had paid him a visit there, when they had gone twelve miles off, immediately on getting loose came galloping back to his lodgings; which shews they were well used there.

It appears he was not one of those recluse sullen scholars that lock themselves up from society; his station requiring him, as he thought, to mix with the world. Having informed him once by letter that I spent my time entirely at my studies, he soon returned the following answer. "Do not "sequester yourself wholly from mankind. From "their vices, follies and dissipations you cannot "keep at too great a distance; but by nature "you must be social; and your gown obliges "you by duty to be still more so, for the spirit of "christianity is a social spirit; and then in an age "so infidel, so wicked, the Lord expects some-"what, let me say, perhaps a great deal from****; "but without speaking, reasoning, and now and

"then

" then even reproving, there is nothing to be got
" out of him."

Yet his inclination for company never turned his thoughts aside from his devotions; his private and family prayers being constant and regular. At Fintona it was a custom with him to entertain his visitors for a short time by explaining a certain portion of scripture in a clear simple manner, and making agreeable and improving remarks on it. When he had finished, he conversed on different subjects with his usual pleasantness; for his piety had nothing in it of gloominess or severity, and was free both from superstition and enthusiasm. He therefore could not relish the methodistic rants. Of a certain clergyman who turned methodist and quitted the church he observed, that no one stood more in need of inspiration, for naturally he was a great blockhead.

Yet even a methodist was not more sensible than he of the prevalence of wickedness in the world. I heard him once say in a large company, " The Devil has more authority in this world than
" some people are apt to think; he is called in
" scripture the God of this world, the prince of
" this world, the prince of the power of the air,
" and accordingly disposes of many places of
" profit in it, bestowing high offices on persons of
" his own choosing." Though he disliked faction,

he

he was not blind to the corruptions of a court, and spoke with a just abhorrence of those men who sell their country for gold.

The most of what little religion remained in the world was possessed, he thought, by the fair sex. "The Turks," he said, "imagine women have no "souls, but by their conduct we should suppose "it more likely they have them than the men, for "they take more care of them." He was remarkably fond of the company of the ladies, though he never had carnal knowledge of a woman, which is rather a singularity in his character. It probably required extreme abstinence, and severe struggles in him to gain such an entire mastery over his passions.

Having sold his library before he came to live constantly in Dublin, he was obliged then to borrow books, of which he got a great variety, and freely gave his opinion of those he read. After reading Tristram Shandy he could not, he said, for two or three days attended seriously to his devotion it filled him with ludicrous ideas. Of a certain dignified author he remarked, that, though a man of learning, he always in his writings put the wrong end of the argument foremost, observing that an argument was like a dart, for if you put the wrong end foremost, it would not hit the object aimed at, but run into your own hand.

There was no living author he had so high an opinion

opinion of as Dr. Johnson, whom he called the greatest and best man of the age, and had his picture hung over the fire-side in the room in which he usually sat. "I have Johnson always "before me (he often said) whom I look on as my "master, and strive to imitate; when he dies, he'll "not leave a man in these kingdoms of deep-"thinking behind him." Johnson's noted orthodoxy conduced somewhat to increase his good opinion of him. His own violence in this instance was reckoned by some among his defects; though he had a real esteem for any one who acted conscientiously, which he clearly exhibited by offering a part of his income to support Mr. Robertson, a perfect stranger to him, who resigned his living as he could not believe in the Trinity. He railed severely indeed against those clergymen who continue to enjoy the emoluments of an ecclesiastic benefice, and yet disbelieve the doctrines of the church that maintains them.

When I told him once that I had been in company the night before with a man who said he did not believe in hell, "Well," he replied, "tell him "the next time he says so, that he'll not believe "in it till he feels it; seeing is believing, but "feeling has no fellow."

In a candid display of his character and manners it is necessary to observe, that he was rather liable to be deceived by the art of flatterers. He

was

was apt to imagine that those who praised and complimented him possessed more virtues than they could justly claim. This weakness, which was derived from the sincerity of his own mind, caused him often to have a good opinion of those, whom he found afterwards to be unworthy of his regard. A certain person of polite address was once particularly attentive to him in company, which pleased him so much, that he used to say he was the sweetest and most agreeable young gentleman he ever saw; but afterwards, when he discovered him to be a deceiver, he said of him, "he is but the shell of a man."

If you once lost his friendship, you could not easily regain it, for he usually suspected you ever after. In his old age, however, he sometimes entertained unreasonable suspicions of mankind. When I observed to him, a short time before his death, that he had got fine cotton curtains to his bed, he replied, "the people who bought these "expected I should soon die, and then they knew "they would get them to themselves."

Having been appointed, on account of his services to the Magdalen Charity, one of its governors, he attended a public meeting of these, about 1785, where he found some ladies of great consequence, who treated his opinion, he declared, on every occasion, with contempt; which made him resolve to go near them no more, to which resolu-

tion he strictly adhered. The benefits conferred by him on this useful institution entitled him, he thought, to more respect. Yet his suspicions in this instance were founded, I should think, rather on imagination than reality.

It is remarkable, that in his old age he almost entirely got the better of the hypochondriac complaints, to which he was so subject before. In the prime and vigour of life he often imagined he was just going to die, when he had no bodily ailment; yet when he was seized with his last illness, he did not expect it would be the cause of his death. His method of getting rid of a cold was somewhat curious; he lay in bed then, and eat little or nothing, and thus drove it away by hunger. This bears some resemblance to that mentioned by Lucian of a poor man's frightening away a fever by gulping down cold water.

He was also not troubled in his old age with doubts about his salvation, and observed to a friend who mentioned this, that he was now too old to be disturbed by such gloomy apprehensions.

In the course of the narrative, a short account and separate character has been given of each of his works, which consist now of seven large octavo volumes. It only remains to make some general observations on the whole. They discover him to have possessed strong natural powers, which were enriched with a complete knowledge both of sacred

and

and profane literature. Had his taste been equal to his learning and imagination, or had he employed more care in polishing his compositions, they would certainly have been more agreeable, and of consequence more durable. But his arrangement is somewhat confused, and his style, though strong and masculine, is often harsh and obscure. It is however observable, that the style of his two last volumes is far superior to that of the other five. He seems at length to have been sensible of his defects in this particular, and has been tolerably happy in avoiding them. The style of the last is so different in point of perspicuity from that of the first volume, that if there did not appear a similarity in the mode of thinking, you could scarce suppose them to be both the productions of the same anthor. The style of his private letters, which are remarkably instructive, is also plain and unaffected; here he seems to throw aside his stilts, and to walk upon his feet with an easy equable carriage.

If his attempts at wit and irony be sometimes unsuccessful, yet he is scarce ever deficient in good sense, which he draws abundantly from his own natural fund, for he is no servile copier even of the thoughts of others. He is therefore entitled at least to the character of an original writer. His writings are also animated with an ardent zeal for the happiness of his fellow-creatures. The sub-

ject on which he employed his pen is of a nature the most noble and excellent, either to prove the truth of divine revelation, or to point out to man the conduct that will render him acceptable to the great Author of his being. From the specimen of his ability in explaining the scriptures exhibited in his Senilia, we have reason to lament, that he did not write a commentary on that sacred volume. If he had, we may suppose he would not have been so tedious and unentertaining as the generality of our commentators, whose dulness and verbosity give us a distaste for a critical study of the holy scriptures.

Though he was so eminent for his pulpit eloquence, his productions in defence of revelation, and the exemplary sanctity of his private life, yet he remained, it has been shown, at least twenty years a curate. At length he obtained, by powerful interposition, a small living from Bishop Clayton in a wild part of the country; where probably he would have continued all his days, had not Providence placed Dr. Garnet in the see of Clogher, who was remarkable for promoting men distinguished for literary qualifications. In the Irish church, it is well known, that fortune or powerful relations are the chief requisites for preferment, and that learning and abilities are too often neglected and disregarded. Had Skelton been born in England, even with the disadvantage

of

of his humble birth, it is allowed, he would have risen to a bishoprick. But his being a native of Ireland, the condition of his parents, and the honest freedom of his language, contributed to prevent his advancement to ecclesiastical honours. It is to be lamented, that the merits of a poor Irish clergyman can hardly be so famed as to reach the royal ear, that lends so favourable an attention to literature in the English church.

The following panegyric on Mr. Skelton, taken from the Philosophical Survey of Ireland, may naturally be subjoined.

" Mr. Orr, published a volume of Sermons, " which procured him the friendship of Hoadly, " Bishop of Winchester; they discover a free and " original cast of thought, and are composed in a " manly nervous style. The present Bishop of " Clogher, has the honour of promoting him to " an archdeaconry, when he governed the see of " Ferns. And to the same excellent Prelate Mr. " Skelton owes his preferment.

" This gentleman though ungraduated, but as " a Bachelor, by any of the Universities, is the " living glory of the Irish church. He has pub- " lished five volumes, mostly in defence of reve- " lation, which, though ably written, shed but a " secondary lustre on the character of this excel- " lent person, to whom I have had the happiness " of being introduced. His learning is almost " universal,

" universal, and his language uncommonly fluent
" and vigorous; nature formed him a poet, but a
" bishop prematurely ordained him a divine; and
" no sooner did he assume this function, than his
" feeling heart was penetrated by the nicest sense
" of duty. He resigned himself wholly to the
" service of his Master. Such a servant could
" not long escape notice; he became eminent; he
" was followed in London as a preacher. He
" dedicated two volumes of sermons to the citi-
" zens of that metropolis, at a time when he
" languished upon a curacy of forty pounds a year*;
" but then he was as rich as he is now, for he
" knows no use of money, but to relieve distress.
" In one of those seasons of calamity, which
" neglect of tillage in this country renders so fre-
" quent, he sold his books, his only worldly goods
" wherein he took delight, to buy bread for the
" poor. He is now advancing towards seventy,
" yet he preserves an uncommon share of vivacity.
" If he sometimes descends into the ludicrous, his
" flashes of wit keep the table in a roar. His
" powers of description are beyond what I could
" have conceived; he has a stock of imagination
" sufficient to set up ten modern tragic poets.
" Had he been educated and lived in England, a
" stage little enough for his great abilities, he

* This is a mistake; for he had the living of Pettigo at that time.

" would

" would have long since obtained the first niche
" in the temple of fame; now he is known only
" in Ireland, and by a few inquisitive men else-
" where."

A marble tomb-stone has been placed over him at the expense of Miss Leslie, whom he appointed his residuary legatee, with the following inscription, the composition, it is said, of the Rev. Robert Burrows, Junior; Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin.

" Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of
The Reverend Philip Skelton,
Prebendary of Donacavy in the Cathedral of Clogher,
Who departed this life on the 4th day of May, 1787,
In the 59th year of his Ministry, and 81st of his age.
Liberally endowed by Providence with intellectual
Perfections,
He did not suffer them to lie waste through Inactivity,
Nor did he pervert them by misdirection.
His understanding he habituated to attentive
Reflection,
Invigorating it by exercise and enriching it with
Information.
And pursuing the noblest ends by means the best
Adapted,
He laboured industriously to promote the happiness
Of Mankind,
By advancing the influence of the Christian Religion.
His arguments evinced the reasonableness of its
Doctrines;
While his example showed at once
The practicability and the amiableness of its precepts;

For

For
As his opinions were orthodox his manners were
Primitive,
His conversation was candid and unreserved;
For he harboured no thought which required
Concealment.
His preaching was forcible and dignified,
Impressing on his hearers the rightful authority of
Virtue,
And with indignant elocution and nervous diction,
Holding out her Adversaries
To contempt and detestation.
Pious without superstition, and zealous without
Bigotry;
His life was practical devotion,
And his controversies the earnest efforts of
Philanthropy,
Leading infidels to truth and sinners to salvation.
With a heart which felt for the distresses of the
Indigent,
He had a hand still open to relieve them.
Denying himself even moderate gratifications
That he might more liberally provide for the
Necessities of others.
Without ambition he acquired celebrity,
And without ostentation he long continued to enjoy
It.
A friend to the poor, an ornament to the church,
Admired for his talents and revered for his virtues,
He was at length called to the rewards of a
Patriarchal life,
In the immediate presence of that God,
Whose name he had worshipped with such piety,
And whose word he taught with success."

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